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THE
GLOBE

A

NEW REVIEW OF WORLD-LITERATURE,
SOCIETY, RELIGION, ART
AND POLITICS

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE

Author of "Modern Idols," etc.

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NOTICE.

THE GLOBE is filling a prophet's mission in the fields of modern literature, religion and politics, and those who see that will be only too glad to help it to the utmost of their ability.

W. H. THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XXI.

FEBRUARY, 1896.

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.

WERE I to answer this question in brief, I should say, as I might say of my birth, of my bringing up in the Church of England, of my entrance upon the Presbyterian ministry, of my withdrawal from the same, and later of my twenty years of free and independent, rationalistic inquiry—viz., that I could not help it; that, though all the while, except in the matter of birth and early training, acting as a free and consciously responsible moral agent, I was borne onward, in each case, by arguments and unseen forces which were practically irresistible—which, at all events, it would have been unmanly and foolish to resist. But as the readers of the GLOBE are made up of people who are still independent rationalists, pantheists, agnostics, and of orthodox and skeptical Protestant Christians, as well as thousands of Roman Catholics who have become interested in the development of my thought and life, I desire to answer this question in a way to be of service to all of these classes, and I wish to make the answer so clear that thousands and tens of thousands of earnest people may find in it help toward all the future higher struggles of their souls.

Many of my old Protestant friends, especially of the so-called liberal and rationalistic classes, look upon my entrance into the Catholic Church as a step backward, as a retrograde movement toward the bondage of certain beliefs and practices, no longer tenable or endurable by the “advanced and scientific” mind of the nineteenth century. Others do not hesitate to speak of it as a step prompted by self-interest; and one poor Chicago wretch pronounced it downright knavery; while many sincere and good Catholics are so shocked by the boldness and independence of my utterances,

even upon Catholic questions, that they view my case with suspicion and speak of me as only half converted, as still holding much of the old leaven of Protestantism; and some of them, in a patronizing way, attribute this to the fact that I have only been a few years in the Church, and they think that I shall doubtless know better, as I learn more of Catholic ways and Catholic literature. These latter apparently forget that I am older than most of our own bishops, as old as many of our archbishops; that I started with a head and training equal to the best of them, and that I have given nearly forty years of my mature life to study, and understand the soul and body of the things whereof I affirm.

My early religious instruction was gathered from the Church of England and its Sunday-school. At the age of twelve a malignant fever, which threatened my life, developed for a while an unusual seriousness of mind; also an unusual knowledge of the Scriptures, which was as much a surprise to me as to my watchers and parents.

At the age of fourteen, through an unintended offence given me by the superintendent, I ceased to attend Sunday-school, and went but seldom to church. Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen I now and then attended the Wesleyan Chapel, and grew to think of religion as something well adapted for poor old women and quasi idiots.

At the age of sixteen I was invited to make my home with an uncle and aunt who were childless and who resided in Philadelphia. I accepted, and so was led to the city of Penn.

In Philadelphia, through the introduction of my relatives, I became acquainted with an excellent family, the head of which was an elder and choir-leader in the First Independent, now the Chambers' Presbyterian Church, and largely through his gentle and kindly and persistent and patient influence I became interested in the church; entered the Sunday-school, first as scholar, then as teacher; became a member of the choir, a member of the Church, and at about the age of eighteen felt that I ought to become a minister, and began a new course of study with that end in view.

During the next three years I studied under private tutors and at the Alexander Classical Academy in Philadelphia.

During 1860-61, now of age, I continued my classical studies under private tutors at New Haven, with a view of entering an advanced class at Yale, but instead entered Union Theological Seminary, New York, and studied there, 1861-62-63; was ordained

and settled as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Allentown, Pa., 1864; resigned in 1865, and was settled the same year as pastor of the Darby Presbyterian Church, a suburb of Philadelphia.

While here, I read Strauss, Renan, Voltaire, Carlyle, Emerson, etc., etc., all in the line of skepticism, and became enamored of the dreams of rationalistic pantheism; could not honestly preach the dogmas of Calvinism, especially objecting to its definitions of the Trinity, election, and the imputation of righteousness; my own mind dwelling always in the Divine Unity; my sympathetic sense of justice making it impossible for me to believe the Calvinistic doctrine of election to damnation, especially as applied to children; and my practical hatred of all legalistic shams making me insist that it was not the imputation, but the impartation, of Christ's righteousness that we all ought to seek and believe in.

Meanwhile I had also made a special study of the Sunday question, and had preached a series of sermons showing that our Sunday was not the Hebrew Sabbath, had none of its claims, and was purely a matter of ecclesiastical arrangement and observance.

These sermons as well as many others brought my orthodoxy under suspicion of Presbytery as well as under my own suspicion. The result was my resignation of the Darby pastorate, and also my withdrawal from the Presbyterian ministry in the year 1868.

To avoid misconception at this point, I wish to say that with one exception the members of Presbytery took no steps to question or discipline me; that I made all the initiatory steps, and that they, to a man, acted with the patience and kindness of own brothers, and urged me not to withdraw from their body. I may add that later studies led me to take their view of the case.

I was now about twenty-nine years of age; I had preached and lectured in churches three years before my ordination, and was by this time pretty well known to the Presbyterian and to various Congregational circles in New York, Pennsylvania and Delaware.

I had been an industrious student, an earnest worker, a total abstainer, and an abolitionist for the past ten years.

Upon my withdrawal from the Presbyterian ministry I received the kindest of attentions from the Unitarian ministers then settled at Philadelphia and Germantown, and after preaching in their churches, on one or two occasions, I began a series of discourses and services in Spring Garden Hall, Philadelphia, with a view of

gathering an Independent Christian Congregation. The leading Unitarians of Philadelphia very kindly aided this movement; but at the end of a year (my health having suffered severely) the movement was abandoned, and I went into New England, and later to the West, to preach to various established Unitarian churches, and finally settled, first at Quincy, Ill., and next at Wilmington, Del.; and without any formal consent on my part, my name appeared for a few years as a Unitarian minister in the Unitarian year book. Presbyterians and Unitarians were uniformly kind to me, and God forbid that any word of mine should ever be interpreted as questioning the Christian sincerity of any sincere Protestant.

I simply was no more at home in the Unitarian ministry than I had been in the Presbyterian, and, in 1872, while traveling in England for my health, I resolved to quit the ministry entirely and look to literature or other vocation for my future life. These were the bitterest days of my life—when I was obliged to stand alone with my consciousness of God and duty, and meet such phases of the devil, as few men are called to.

On returning to the United States in 1872, I secured one position after another of a quasi-editorial and quasi-commercial character, and so became master of all the phases of editorial and journalistic publication. But, alike from early training and from natural trend, my mind was always seriously turning to religious problems, and my own duty toward them. In truth, religion was the passion, the enthusiasm of my life, and all lesser occupations were simply engaged in to provide home and food for those who were then dependent upon me.

It was during the ten years from 1867 to 1877 that I evolved a series of lectures on the science of religion, which I delivered on Sunday afternoons in the lecture hall of the new Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, in 1877, and out of which lectures were finally evolved the series of chapters called Cosmotheism, published in No. 8 of the *GLOBE REVIEW*.

As it was during those years that I reached certain rationalistic conclusions that, I believe, were finally instrumental in leading me to the Catholic Church, I will here define those conclusions.

From my earliest boyhood my sympathies for the poor, and later, in the United States, my sympathy with the oppressed—in a word, my enthusiasm for humanity—had made me a liberal in

English political thought and an abolitionist in the United States. Without having examined into the logical process of the evolution of the theories of human equality and of democracy or the true basis of any human authority, the sympathies referred to had led me to accept the most advanced theories of human equality and of human rights, so-called.

On the other hand, after my reception into the Protestant Church named, my enthusiasm for Jesus and my consciousness of God, or God-consciousness, had led me to accept the orthodox idea of the inspiration of the Scriptures; to be quite satisfied with them as a divine guidance for the conscience and the life, and I had not seriously questioned the authority of the various Protestant assemblies of divines that had formulated our earlier and later Protestant creeds.

With the dawning, however, of this period of doubt, and freedom from all creeds, I began to question the very foundations out of which these creeds and also these theories of human equality had been evolved.

I need not say to intelligent readers that I soon became convinced that there was not and never could be any such thing as human equality—before the laws of God or man, or in any other sense—that, in a word, our own boasted Declaration of Independence was a tissue of lies; that, politically, the United States and our people were simply a set of rebellious entities scrambling in this world, not for God and law and truth, but for individual and sectional gain; and the theory of human equality having perished out of sight, my enthusiasm as an abolitionist also vanished as an early dream. Meanwhile I was studiously looking for a theory of humanity that would accord with human history and harmonize with what seemed to me the moral order of nature and the universe.

It was clear to me that men were not equal; that there always had been masters and kings among men and always would be; but how was their mastership and kingship to be recognized and their words to pass for authority and law?

Precisely in the same way it became clear to me that the worthy divines who constituted the Anglican and Westminster assemblies, not to speak of their sickly imitators of later date, were simply sets of rebels against the very organization and authority that had given them whatever of light and right they had to teach even as

private priests; and that, of course, in the precise measure of their rebelliousness against this older authority they were absolutely incapacitated alike for teaching and supremely for founding any new basis of teaching that should be authority and guide for other teachers of religion. In a word, I saw clearly that in all Protestantism there was no moral, intellectual, or historical basis of authority in religious questions and matters; that any man's opinion was liable to be as good as another's, and that the devil of falsehood and confusion was at the helm.

In the same period, from 1867 to 1877, I studied over and over again the religious systems of the East and lectured at times, now on Brahminism, Buddhism, Mahometanism and the Norse mythologies, sometimes leaning toward one and sometimes toward another as the possible supplanter of Christianity; and though I never lost my God-consciousness or my supreme love for Jesus, I was in no wise anxious to be known as a Christian, from the fact that Christianity seemed to be a hodge-podge of rebellious and wrangling contradictions that I was quite willing to be free of, and take my chances in that universal moral order which I firmly believed to be divine.

During the same period I studied carefully the works of modern scientists, so-called, and became absolutely convinced that Spencer and Darwin and Wallace and Buckle and Draper and their masters in French and German literature were a far less reliable crowd than the Westminster divines, and that their works were as full of contradictions and sheer humbuggeries as a malarious swamp is apt to be full of mosquitoes.

During the same period, never doubting that the heart of this universe was light and love and truth and not darkness and hate and contradiction at all, I evolved the theory of divine inspiration and revelation in this wise, viz.: that so far as I could find, in all nations and times, the souls who had become recognized as the illuminators of the race were men not only of splendid intellects, but that the quality known as inspiration—a touch of God in it—and revelation—a ray of God's light in it—had been in the exact proportion of the unselfish consecration of such gifted souls to truth and righteousness and charity.

Here I began to touch bottom, to stand on my own feet, and I then entered upon various lines of study of the comparative biographies of the leading men, especially of the leading religious

teachers and philosophers, prophets and martyrs, of the human race—in order to determine, in the light of this law, which one, in my own judgment of course, was the most deserving of human leadership, the nearest and fullest approach to a divine man.

As I did not wish to reach any other conclusion but truth, and as I did not want to believe in any truth that was not evolved out of the universal conditions of truth and law, I, at this point, endeavored to see whether or not the standards of the conditions of goodness and inspiration in order to religious leadership, were conditions that, in any practical sense, could be applied to universal mankind; that is, I said to myself, are the standards applicable to prophets applicable also to mankind? I did not want a theory of religion or of religious leadership that simply bred exceptional souls toward glory; I wanted a test that should be universal, and gradually I saw that in all nations and in all times and among all races of men, from the lowest to the highest, the same general standard had prevailed, and must prevail to the end of time; in a word, that purely on rationalistic grounds and without resort to authority, men and women were honored and helpful and blessed in their lives in the exact proportion that they sought to live and succeeded in living for truth, righteousness and charity, and that Judases, liars and cowards were everywhere, as per force of nature, damned and rejected as the divine years and economies flew by.

Here again I was touching bottom and was not afraid. Still I said to myself,—in the present chaotic state of the world, with its endless jangle of creeds—who is to determine what is truth; what is righteousness, and what is charity? In truth, apparently good and wise men have hung and drawn and quartered each other because they could not bring one another otherwise to a unity of vision and of life; and as Jesus and his followers had failed of unity of faith and life precisely as Zoroaster, Buddha, and Mahomet had failed, what was to be done?

Seeing this dilemma—as thousands see it to-day—and adhering to the law above named, and believing that some new millennium of light and glory for the human race was at hand, and looking around me on all sides for a worthy world-wide leader, ruler and master of thought and life, and finding none; and knowing that I had devoted my days to the pursuit of truth, and that my abilities

were not despicable, I resolved to try so to live in harmony with this eternal law of consecration, that I might be the leader and unifier of the religious world-problem of the future ages, and resolved to try to formulate such a system of religious thought as should at once harmonize the real truths of science with the real truths of religion and so satisfy the hunger and longing of the human race.

Cosmotheism—see the *GLOBE* No. 8—was the best that I could do toward this, and it has been accepted by many able men as the ablest word that has been spoken for some ages.

In the course of this article I shall frankly point out its weaknesses, and show how, through seeing these weaknesses and at the same time perceiving certain Catholic truths, I was finally led to the Catholic Church. Before doing this, however, there are other personal points to be mentioned.

Not only had these processes of thinking and these high resolves led me to feel that perhaps Heaven had chosen me for new-world-leadership in the realm of religion, but other things seemed to point that way. A study of the faces and contours of the heads of the great religious leaders of the world convinced me that my own face and head were of their type, and I was always rather expecting martyrdom. I had also noticed that the very greatest founders and apostles of religions, especially of the Christian religion, had possessed miraculous gifts of healing—and during the period of my life here in review I had various opportunities of proving to myself and to others that my own reserved powers in that line were something unusual. The gift of mind-reading, as it has been called in latter days, since it has become a fad, was also noticeably mine in those days, and more than a generation ago I had practical experiences of what is now known as telepathy or the communication of mind with mind at distances of thousands of miles, without the aid of any material media other than the sensitive and whispering spirit of the air. All these things tended to set me apart as one who had been chosen for some unusual mission, and I seldom doubted that this mission was to announce the religion of the future and probably to die for it in some new tragic way or ways.

During the same period, however, there came checks and drawbacks in regard to these high aspirations and dreams. From early boyhood I had cherished a very high ideal of manly chastity

—but this very period of skeptical reading and free thought became to me, as it has become to tens of thousands who will not admit it, a period also of rationalistic freedom from many old moral restraints. Being my own judge and jury, and having imbibed through Goethe and Montaigne and their like, a sense of the privileges of greatness, I yielded to temptations that in my earlier years I had always resisted without even a thought of yielding, and through these I questioned my moral right to world-leadership in my own chosen sphere.

Again from early boyhood, partly by hereditary instincts derived from parents who were morbidly the soul of honor, I had cherished to the extreme St. Paul's great ideal of owing no man anything; but in this same period, as the cares and burdens of life increased, and my leaning upon the supernatural decreased, I found that, like ordinary men, I could not always meet my debts and so was humbled of my pride.

During this same period, or rather toward its close, I was also for the first time called to meet death in the face of one of my own children. I was yet and long had been so conscious of unusual life and thought and power, that the death of anything that partook of my own nature had hardly come to me even as a dream; but when my own child died in my arms, looking infinite wisdom out of its clear, dark blue eyes,—until its last faint breathing ceased and I bore him to his mother,—a vast sense of my own unutterable helplessness in a world like this, came to me, and I seemed much less than I had been.

During this same period, that is from about 1875 and onward, I had, at first to study its architecture and then to listen to its music, been led to go now and then to the vesper services at the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Philadelphia; and often, time and again, though I did not then understand a single word or symbol of the blessed service—simply from listening to the wonderful music and the tender tones of Archbishop Wood's and later of Archbishop Ryan's voice in the service of the Benediction—I felt that the Cathedral was the gate of heaven to my soul, and time and time again, during those years, I left the building weeping like a child. But these things were known only to God and to my own soul, and I could only dream now and then of a possible, but what seemed like an impossible, religious rest, one of these late days.

I must confess here that while I was thus moved to emotion and

devotion unusual, by the music and the service from the altar, I used to be fearfully annoyed at the poor women around me counting their beads and calling upon "Holy Mary," Mother of God, to pray for them. Indeed their words seemed to me little less than blasphemous. So the years of this period went by, and after I had delivered my lectures on the science of religion in 1877, as indicated, I seemed more than ever sure of my destined leadership and made new resolves for a return to an ideal moral purity, which I had not always realized during the previous years.

It so happened that while struggling with this higher mood, I received, in 1878, an invitation to go to Yankton, Dakota, to preach again, this time to a Liberal Congregation then holding service in the court-house.

I went and saw and conquered, fulfilled my engagement for a year, and though the new railroads coming in and new fields of enterprise opening in the farther West, drew away many of the best of my little congregation, the remnants were ready to build me a church; but I said to them, you have enough churches in this town already; attend them; I am going up on the prairie to farm and raise a roof over my children's heads; and I did so.

But I was never a farmer, and after pioneering for two or three years I drifted back to Philadelphia and again occupied editorial positions from 1880, when again death came and deluged me with agony and tears—until 1886, when once more death bore away one of the loveliest of my children.

During the years between 1880 and 1887, I had again frequented the Cathedral at Philadelphia, the experiences of the past being renewed with greater intensity of sorrow and joy; but still there was no practical movement or dream toward the Catholic Church.

In 1887 I published my book "Modern Idols," and the same year, besides doing much for daily bread, I wrote anew, without referring to my old manuscripts, the chapters known as "Cosmotheism," the chapters known as the "Genius of New England" and many of the best articles that have since appeared in the *GLOBE REVIEW*; yet, strange to say, this year, which was the year of the hardest and best work of my life, was afterwards interpreted against me as being one in which I had done little or nothing. I had not earned as much money as in the preceding years—but let that pass—I simply want the reader to understand the springs of the final issue of this paper, as far as I can do that without reflecting on any human soul but my own.

In 1888, my health and earning power failed me utterly, and early in 1889 my home was broken up, my library, my family, all gone, and every ideal I had ever cherished, except that of trying to do right, was swept away in darkness and utter despair.

Nevertheless, after six or seven months of the loneliest of all human existences, an inspiration, through a Presbyterian sermon, came to me to gird myself for work worthy of my past, and out of this inspiration I founded the *GLOBE REVIEW* in the autumn of 1889.

It met with a reception that was a surprise and a joy to me. Priests, preachers, lawyers, doctors, wide-awake business men and noble-minded women seemed to take to it as something fresh and strong that they had been looking for, and from that day to this I have hardly had time to despair.

In 1891, however, I was again invited to preach, this time while on a visit for rest with a friend on the Island of Mount Desert, Me., and to an orthodox Congregational Church. I accepted and was preaching three times a Sunday, happy as an angel, and mapping out various pastoral and mission work on the island, and editing the *GLOBE* through correspondence with my Philadelphia printers, when for the first time in my life my head failed me. I had had lots of aches and pains and troubles, but never till the early winter of 1891 had I known what it was to be afraid to think and afraid to utter my thoughts if any came to me.

Here, again, I mention in a rapid way these details, that the reader may see in what strange ways one is led to final conclusions in this world.

Among the readers and subscribers of the *GLOBE* was a venerable Catholic priest, at that time, and still at this writing, chaplain of the Dominican Convent and St. Clara's Academy at Sinsinawa, Wis. This good priest hearing of my illness invited me to visit him and take a rest. At the time this invitation came to me I did not know that my would-be host was a Catholic priest, and I did not know of the existence of a Dominican Convent or of St. Clara's Academy at Sinsinawa; nevertheless, after learning something of these facts and after spending a winter very near to death's door, with good friends in Gardiner, Me., I concluded to visit the venerable priest at Sinsinawa.

Meanwhile I had conversed and corresponded with Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and seemed much drawn to the Catholic

Church; and out of my recent experiences had reached these further conclusions of a religious and rationalistic nature: *First*, that nothing short of a divine being—a pure and true incarnation of the Divine Wisdom, love and power, that I clearly saw to be at the heart of the universe and in all its profoundest and simplest workings and conclusions—could serve the mission of world-leadership, salvation and redemption of the race that I had set out myself to perform. *Second*, it became perfectly clear to me that purely on rationalistic grounds—that is, judging simply and solely by the standards of human and divine greatness that the ablest minds and the noblest souls of the human race had always set up—Jesus of Nazareth was not only the divinest man of the race, but veritably incarnate and eternal God. But this incarnation I treated as the last and highest conceivable evolution of the processes of the material universe as an expression and manifestation of the Eternal and Divine; that is, precisely as the smallest conceivable point of force in the universe was the smallest conceivable incarnation and manifestation of the divine, so was Jesus the largest, noblest, loveliest, strongest, all-conquering, all-loving and all-lovable manifestation of the one Eternal invisible and absolutely infinite and perfect Being.

These were my free and purely rationalistic conclusions in the year 1872, and they continued the controlling conclusions of my life up to the year 1892, when I made the visit to the Catholic priest referred to. They were my religious faith when I accepted the invitation to the Orthodox Church in Maine.

Out of these conclusions were born Cosmotheism as a system of rationalistic religious thought, and I have since believed that the radical contradiction between these conclusions and Protestant Christian orthodoxy had much to do with the intensity of anxiety that led to my breakdown in the pulpit of Mount Desert in the winter of 1891.

Nevertheless, I felt perfectly justified in accepting that pulpit from the fact that thus purely on rationalistic grounds I could and did preach Christ and Christ crucified as the incarnate, infinite saving martyrdom of eternal wisdom and eternal love. In a word, but purely on rationalistic grounds, I knew nothing and desired to know nothing among men or angels in earth or in heaven but Christ crucified, and I gloried above all things in the Cross of Christ, the disgraced and hounded but redeeming and all-con-

quering symbol of divine salvation and of eternal and redeeming power.

My purpose in founding this Review was to preach this gospel in a literary way, and to bring the literature of the nations up to this standard or damn it to eternal oblivion.

This was my work and these my purposes, when either from overwork or from a sudden and fearful chill in the cold night air of Mount Desert in November, 1891, and after preaching two sermons on that day, I was smitten in a moment with a powerlessness of head and utterance that seemed at last to tell me that I was but as the weakest of my kind, and that the end had come.

Nevertheless, I wish to state here distinctly that I had sufficiently recovered my health during the months of March and April, 1892, to write most of the *GLOBE REVIEW* No. 9 during those months, and notably the series of sonnets on the manifestation of human and divine love which appeared in that number, and at no time was my mind itself weakened, but only the power of conceiving and uttering strong and original thought was for a time taken from me. In a word, I was never saner in my life and never better able to weigh and deliberate on arguments and conclusions than I was in the month of May, 1892, when I went to visit the priest referred to. I had felt obliged to quit preaching, but I went on thinking and writing after about two months of absolute rest.

Meanwhile I had again reached these purely rationalistic conclusions without ever dreaming of applying them to myself or of making them the grounds of my possible entrance into the Catholic Church, viz.: That if in matters of law and medicine and art and mechanics and even in housekeeping and everyday life, we all recognized the principle of authority, admitted that some men, by their gifts and training, did know more than ourselves and were absolutely admitted to be authorities on these various matters, it seemed most rational that, in matters and questions of religion and the human soul—especially had there ever been a supernatural revelation on these themes—certain men ought to have been chosen and ought still to be authorities, absolute, conclusive and divine.

Still I held in the main the orthodox Protestant notion that though Christ was God incarnate and therefore that His words must have been divine, He had left these words as passing sayings

to His disciples, and that they, a group of inspired but widely different-thinking men, had done the best they could do through the Scriptures to give us an infallible guide, which, of course, every fellow was at liberty to interpret for himself; and this was my general attitude of mind toward what is called the question of authority and of the Church when I visited Father Walker at Sinsinawa, in May, 1892.

To Father Walker I said: You understand that I have been very ill; and I assured him that while I had not come there to discuss religion or to argue with him on any points, I should be glad to have him explain to me any and all phases of Catholic truth that he might be moved to explain in view of the facts of my own life with which, in general, I acquainted him. This was my novitiate.

In and about the Convent of St. Clara's were sometimes from fifty to two hundred white-robed nuns—lovely and chaste and charitable as the angels of heaven—and St. Clara's Academy had, for pupils, about 125 little girls and young ladies. This was my place of rest, and these were my surroundings. Father Walker talked Catholic philosophy and theology to me; the dear nuns provided me with every comfort of the most beautiful home life, and, I doubt not, prayed for me with a fervor and a faith known only to consecrated and stainless souls.

They were all my friends; all as kind to me as own sisters, and still I hardly dreamed that my final acceptance of the full and perfect faith of the Catholic Church was within the bounds of possibility.

This sort of life and rest for me went on for nearly two months.

Meanwhile these purely rationalistic truths had come to me, namely—that if Jesus of Nazareth was what my own previous reasoning had forced me to believe of Him, nothing in the whole realm of human absurdity was quite so absurd as to suppose, dream or assert, that such a God-man, who had become man in order to save mankind, by His truth and life and death, should scatter His thoughts and life on the careless winds of chance; and nothing more reasonable than to suppose that He had entrusted His words and the soul of His precious martyrdom to the keeping of men fully informed of the eternal value and meaning of His redemption.

Gradually also I saw from my old but over-looked studies of the

Scriptures that the apostles had been chosen as by light of God's own mind; that they had been instructed in every phase of Christ's life that they could possibly understand; that the Holy Ghost, the all-pervading divine spirit of truth, had been promised and given to instruct and guide them after Christ's death; in a word, that a Divine Church had been founded by this God-man and His Divine Spirit through His apostles; that beyond question in any one but a quibbler, the headship of the apostles and of His Church had been vested in Peter, and that whatever might be my final conclusions as to the historic questions of Peter's founding of the Church in Rome, and the primacy of the See of Rome, etc., etc., and whatever might be my own final action in view of these facts, the facts as stated and as held by the Church of Rome, were as undeniable as the light of the sun in God's own cloudless skies. Still I was not yet a Catholic by any means.

I had for many years, and especially during my pastorate at Mount Desert, seen that if the primal beliefs of cosmotheism, much more of any extant or obsolete theory of pantheism the world had ever known, were true—then, beyond all quibble, the pantheistic soul of the universe must be forever responsible for all the sin and agony of the universe. I had also seen that even on cosmotheistic or pantheistic grounds the conclusions of modern naturalism, and my own conclusions, to the effect that a man dieth as the brute dieth, and there is an end of him, except as he lives in such thoughts and works as he had done—and which might for a time live after him—were false to the primal conception even of pantheism; and knowing that, from my purest conception of this divine soul of the universe, much more from the Christian conception of a perfect and conscious God, the first conclusion was utterly untenable—and that a perfect God could not be, and was not, the author of sin—I saw that this was a radical defect in my own cosmotheism and in every theory of pantheism the mind of man had ever conceived or ever could conceive.

Moreover, my studies of nature and of all the ages of human history had convinced me that, purely on rationalistic grounds, there was at the heart of nature and at the heart of all human history a moral order, a divine soul—a loving heart of the universe, a power that worked for righteousness, not a physical, or cosmic power or law, but a super-physical, spiritual, divine power that had forever made and would forever make all things work together for

good to them that loved God and His righteousness; hence, from this side also, that is from the moral order of nature and human history presided over by a divine and loving fatherhood, I saw that it was impossible to conceive of this soul or Being as the author of evil or of sin.

Further, that on either ground of pantheism, cosmotheism or of revealed Christianity, it was in the last analysis impossible to conceive of the human essence or soul as mortal; in a word, that whether an evolution out of the Divine soul or a special creation by the Immortal God, the soul of man must be as immortal as the soul that created it, or out of which it was evolved. Hence I saw these two weak points in cosmotheism; but from the first I had known that it was perfect and divine, or merely human, and hence not of the value I had taken it to be. I now saw that it was not of the value that I had taken it to be, and hence—as all my later and rationalistic thinking had landed me in rationalistic conclusions that were almost one with the absolute doctrines of the Catholic Church—the question again and again came to my mind: Why, then, cannot you be a Catholic and a Christian without further doubt and restlessness with God or man? Why stand alone and appeal to reason alone if this very Church, by the voice and light of heaven, has long held and died for the very conclusions that you now, by the light of reason, see to be true?

Still I was not a Catholic, and could not be till certain other points were made clear to my mind.

The primal spiritual conception of cosmotheism was not that God was all, or that nature was all, or that nature was the simple and total manifestation of God, but that the eternal soul of the universe was such a conscious, omniscient, loving soul, as was at the heart of the Christian system. But I had conceived the pantheistic idea of all natural, human and so-called supernatural phenomena as simply manifestations of this supreme and everywhere conscious and divine soul of nature—yet supernatural and above, while within nature, and that the material universe had been, and must be, eternal, without beginning and without end, in some form or another.

Little by little I now explained these points to Father Walker, and as he had read cosmotheism carefully and with ability to understand it, there was the less need of explanation on my part.

It will be perceived that I was always one with the learned

Hebrew and Christian in my conception of the primal and eternal conscious unity of the Divine Being. But I differed on the point of the relation of this Being to the material universe—and this I put to Father Walker about as follows: To my consciousness the universe must have forever existed in some form or formlessness. I cannot conceive of a pure act of creation of something out of absolutely nothing. In some eternal, potential or more palpable and conceivable idea of substance all that is is eternal, ever has been and ever will be.

To my amazement and immense relief the venerable priest answered that according to the philosophical theology of the Church, the universe had of course potentially and eternally existed in the Divine Being. In a moment I replied: If I can hold that I have no further trouble on that score; and this is still my conscious understanding of the relation of the pre-create eternal universe to the uncreate eternal Being or Soul or God.

Just as frankly I said to Father Walker, I simply cannot hold the doctrine of the Trinity as that doctrine fastened itself in my mind after my course in Presbyterian theology. In a word, I cannot conceive of the persons in the Trinity as distinct and separate individualities in the same sense or in any sense approaching the same sense that three men are three persons. It limits each person of the Trinity, makes God a cut-up manifestation of three finite beings, and there is no infinite Being left for my conscious soul to rest in. Again, to my amazement and joy, Father Walker remarked: While the Divine Trinity is a mystery of faith, the Church particularly declares that you must not think of the persons of the Trinity as you think of three finite men—but in an infinite union—of Infinite Being, which faith alone apprehends and no finite mind can comprehend. Very well, I said, then I have no further difficulty on that score. I may add here that the sacraments of the Church never gave me any trouble. For if *it* was divine, they must be divine.

We talked of many other points of rationalistic and Protestant versus Catholic faith; but on none save these primal bases of all Orthodox Christian belief had I ever any special difficulty, and I suppose that from those early and blessed hours of the month of June, 1892, I was a Catholic at heart, though by no means as yet had the grace been given me to take my stand in that faith. My mind was convinced, but my will not yet inspired with power to choose what I saw to be true.

I had seen the errors in cosmotheism with results as already stated; I had at last seen the wonderful and comprehensive wisdom of the philosophical theology of the Catholic Church, and I clearly saw and believed, therefore, in the total divine revelation of man's history and redemption; was one again with the heart of Christendom, and now with that commanding and continuous center and head and soul of it that had held the mastery for nearly nineteen hundred years, and I began to feel that perhaps some day grace would be given me to enter its communion.

Meanwhile I had frequently attended mass, week-days and Sundays, in the beautiful little chapel of the Dominican nuns, and was frequently the only man in attendance, except the priest at the altar.

At first I used to go into the pew without kneeling in advance of entrance, and no one asked me to kneel or suggested that I should do so. But one day it came to me in the chapel as a light from heaven: Why, if the real presence of God, consecrate in the Blessed Sacrament or sacrifice, is tabernacled in yon lovely place, why should I not kneel? In truth, ought I not at once to kneel, as I would before the blessed face of the Saviour Himself? But I could not that day or the next, but on the third day after this conviction I knelt before entering my pew and knelt in prayer immediately after entering it, and have continued to do so to this day.

Gradually also I had grown to see the perfect reasonableness of the veneration paid to the Blessed Virgin, and the wisdom of offering prayers for her intercession and blessing; and one day, as I was entering the little Dominican chapel, it came to me as a new thought, why these words: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb," were the words the angel used to the Blessed Virgin in homage and in recognition of her divine motherhood; and why should not I use them with my whole heart? for if anything grew clearer and clearer to me in those days it was this: that the sanctified motherhood of the human race had been exalted in this maiden of Bethlehem, that her motherhood had been the seed-field of eternal redemption and glory for our race, and in sheer love and honor I henceforth used the angel's words, and, of course, I use them still, every night and morning, and sometimes many times each day.

For more than a quarter of a century, while I was a liberal minister and a freethinker, so called, I had over and over again taught the simple and palpable truth of history, that the Church—that is the Catholic Church—had made and compiled the scriptures which were held as inspired solely on the Church's authority. I had also held and taught that the polity or government of the Catholic Church was the only one consistent with reason or the claims of Christianity; in a word, that the priest or minister, and high-priest or archbishop, hence the Pope, should each be master in his own house; and I never had the slightest respect for, or belief in, the Protestant arrangement of allowing laymen to sit and deliberate and vote in church assemblies and matters.

Then and now I would as soon allow laymen to vote in such assemblies as I would allow or expect priests to become efficient dry goods merchants or editors of newspapers and magazines. You must either serve God or mammon, my friends, and don't meddle in matters that you do not understand. Still I had never accepted the rulings of the Church as divine and final at all.

Through my talks with Father Walker I now saw more clearly than ever before the actual and perfect organization of the Church from Christ through His apostles; saw also the continuity of this Church and the headship of Rome, during the early periods which Protestant Church history had covered with doubt; saw more clearly than ever the light of the dark ages, the rebellious wrong-headedness and infamy of the Reformation, and on every intellectual point of faith there seemed to be nothing between me and rest in the Catholic Church; saw, of course, that as this divine Church had made the scriptures, she alone was authority for their interpretation; in truth, that all her final conclusions must be divine.

The doctrine of the Real Presence had never been a stumbling block in my way. For while I had not in previous years discriminated in favor of the priestly office and its powers as compared with the Protestant ministerial office or any other great and good vocation, as I now began to do, I had always, alike from my cosmotheistic view of nature and my clear and intense view and feeling of the Divine in all things and supremely in every religious act of love and worship, seen and felt, with easy faith, the primal fact of the Divine presence in the blessed sacrifice consecrated by prayer, and set apart and absolutely made divine by

the acts of divine and loving tenderness that placed it where it was in the tabernacle of the temple of the Christian Catholic Church of God.

I would like to go into the spiritual philosophy of my thought on this, but I must not linger. In a word, even human love re-creates the object of its heart and makes it Divine; in other words, even human love transubstantiates the presence, yea, the substantial presence, the heart's core, the body and blood of its intensely loved object, and brings it to the temple doors of its own heart and life. Love is the magic that transports soul to soul and God to man; makes all life and eternity divine; and it is the simple but beautiful mystery of the Church's love for Christ, the love of His mystic body for His own individual body and soul, that transplants these to and in the tabernacle of the churches and the hearts of His own eternal love.

Thus, through the painful processes of many years, I was led from pious and beautiful, but imperfect Anglicanism, through pious and earnest, but distorted Calvinistic orthodoxy, by way of Unitarian liberalism and scientific pretentiousness, at last to see that the Roman Catholic Church was the most rational, the most philosophical, the most scientific, the most perfect and divine; and in its final utterances, the most perfect and infallible system of human thought, discipline and life the world had ever known, hence the supernatural guide of the soul and the end of all my hopes and dreams.

These are the phases and facts of the eternal mystery of God and man, of life and death, of history and truth, that I would love to dwell upon and explain. These are the subtler phases of human thought to which I have really given my life, and not to the clap-trap of the despicable politics and ecclesiastical buncombe of modern times. But the world does not want these finer things, and even I must go as I am bidden or drawn and driven by the tides of the times.

I could readily have put all these thoughts in more pretentious, rhetorical and theological form, which indeed was the only form of writing I was able to manage during the years of my Protestant ministry; but I am writing for human souls, not for hair-splitting heresy hunters, or mouthing rhetoricians, and this article will eventually be found to be as remarkable for the things I have left unsaid as for the things it contains.

I am most grateful to those who aided me to reach these conclusions, and most happy in my Catholic faith, but I will stand no nonsense from upstart amateurs in any line. I must not prolong this article further. In short, on Pentecost Sunday, in the year of our Lord 1892, by the grace of God, through the patience of my good friend Father Walker, aided and inspired, I doubt not, by the blessed prayers and spotless kindness of the ever lovely and by me almost worshipped sisters of St. Clara's Academy, I was received into the Catholic Church, baptized in their little chapel that day, and God bless them ever, as they were then kind to me.

Later I was confirmed by Archbishop Ryan in the Cathedral at Philadelphia—my first love—and from that day to this I have known only the thought of perfect loyalty to this mother of salvation and to the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God; and I would that all our Catholic prelates, clergy and people understood their exact duty in view of the simple statements that this article contains.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ENGLAND'S YOUNGER POETS.

As the Gospel was first preached, beginning at Jerusalem, so our search for new poets should begin with London. Our mother-tongue, in becoming the universal language, transmits its great central heart-beat to all mankind. Therefore, in dealing with current letters and contemporary art, their development in England is the first point to examine. Let us see what we can find, since the swing of the tide, as felt in London, is felt the world over.

"In so far as the possession of true poetic genius, or natural gift of song, is concerned," remarks the *Illustrated Family Newspaper*, "there is undoubtedly no man in England to-day so well fitted to succeed the late Lord Tennyson in the honorable office of Poet Laureate as Algernon Charles Swinburne."

And this concession could only be wrung from the conservative Englishman by sheer poetic greatness. Yet the one man in their sea-girt island, who knows the secret of the sea and can re-create

in his strophes its eternal surging, its glorious freedom, its variant moods of beauty, its gigantic tumult and its sunset calm, has the world at his feet, the homage of the ages in store—and the English know this—however great their reluctance to own such a primacy in letters.

A well-known critic thus writes of him: "In his hands English verse becomes like the violin of Paganini. The range of his fantasies, roulades, arias, new effects of measure and sound are incomparable with anything hitherto known. The freedom and richness of his diction, his apparently measureless resources of rhythmic forms and musical flow of words are without precedent. He seems to have an intuitive knowledge of all the hidden springs of melody. He has revealed possibilities in the use of the English tongue, for the expression of poetic thought and sentiment, hitherto unsuspected and unknown."

But apart from Swinburne, since any adequate criticism of his finer work would leave us no space for other names, we find England rich in the possession of noble writers. Among her older men we are all familiar with the names of Andrew Lang and Austin Dobson, of the Blue-China school, the Ballade-Rondeau resuscitation of Old French verse, Edmund Gosse, the exquisite sonneteer, and Theodore Watts, whose work is so fine that we are kept wondering how he can come so near greatness and yet finally miss it, as if by a hand's breadth. These, with Sir Edwin Arnold and William Morris, form a group of poets of whom the mother-country is rightfully proud.

Moreover, the great line of poetic succession shows no signs of a break in the coming generation.

The London *Athenæum*, summing up the English literature of 1893, remarks that the year has been "given over almost entirely to the younger writers, who have discovered one another throughout its course with unanimous and touching enthusiasm. The older men have been silent, while the juniors have enjoyed the distinction of limited editions and the luxury of large sales."

This has been notably true of the last two years, also. With these new-comers, their names and work, the general public is as yet unfamiliar, and I fancy many people would be glad to know more, in a special way, of these fresh young singers. For whatever may be their claims to future recognition, they do, at least, offer us to-day something new—something that is not Blue-China

or Rossetti mediævalism; rather, to their credit be it said, a generally clear, sensible English treatment of intelligible themes. It suggests the golden budding of willows in the springtime, soft against the blue and aspiring thitherward, its promise having a certain warmth of hope and vigor.

This quality especially marks the verse of Mr. William Watson. His first volume proved him one of the few poets who give the world their best, and only their best. His themes are noble and treated with the power that comes of dignified restraint. His pen never runs away with him, yet he gives us the fiery-winged thought of the true singer. Says the *London Saturday Review*: "In his work we are certain to find the rare qualities—lessening every day in the literature which buzzes about us—of simplicity, sanity and proportion. . . . He has an unusual dignity in general temper, an unusual gravity in the choice of subject. . . . He aims, certainly, at the highest mark; while others deliberately turn aside after the fantastic or the puerile, he bends all his energies to the task of writing what shall be classical. And, as we have intimated, he has certain classic qualities. No one can condense a thought or an impression into a more epigrammatic line or couplet; the sea, for instance,

" 'With wild white fingers snatching at the skies;'

or the armed, and ignoble peace of nations,

" 'War that sits smiling, with the eyes of Cain;'

or the seductive charm of piety,

" 'My mind, half envying what it cannot share,
Reveres the reverence which it cannot feel.'

"No one has learned more from other poets than Mr. Watson has done, or, perhaps, to better purpose. Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, have been his masters, and he has followed them far. They have taught him invaluable lessons, but there is one lesson which they have not taught him; they have not revealed him to himself."

But we will let Mr. Watson speak for himself, promising that the task of selection from so much that is excellent presents no small difficulty. Listen to this, and mark the warmth of his beautiful patriotism :

ENGLAND, MY MOTHER.

I.

England, my mother,
Wardress of waters,
Builder of peoples,
Maker of men,—

Hast thou yet leisure
Left for the muses?
Heedst thou the songsmith
Forging the rhyme?

Deafened with tumults
How can'st thou harken?
Strident is faction,
Demos is loud.

Lazarus, hungry,
Menaces Dives;
Labor, the giant,
Chafes in his hold.

Yet do the songsmiths
Quit not their forges;
Still on life's anvil
Forge they the rhyme.

Still the rapt faces
Glow from the furnace;
Breath of the smithy
Scorches their brows.

Yea, and thou hear'st them?
So shall the hammers
Fashion not vainly
Verses of gold.

II.

Lo, with the ancient
Roots of man's nature,
Twines the eternal
Passion of song.

Ever love fans it,
Ever life feeds it,
Time cannot age it;
Death cannot slay.

Deep in the world-heart
 Stand its foundations,
 Tangled with all things,
 Twin-made with all.

Nay, what is Nature's
 Self, but an endless
 Strife toward music,
 Euphony, rhyme?

Trees in their blooming,
 Tides in their flowing,
 Stars in their circling,
 Tremble with song.

God on His throne is
 Eldest of poets :
 Unto His measures
 Moveth the whole.

III.

Therefore deride not
 Speech of the muses,
 England, my mother,
 Maker of men.

Nations are mortal,
 Fragile is greatness ;
 Fortune may fly thee,
 Song shall not fly.

Song, the all-girdling,
 Song cannot perish :
 Men shall make music,
 Man shall give ear.

Not while the choric
 Chant of creation
 Floweth from all things,
 Poured without pause,

Cease we to echo
 Faintly the descant
 Whereto for ever
 Dances the world.

IV.

So let the songsmith
 Proffer his rhyme-gift,
 England, my mother,
 Maker of men.

Gray grows thy count'nance,
 Full of the ages ;
 Time on thy forehead
 Sits like a dream :

Song is the potion
 All things renewing,
 Youth's one elixir,
 Fountain of Morn.

Thou, at the world-loom
 Weaving thy future,
 Fitly may'st temper
 Toil with delight.

Deemest thou, labor
 Only is earnest ?
 Grave is all beauty,
 Solemn is joy.

Song is no bauble—
 Slight not the songsmith,
 England, my mother,
 Maker of men.

In the following beautiful sonnet the poet would teach us the nearness of God to the human soul in the little things of nature and our daily lives. In the simplicity and beauty of lowliness we behold the Divine,—as only clear, calm waters mirror the heavens:

GOD-SEEKING.

God-seeking thou hast journeyed far and nigh,
 On dawn-lit mountain-tops thy soul did yearn
 To hear His trailing garments wander by ;
 And where 'mid thunderous glooms great sunsets burn,
 Vainly thou sought'st His shadow on sea and sky ;
 Or gazing up, at noontide, could'st discern
 Only a neutral heaven's indifferent eye
 And countenance austere and taciturn.

Yet whom thou soughtest I have found at last ;
 Neither where tempest dims the world below,
 Nor where the westering daylight reels aghast,
 In conflagrations of red overthrow :
 But where this virgin brooklet silvers past,
 And yellowing either bank the king-cups blow.

Soon after the production of his first volume the young author became the victim of a serious illness, affecting the brain—too

finely organized, perhaps, for life's severer pressures,—and for a time it seemed as if death would rob England of her new poet. Now, however, the ominous silence is broken and he comes before us with a second book of lyrics. (*"Odes and other Poems,"* Macmillan & Co.).

Here is a verse from *"The First Skylark of Spring,"* which sings its thought straight to the blue:

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, sweet;—
The virginal, untroubled sky,
And this vexed region at my feet—
Alas, but one have I.

His version of the legend, *"Domine Quo Vadis,"* recalls, with startling clearness, the ancient Petrine history. The "sight of a mournful face, a figure hurrying on," up to the tragic close when "Peter turned and rushed on Rome and death." His sonnet *"To One Who Had Written in Derision of the Belief in Immortality,"* shows the same thoughtful turning toward higher themes. Note the dignity—one might almost say the poetic austerity—of *"The Sovereign Poet."*

He sits above the clang and dust of time,
With the world's secret trembling on his lip.
He asks not converse nor companionship
In the cold starlight where thou canst not climb.

The undelivered tidings in his breast
Suffer him not to rest.
He sees afar the immemorable throng,
And binds the scattered ages with a song.

The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath,
His might, his spell, we know not what they be:
We only feel, whate'er he uttereth,
This savors not of death,
This hath a relish of eternity.

The English Government, recognizing Mr. Watson's great talent, has lately conferred upon him a pension on the civil list of £100 a year. We can but rejoice at the successes of one who thus describes his own personal attitude of mind:

I have known the heaven one laugh of gold;
I have known a mind that was a match for fate;
I have wondered what the heavens can hold
Than simplest love more great.

Mr. Watson's long-promised prose volume, "Excursions in Criticism," is from the press of Messrs. Matthews & Lane, of London. We are told, moreover, that he has completed and published the longest lyrical poem he has yet ventured upon. It is entitled "A Hymn to the Sea," and is in rhymed elegiacs.

None the less, Mr. Watson has many rivals. I. Zangwill in *The Cosmopolitan* calls John Davidson the Laureate of London, and declares him "a prodigal of every divine gift." Now, Davidson also publishes with Matthews & Lane and is a member of the Rhymers' Club. He is of Scotch descent and the author of "Fleet Street Eclogues," "In a Music Hall," and "A Random Itinerancy," three books which have certainly been well received. His last venture is a collection of plays, five in number, issued in London, and, likewise, in Chicago, by Stone & Kimball. The one called "Bruce" is a historical drama ending with the battle of Bannockburn, which battle is said to be most vividly pictured. Another drama is based on Allan Ramsey's "Gentle Shepherd." Three pairs of lovers are brought to happiness in the May-time, when all the world may trip it on the green, while Titania, Oberon and Puck share in the revels, gilding and silvering poor human fortunes. A frontispiece and cover design by Aubrey Beardsley, the capricious London artist, give the finishing touch to all this.

The Rhymers' Club now includes several other Englishmen of rising reputation: Mr. R. Le Gallienne, who came out as a defender of the faith in the controversy with Mr. Robert Buchanan, and whose little volume of essays on "The Religion of a Literary Man," is reverential and not polemic; Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. Arthur Symonds, Mr. Ernest Dawson and Mr. Lionel Johnson. In a recent letter to the *Literary World*, Boston, Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson has the following: "Of individual volumes of poetry I must mention three. The first is *Poems* by Lionel Johnson. I have prepared you for this book of lofty and austere poetry, which is at once full of the gold and roses of classical and antique art and wild with the untutored sweetness of Celtic song. It would be hard to place the enchantment of such a song as that beginning,

" 'A voice on the winds.'

"Miss May Probyn, on the other hand, writes like an old carol singer—'passionate, simple, and sensuous.' Her themes are

nearly always of the spirit and her breaking silence is very welcome since Christina Rossetti has left a vacant place. She is as decorative as the old poets and has a simple faith and vision like theirs. Both Mr. Lionel Johnson and Miss Probyn are of that little band of Roman Catholic poets which is producing some of the finest of contemporary poetry. It is out of proportion to the number of Catholics in England that they should contribute so large a representation to the poets. Francis Thompson, Mrs. Meynell, Lionel Johnson, Miss Probyn and Mr. Ernest Dawson are all Catholics."

A little book comes from Longmans, Green & Co., entitled "Ballads and Other Verse," by A. H. Beesley, which deserves attention. Mr. Beesley is the author of "The Life of Sir John Franklin" and has in this volume covered a wide range of thought. From the spirited war-songs with which it opens to the "Ave Domine" of the Christian prisoners in the Coliseum awaiting the lions, and the Spring and flower fancies, the latter daintily true to Nature, we find melody ringing out through infinite changes. This fragment seems to be very sweet.

Welcomest, best,
Soft wind of the West,

Come and fill up,
Fill to the brink,
Purple and pink
Hepatica's cup;
Let Arabis show
A brighter, whiter, delightfuler snow.

Into a pleasance
Change by thy presence
Hedgerow and lane,
Till e'en where the shade is,
Glad lords and ladies
Hail thee again.

Loose the chain that winter has set
On Primrose, Anemone, Violet;
To half-hid Daffodil
Whisper thy will;
Make green grass greener still,
And crimsoner the crimson-petalled Daisies;
So shall the little children sing thy praises.

In Eric Mackay, England has another young poet of much

promise. Perhaps no one poem will give a better conception of his originality, his unaffected simplicity and easy melodic swing of line and rhyme than his lay of the Queletzu, the first bird that sang on earth, according to Mexican mythology.

Up in the air,
Like a spirit in prayer,
With the wings of a dove and the heart of a rose,
And a bosom as white as the Zaraby snows
When the hurricane blows!

In the light of the day
Like a soul on its way
To the gardens of God, it was loosed from the earth:
And the song that it sang was a pæan of mirth
For the raptures of birth.

The song that it sang
Like an echo out-rang
From the cloud to the copse and the copse to the cloud:
And the hills and the valleys responded aloud
And the rivers were proud.

If you think of the rush
Of the wind and the flush
Of a morning in May when the sun is in view
You will know what is meant by the flight from the dew
Of the first Queletzu.

If you think of these things
You will dote on the wings
Of the wonderful bird in its upward career:
And the legends thereof will be sweeter to hear
Than the songs of a seer.

You will know what is meant
By the pinioned ascent
Of an angel of grace when its mission is done,
And the knowledge of this will be second to none
Which the ages have spun.

For the lark in its nest
Is a minstrel at best,
And the music it makes is the mirth of a kiss
That is hung to the skies in a frenzy of bliss
On the morning's abyss.

And the nightingale's note
Is a sob from its throat,
And the gurgle thereof is a rapture of pain,
For the roses are sad and the lilies complain,
When the silence is slain.

All the larks in the world,
 With their feathers unfurled,
 And the nightingales, too, in their tender despair,—
 All the birds that we know have a sorrow to share
 With the natives of air :

But the first Queletzu,
 When it sprang to the blue,
 Had the heart of a rose and the wings of a dove,
 And the song that it sang to the angels above
 Was the music of love.

Of Aubrey De Vere we defer mention, as his poetic work is fully known to average readers, and merely give this one word to Henry Harland, "Sidney Luska," editor of the *Yellow Book*, whose "Gray Roses" is a collection of short stories, issued not long since by Roberts Brothers, of Boston; but it would be great injustice to Mr. Lionel Johnson to pass over his name thus lightly. His spirit is said to be "steeped in the most golden poetry of the Greeks." He writes dainty refrains—and loftier stanzas on high themes. Of the latter are "The Summer Storm" and "Sylva Sylvarum." At all events, this one great verse has the majestic roll of organ-tones :

"O servants of one Will! Stars in their courses,
 Flowers in their fragrance, in their music
 Winged winds, and lightnings in their fierceness!
 These are the world's magnalities and splendors:
 At touch of these the adoring spirit renders
 Glory and praise—and passionate silence."

Mr. Johnson is an ardent Wykamist and Roman Catholic. The following exquisite bit is in praise of Newman, and with its spirit many a heart will sympathize :

Ah, sweetest soul of all! Whose choice
 Was golden with the light of lights;
 But us doubt's melancholy voice
 Wandering in gloom unites.

Ah, sweetest soul of all! Whose voice
 Hailed morning and the sun's increase;
 We of the restless night rejoice,
 We also, at thy peace.

And, again, he gives us these fresh and noble stanzas addressed to Hawthorne :

Ten years ago I heard, ten have I loved,
 Thine haunting voice borne over the waste sea.
 Was it thy melancholy spirit moved
 Mine, with those gray dreams that invested thee?
 Or was it that thy beauty first reproved
 The imperfect fancies that looked fair to me?

Thou hast both secrets, for to thee are known
 The fatal sorrows binding life and death;
 And thou hast found, on winds of passage blown,
 That music which is sorrow's perfect breath:
 So, all thy beauty takes a solemn tone,
 And art is all thy melancholy saith.

Now, therefore, is thy voice abroad for me
 When through dark woodlands murmuring sounds make way:
 Thy voice, and voices of the sounding sea,
 Stir in the branches, as none other may;
 All pensive loneliness is full of thee,
 And each mysterious, each autumnal day.

Hesperian soul! Well hadst thou in the West
 Thine hermitage and meditative place;
 In mild, retiring fields thou wast at rest,
 Calmed by old winds, touched with ærial grace:
 Fields whence old magic simples filled thy breast,
 And unforgotten fragrance balm'd thy face.

Surely, without exaggeration, this young writer deserves the name of poet.

To sum up our critique, it seems past gainsaying that there is an exquisite finish about these English writers, which may, or may not, come of their University training—something which our young Americans fail to attain. Even the newspaper and magazine verse has the same touch; and, in evidence, I can not forbear giving these lines from the *Spectator*, unsigned and unclaimed, drifting as fugitive and so copied, yet none the less marked with the poet's seal.

A LONDON LANDSCAPE.

Before me lies no purple distance wide,
 With faint horizon hills to bound my view;
 Tall houses close me in on every side,
 Pierced here and there by meagre shafts of blue.

'Tis not for me to watch the slow dawn come
 Across the quiet meadows' dewy gray;
 'Tis not for me to hear the brown bees hum
 Upon the gorsy uplands all the day.

But I can see one gracious, growing thing :
 A poplar tree spreads fair beside my door—
 Its bright, unrestful leaves keep flickering
 And whispering to the breezes evermore.

And when, at eve, the fires of sunset flare,
 And parapets and roofs are rimmed with gold,
 And, like bold beacon lights, flash here and there
 The dingy warehouse windows manifold.

The little leaves upon my poplar tree
 All in the wondrous glory shake and shake,
 Transmuted by the sunset alchemy
 Each one into a burnished golden flake.

Then, by and by, from some dim realm afar
 The dark comes down and blots the world from sight,
 And 'twixt the trembling poplar leaves a star
 Hangs like a shining blossom all the night.

Gardiner, Me.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.*

THOMAS B. REED & CO.

WERE I to follow the leading of my own thought touching the comparative leadership in present American politics I should make this heading—Hon. Matthew Quay & Co.; but at this writing, December 3, 1895, the figure of the Maine man so far overshadows that of the Pennsylvanian that I follow the tides of the times, though by no means led by them.

That Mr. Reed's brief remarks, immediately on the assembling of the present Congress, to the effect that it were better not to rush into tariff legislation, in fact, to let well enough alone, were not the expression merely of his personal opinion may be gathered from several considerations: first, from the fact that the newspapers of the country gave them such universal and serious attention,—for, though the newspapers are always eager to make a sensation out of the utterances of any public man, their manner of

* It is a little singular that Miss Swan, who is well versed in English poetry, has not even mentioned Mr. Alfred Austin, who has been made Poet Laureate since her article was written. Tastes differ, and I suppose that no one has ever suspected Victoria of being a connoisseur in questions of this kind.—*The Editor.*

treating Mr. Reed's words, on this occasion, was such as to indicate that there was more than Mr. Reed's own opinion back of them. Second, the importance of the utterances themselves is an argument in favor of the conclusion that they were the words of the representative men of the Republican party, and not merely Mr. Reed's personal opinion; in truth, it is very doubtful if such an important idea ever originated in the mind of the man from Maine. Mr. Reed is a great parliamentarian and a man of firm will, but not an original thinker, and very far removed even from the possibilities of statesmanship. But these utterances are the utterances of a statesman. On the other hand there is just one reason for dreaming that the words in question were Reed's own words, sprung of his own ideas. Could McKinleyism be revived and the present prosperity of the country go on unabated, Mr. McKinley would be one of the most formidable rivals in the way of Mr. Reed's ambitious strides for the White House; and as pure self-interest and foxiness will sometimes originate striking and even beneficial ideas, Reed's anti-McKinleyism may have come out of his own jealous soul. It was either this, or a pure party measure, originated and prompted in caucus by the best heads of the Republican party.

Hon. A. K. McClure, of the *Philadelphia Times*, is not only one of the ablest journalists in the country, he is also one of the astutest and best informed politicians of the country, and the following editorial quoted from the *Times* by the *New York World* gives us Colonel McClure's estimate of Reed's position and the importance of his remarks:

"The time has come when Mr. Reed must act. He can no longer object; he can no longer obstruct. He is now the autocratic leader of the party that confidently and reasonably expects to elect the next President, and he hopes to be its candidate. Will he be strong or feeble in his new rôle of leadership? Will he play politician or will he develop as a statesman? If he shall go mousing in the sinuous ways of the politician to reach the presidency he will surely defeat himself and do much to impair the chances of his party success. If he shall now be first of all a national statesman, looking to national interests as the best way to promote party interests, he will not only give the country increased prosperity during the present Congress, but he will be the next President of the United States. At no time in the history

of the Republic has any one man been in a position to wield so much power for his own and his country's weal or woe as Thomas B. Reed possesses to-day."

In truth, Thomas B. Reed can no more become a statesman than Senator Hill can become an orator. It takes culture and ideas to make an orator or a statesman, and these gentlemen are lacking in those essential qualifications.

My object in touching Mr. Reed at all is to indicate that, in my opinion, he is not at all of the importance attached to him by Colonel McClure, or of the importance made of his utterances by the newspapers, and that in the nature of things, there is hardly a possibility of his ever being a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

If Mr. Reed's magnified utterances were prompted by his peers and his masters in the Republican party, we may be sure that his masters have him under control. If they were his own, they sprang of the mousing instincts referred to, and in either case they will not help him greatly as a possible candidate before the next Republican presidential convention; and there are many positive reasons why Mr. Reed is not likely to be the next Republican candidate for the presidency. In the first place, his native State is unfavorable to such high aspirations. Maine is one of the most beautiful States in the Union, and its sea-coast and islands are as the famed gardens of the gods; nevertheless, by its history, by its isolated position and the comparative smallness of its population and political influence, Maine is not a favored spot for the evolution of successful presidential candidates. Blaine owed more to his early Pennsylvania training and residence than he owed to Maine—that is, in this regard. Blaine was one of the shrewdest, smartest and most popular of all our recent American politicians; a statesman or a great man he never was, but he was ten times more of a statesman than Thomas B. Reed.

Indeed, the presidential area, especially for the last thirty-five years, seems to run in certain favored streaks, like the gulf stream and the storms of heaven. New England has not been favored since the country became really great in population and the West first asserted its commanding influence; and there is no good reason to believe that this hint of the movements of our political tides will receive any violent shock by the willful and pugnacious uprising of Thomas B. Reed, of Maine.

For the last thirty-five years—that is, ever since the dawn of our civil war—the successful presidential candidates have come from the great and powerful States of New York, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, and for twenty-five out of these thirty-five years the West had things all her own way. This was most natural and we must look for it in the future. The great valley of the Missouri and the Mississippi is the richest and sublimest reach of habitable country now extant on this earth. Its contributions to the war were enormous. All our greatest generals were Western men. The West has never produced a statesman, but, like critics and poets, they come about one in a million—and the West is not favorable to either species; but in wealth of country, and in politics—always ruled by such wealth—the West is our future master, as she has been for the past generation.

Now and then, in certain turns of the tides, she will grant the East a President, but only to further her own ends. Of late these ends have been thwarted, and the next President of the United States—spite of all the newspapers may say—will either be a Western man or a man from one of the great Middle States, whose opinions are not inimical to Western ideas and progress.

I need not name the Presidents of the last thirty-five years in order to confirm my statements, they are known to every intelligent English-speaking man.

As to the next presidential candidate, I consider Mr. Harrison out of the race, simply because, during his presidential term, he went back on the one man that made his election certain, and that man is at present, after many victories, chairman of the Republican National Committee. In truth, Mr. Harrison had better have sold his grandfather's hat to a pawnbroker and lived modestly in the back kitchen of the White House while he was President, than to have snubbed, or failed to deliver his exact pound of flesh to the Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay. Mr. Harrison is not in it.

Had John Sherman kept his mouth shut for another two years; above all, had he been five years younger, now would have been the opportunity of his life. John is both a gold man and a silver man, with prominent records in both lines, and he is not only a Western man, he is one of the ablest men in the country to-day. But Sherman is too old, has opened his mouth, made enemies, and cannot be the next presidential candidate. I do not think there is a ghost of a show for Mr. Allison, and I think that the West

understands that a pliable man from one of our Eastern Middle States would be better for its present interests than any Western man in the country.

By the accidents of secession and other political tendencies it is generally conceded that the South is at present out of the question as a seed-field for presidential candidates; and the Pacific Coast is too far off for anything but sunshine and political dreams.

In my judgment, therefore, the next Republican presidential candidate will come either from New York or from Pennsylvania. Of the presidential terms during the last thirty-five years—and everything now counts “since the war,”—New York has had between eleven and twelve years of actual possession—eight years for Mr. Cleveland and about three years for Mr. Arthur, who was President by the accident of an assassin’s hand. Besides this, New York got the nomination of Mr. Tilden and the country elected him, though by the cunning of our Electoral College he was never allowed to reign. I look upon the Morton boom as a bubble for revenue only, and destined to burst when its end is attained. In a word, it looks to me as if New York has had *her* share of Presidents and presidential candidates for the present, and this narrows the field of choice to Pennsylvania alone.

In all the presidential campaigns during the last thirty-five years the Keystone State has been steadily and largely Republican, yet she has had no presidential candidate in all these years. James Buchanan, the dear goody-goody, irresolute old maid, was the last President from the State of Pennsylvania, and it now looks to me as if all the political conditions of the country pointed to Pennsylvania as the State from which the next Republican candidate for President ought to come.

By consent of Mr. Reed and probably of the Republican leaders, the tariff question is to be let alone for the present, and as that is Pennsylvania’s only ineradicable insanity it might be safe to get a Pennsylvania man for President at the present time. Beyond doubt this would also be pleasing to Mr. Quay. I do not mean to narrow or belittle this man. He is a Republican more than he is a Pennsylvanian, and by virtue of his position as Chairman of the Republican National Committee he himself is out of the race.

There are no statesmen among the politicians of Pennsylvania, and it is useless to dignify any of them with that name. McClure

might have become a statesman had he followed the higher bent of his exceptionally gifted nature, but he chose politics and journalism instead, and has his rewards; and there is no other journalist in the State with reputation and force enough to command anything but the claquing of the claquers.

Moreover, McClure has never been an out-and-out Republican; in fact, it is singular but true, that though the old State has been steadily Republican these last thirty-five years, its ablest journalists and men, other than in the matter of political management, are Democrats and not Republicans.

I have long considered Mr. Quay the shrewdest political manager in the country, and he knows when to lead and when not to lead. This is one of his greatest opportunities and he will improve it, we all may be sure.

After looking over and into the matter carefully for a long time, it looks to me as if there were but two men in the Republican ranks of Pennsylvania whose position and past records render them suitable or available as Republican presidential candidates for the year 1896.

Those who know anything of the inside workings of the politics of Pennsylvania know very well that for a very long time the Hon. Donald J. Cameron has cherished presidential ambitions, and there are many things in his favor at this juncture of American politics. At first sight it would seem that his record on the silver question would be sure to militate against him. I am not of that opinion however. The silver question, so far, has only been settled by the newspapers in the hire of the gold men. It has not yet been settled by the political voice of the nation, much less by the legislative acts of the nation. The West and the South and tens of thousands of intelligent men in the East are only dozing a little over it, and at heart know very well that silver must have a better recognition than has been granted it by our recent legislation.

I therefore think that Mr. Cameron's record on the silver question, so far from ruling him out of the race, may at the right hour be used with enormous effect in his favor.

In other respects Mr. Cameron has many of the characteristics that render a man acceptable as a candidate for the presidency. He is wealthy and knows how to be reticent. His family connections take hold of the West as well as the East—and as Sherman is out of the question, all that Sherman means in the West would

be at Cameron's disposal. In his senatorial career he has made as good a record toward useful legislation as many other of his contemporaries in the Senate, and it counts for nothing that his still more able father bought him his place in that body. Mr. Cameron is also pliable alike on the silver and the tariff questions; in fact, on all the public questions of the day he would be one of the last men to split his party in order to execute any of his own peculiar notions. He is inclined to peace and well disposed toward all international questions likely to arise during the next four years. There is no jingoism or buncombism about Cameron. He would favor all reasonable increase of our army and navy; but he would not shoot the European nations as if they were prairie chickens, after the style of our average newspaper editors. In a word, Cameron is a cool, well-disposed, level-headed man, who has doubtless learned valuable lessons from the fearful moral blunders of his father, and who knows how modestly to abide his time.

A week after this article was written the *New York World* announced Mr. Cameron's reported withdrawal from the United States Senate, but I do not interpret that movement as the newspapers interpret it.

Besides all this, Cameron is the creator and evolver of Quay, and both of these men know how to be grateful and how to be true to one another and to their friends. Were Cameron President, no Harrisonian or other pious cant would lead him to be false to the man or men who made him President. The interests of the country would be perfectly safe in his hands, and with tariff legislation held in abeyance for the present and pledges given the people that it should not be reopened by the Republican party while the present signs of prosperity continued, the next Republican candidate can be elected by such an overwhelming majority as will remind us of the triumphal march of the G. O. P. during the years succeeding the war. It is possible, however, that Mr. Cameron's record on the silver question and the apparent vanishing of his leadership even in the politics of Pennsylvania may prove a wet blanket too heavy to be lifted by any emphasis of other points in his favor.

There is one other man in Pennsylvania who, next to Cameron, I consider the most available Republican candidate in the State.

Mr. John Wanamaker, Postmaster-General during Harrison's ad-

ministration, has neither the political antecedents nor the family connections that are at Don Cameron's command. I have never treated his postmaster-generalship as a success, but Republicans, and the people in general, have been inclined to give him credit for having made a good showing in his work, and on the ticklish questions of the day, that is, the international and financial questions, he has, up to date, been practically non-committal. In this particular he may have the advantage over Mr. Cameron, and on these questions the ex-postmaster would be more than willing to follow his party's dictation.

Mr. Wanamaker is not an educated man or a man of any ideas outside his own chosen business, but he is one of the shrewdest, sharpest, quickest-thinking, prompt-acting men in the country in any sphere where he is at home. Moreover, being conscious alike of his lack of ideas, lack of political experience, and lack of any recognized family position, he would be a quick and ready learner of all that a President of the United States needs to know; and his long experience in the choice of men to fill important but subordinate positions in his own business, has made him a good selector of assistants in any field he might be called to cultivate. It can also, in all truth, be said of him that he is efficient in a certain quality of popular magnetism, while Mr. Cameron is utterly lacking in this quality. I do not here refer to the magnetism of our orators and statesmen—like Webster and Clay—nor to that promiscuous magnetism that made Blaine so popular with the masses. Mr. Wanamaker has none of these qualities or abilities. He is a fairly good Sunday-school talker, but lacks alike the knowledge and dignity that make men great orators. Nevertheless, he has won for himself a certain popular appreciation among the more pious classes of our people, and those classes would rally to his support all over the country; and were he nominated, he would be elected by an overwhelming majority, spite of the many crookednesses of his business career.

In this article I have avoided my usual thrusts at this man, and have written of him as fairly as possible—looking at him not as a moral being, but as a politician, and a possible candidate for the presidency.

It is worthy of note, in this connection, that Mr. Wanamaker is said to have recently sent a long-promised and a long-delayed check for \$10,000 to the Republican campaign fund of Indiana.

It has been claimed that the check was promised during the last presidential campaign, but as that ended so disastrously for the Republican party, where was the use of sending \$10,000 to help bury a corpse? When, however, the elections of last fall resulted in an avalanche of victory for the Republicans all over the country, and it began to look certain that the next President would be a Republican, there was reason enough for sending this \$10,000 to Indiana. It is always proper to pay our debts, and it is most sensible to pay them at the most opportune time.

I do not think that the next presidential campaign will be fought out on our international relationships. The Monroe Doctrine, so called, which, after all, was but the foolish personal utterance of a mediocre man who happened to be President of the United States, is well enough for stump orators to spout about, and for light-headed journalists to write about, but no President of any party would or could be foolish enough to make it a ground of serious national or international action, and our foreign relations are viewed in about the same light by the responsible and empowered men of both leading political parties.

We shall not annex Cuba during the next administration, and we shall not twist the tail of the British lion hard enough to bring about any death grapple with the empire of our ancestors.

Many American editors are utterly foolish on these questions. A good many American politicians are infamously foolish in their speeches and writings about them, but when it comes to a vote of Congress that would involve this nation in war with any one of the leading nations of Europe or Asia, many congressional hot-heads become sober and partially wise; and all our Presidents, and recent secretaries of state—except Blaine—have been properly conservative and dignified, and slow to anger in their dealings with the nations of the old world.

Two weeks after this was written came that wretched and despicable congressional fiasco over Cleveland's buncombe paragraph on the "Monroe Doctrine," so called.

And though all wide-awake newspaper men and other thinking citizens knew very well that Hitt's offensive bill would not hit worth naming; in a word, that the entire impudent bluster of the President and of Congress was but an electioneering scheme on the part of both parties, there was for a moment danger that a serious nation like England might take our insults seriously, as they

would have been taken had our Congress been made up of gentlemen or men of brains.

But the balloon bursted and there was no ascent of warlike glory. But what a spectacle for the nations of the world !

In truth, it was reserved for Grover Cleveland to break this record of presidential conservatism. Friends of mine in New York, who knew him before he was sheriff, tell me that he is the greatest "chunk" that ever rose to power. I have never had any faith in his financial policy, and it was simply unblushing, sophomoric and insufferable impudence on his part to suggest the appointment of a United States Commission to examine and decide upon the Venezuelan boundary without having been invited to do so by the parties in dispute—as it was simply pig-headed ignorance on the part of Congress to vote \$100,000 or \$1.00 to defray the expenses of such a commission. If the suggestion had come, as a jest, from either one of those representative Americans—George Frances Train, Bob Ingersoll, or Miss Anthony, during one of their comic lectures on theology and the Bible, it might have been accepted as a passable joke ; but for a President of the United States to get it off in a serious message to Congress, makes asses of us all.

In truth, I reopened this manuscript after it had been prepared for the printers to say expressly that, in this whole affair, President Cleveland and the jingo American congressmen and editors who supported him proved themselves a set of insane, unreasoning ——— FOOLS, and to add that in no country on this earth, civilized or uncivilized, are there 50,000,000 of people idiotic enough to go to war on the ground of such unutterable absurdities. I marvel that Lord Salisbury found time or patience to treat the matter seriously, and I can but think that the New York *Sun's* support of Cleveland in this egregious blunder was a part of its old-time enmity toward this duck-shooting chunk of destiny.

In a word, the *Sun* must have treated it as a huge joke and wanted to see how the duck would waddle under fire. Great man, this sheriff from Buffalo and pupil of the gold bugs !

No, no, the next presidential campaign will not be fought on international grounds. There is nothing to fight about on those grounds. The Cubans must wage their own battle, and if the American Irish want to free Ireland they must go over and twist the British lion's tail for their own amusement and probable annihilation.

If the Republicans of the present Congress, in spite of Mr. Reed's sage and early remarks, should revive tariff legislation and unsettle the country on the plea of raising more revenue; above all, should they squint favorably at free silver, the issue will be a square one on tariff and finance, and the Democrats, led by Mr. Cleveland, who has now become the idol of the gold men and the jingos, would stand a good chance of electing the next President, notwithstanding the overwhelming Republican majorities of the autumn of 1895.

If, however, the present Republican Congress lets well enough alone on the tariff question, accepts Mr. Cleveland's ideas on the gold basis and still devises some plan that will increase our volume of currency, make matters more hopeful for the unemployed and for the Western farmers, and encourages some such plan of general national improvements in our roadways and wharfage as was suggested in the *GLOBE REVIEW* two years ago and taken up the past year by Mr. Quay, the Republicans can go before the country as the people's Republican party and carry their next President to Washington on the plaudits of unheard-of victory.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

A NEGRO'S LETTER AND ITS ANSWER.

It seems that the following correspondence was published in the *Atlanta Constitution* after the October, 1895, issue of the *GLOBE REVIEW*:

TWO NOTABLE LETTERS—PROFESSOR COUNCILL AND EDITOR THORNE
DISCUSS THE RACE PROBLEM.

NORMAL, ALA., November 4, 1895.

Mr. W. H. Thorne, Editor Globe Review, New York.

DEAR SIR:—I have read with keenest pain your cutting criticisms on the negro, copied in the leading papers throughout the country. To say that I am astounded does not begin to express my state of mind—astounded at the facts from which you form your terrible verdict. I have no word of abuse for you. I cannot think that you are prejudiced against us. I cannot think that you would write such words unless way down in your heart you

felt justified in so doing. I am perplexed, and more so when I know that you are an old-time abolitionist—a friend who was willing to lay down your life for the negro.

You say that after meeting negroes on horse cars, railroad cars, steamboats, in restaurants, etc., you have reached your conclusion. Did you come in contact with the solid, substantial, everyday laboring negro, the property-owning negro, lawyers, doctors, business men of the race? Or was it the riff-raff, such as you may find among all races? You did not meet the men and women who are at Atlanta—industrious, modest, refined, yea cultured men and women who are calling forth unstinted encomiums from the very men who once held them as slaves.

We have nothing in our hearts but deepest gratitude for men like you, who stood by us when days were dark and stormy, and we cannot give you up without trying to place ourselves in a proper light before you. I beg you to make further investigation and you may take pride in withdrawing some of your harsh criticisms.

Your criticisms are extremely discouraging, and I cannot harmonize the facts upon which they are based with the opinions of the negro expressed by the gallant men who followed Lee's tattered banners over the snow-covered hills of Virginia down to Appomattox. These men who have known the negro intimately for 300 years—these men who pay self-imposed taxes for negro education and glory in their work and rejoice in the advancement of the negro. These men, who from one end of the South to the other, declare that the negro is making marvelous progress in art, science, religion, morals, refinement—in a word, in all things that make mankind and a noble people. I say that I cannot harmonize these facts with yours. Can you? With high regard.

W. H. COUNCILL.

EDITOR THORNE'S REPLY.

NEW YORK CITY, November 11, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. COUNCILL :—Your very kind letter of the 8th November received. Thirty years ago I knew Robert Purvis and his family in Philadelphia. Thirty years ago I used to sit next to a colored preacher in our Presbytery and was proud of him. Thirty years ago I used to dine, now and then, with Fred Douglas at the house of my old friend, Anna Dickinson, and through all these years I have tried to keep alive my love for your race and my hope for its future. I would rather lose my right hand than do you a wrong, but the convictions expressed in the July and October GLOBE are my honest convictions after all these years. Certainly I have met and do meet and study your best people, often without revealing my own identity. When your people

know who I am they are most gentle and kind. But my studies have been made as a stranger among men and women, as I would study and have studied all races of mankind. I am aching for conviction and opportunity to say better than I have said and various things are conspiring to inspire more hopeful thoughts and more charitable utterances. I am glad to get your letter. It is calm and manly and Christian, and if in future numbers of my REVIEW I can soften the harsh utterances of the past I will gladly do so. Truly yours,

W. H. THORNE.

A portion of an editorial comment upon this correspondence as it appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution* of December 1, 1895, was as follows :

"Editor Thorne was well answered when his correspondent called attention to the fact that the Southerners who have intimately known the negroes for 300 years and who pay taxes for their education bear testimony to their progress and rejoice in their advancement.

"It is very evident that the negroes are best understood and appreciated by their white neighbors of the South. As a rule, intelligent Southerners are well satisfied with the progress of the blacks. They did not expect them to leap from slavery and ignorance to the topmost circle of civilization and culture. It is the work of generations to civilize and enlighten a race which has been in barbarism for thousands of years.

"The whites of the South are so well pleased with the progress of the colored people since the war that they are more than ever determined to stand by them and aid them in every reasonable way.

"Editor Thorne is a sincere man, but he does not understand the situation. He expected wonderful changes in a few years and he has been disappointed."

As I have covered the points of this controversy in my article—A Resumé of the Negro—in this February *GLOBE*, I will not dwell upon them here. If I have understated the supposed advance of the negro race I am very sorry for it, but it is clear to me that my standards of culture, advancement, etc., are so different from those of Mr. Councill, or those of the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, that it is useless to prolong the controversy. I hope that the severe but sincere comments of the *GLOBE* upon the negro race will serve as incentive to the best of the race and as a word of warning to those who may have thought that American citizenship means only a right to bluster and loaf and play the fool.

W. H. THORNE.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

THIRTY years ago the Emancipation Proclamation went into full force by the decision of war, and 4,500,000 negroes were proclaimed free, given equal legal and political rights and left in the midst of about eight times their number of white people to struggle for life or death. At least six-sevenths of these were in the old Confederate States, one to every two white men, while the rest of the country had about one to every fifty-eight whites. Historians say that nowhere at any time has a remnant of a weaker race been freed from slavery, given equal rights and left in the midst of an overwhelming number of a superior race to struggle for existence, that they did not perish. Few stopped to consult history or seek wisdom from the lips of experience in those days of passion, strife and war; impulse and not wisdom held sway in, alas, too many a council, and the action was suited for an ideal, and not the real negro that was given liberty and the ballot and sent on to enter and blend with the future destinies of the American people. Fancy, prejudice and imagination could set up their idols of glorified negro character, but they could not change one iota of the real black or colored man's nature as he stood trembling amid the untried waves of freedom's rising floods, thrilled with ecstasy by his hopes, yet in the front of a mighty column of Anglo-Saxon life and progress coming on with the accumulated forces of 1400 years of civilization. Little did he realize that he must rise, catch step with these rushing armies of life and run neck and neck with them through the coming ages, or be trampled to powder beneath their rushing feet. Indeed, it was a perilous position, one from which a people never had escaped, a feat no remnant had yet performed.

In order to grasp the situation and draw truthful conclusions as to the outcome of this terrible experiment, it is necessary to diagnose accurately the conditions. First note that for long generations these negroes had had their will-power suppressed in African slavery, then sent to America, where the process had been continued for 250 more years under the white man's skillful hand—for the master seeks to have but one will, and that is his own, to order both himself and his slaves, and his slave is perfect as a slave

in proportion to the annihilation of his will and the acceptance of that of his master. But at the end of unknown centuries of this will-ennervating and annihilating process he is freed and his freedom commands him to enter the arena of the life about him and fight hand to hand for existence with this Anglo-Saxon race whose wills excel all earth ever knew before. Seas, continents, tropics, pest, and polar storms, nature's perils and men's oppositions, but cheer them on to mastery. Was there ever such an unequal struggle ordered? If we turn to the pages of history and see how Israel was handled when emancipated, we behold God not leaving him overnight under sway of his old masters, but marching him through the divided sea and shutting that sea behind him. Then he is marched and countermarched in the mountain wilderness forty years until the old slaves with defective wills are all dead and Joshua has an army of 650,000 young men, bold, fearless and free, to lead up, first to win the mastery by dint of battle and hold it by inherent power. Just here it is very interesting to note a strange walling in and protection of the negro during the first twenty-five years of his freedom. With barriers almost as potent as the Red Sea and wilderness, the great rivers of migration and emigration in the land were borne due west, and the eager rush of those crowding, trampling millions was ever towards the setting sun, while the Southland with its millions of new-made freedmen was left free from this intense competition and struggle for life, so that old slaves and old masters accustomed to each others' wants and weaknesses might go peacefully to their long homes amid environments new, but not made too hard by strange faces, hands, customs and requirements.

But those school-days of a race are gone. This invisible potent wall is uplifted and the mighty waters of migration come surging due southward with all their conditions, requirements, perils and penalties of the new life. Delicate and complicated mechanism, ever multiplying and increasing, snatches the work from the clumsier fingers of the black man's untrained hands and drives him relentlessly back, back to lower and lower classes of labor and toil. The sewing machine has banished the old colored seamstress. The cooking stoves disenthroned 100,000 old cooks from their kitchen realms. The cotton-gin and carding machines have sent carders and spinners hence. The loom has banished the old weavers. The separators and patent churns have taken from sight

the dear old dairy queens, with their crocks of cream and churning boys and girls; and now comes the cotton picker, each machine with its two attendants stampedes sixty negroes from the cotton field's white domain. All of these are pitiless—their hearts of iron, brass and steel hear not the cries for bread, feel not the anguish of despair as the old toilers with hearts of flesh and blood take up their march to graves further southward.

More than these, there come armies of countless multitudes, marching with closed fronts and unbroken ranks under banners of trusts, unions, labor organizations and trades combinations. You look almost in vain for the negro's place in any of these. They want him not, they will not fellowship him, and so the drive goes on southward. Those who have taken a reckoning report that the center of the negro population in the land moved 300 miles south from 1880 to 1890. It is this that caused what to many people was an inexplicable thing, viz., the refusal of the negroes to go north in any numbers after the war. The mechanical, exacting, accurate, economical, energetic northern civilization has no place in it for the untrained negro, and it is this civilization that comes full head on southward.

Again, when the negroes were freed they were not placed *on* the lowest stratum of our civilization, but down *under* this lowest stratum, where all that is discouraging, hurtful, corrupting, deadly and destructive plays full head on. Nor does the negro down there hear any one above him calling him to come up to higher and nobler place and be crowned. Were a white man there, step above step, tier above tier, class above class, would look down upon him, call and wave and cheer him to struggle up and be welcomed and enthroned and crowned in position above position, each surrounded with sympathetic welcomers. But not so the negro; the voice he hears is not "come up here," but "go up there;" he must climb and scuffle as he goes, crown himself, and get ready to call and crown the comers of his own race. The negro has to build his own society with its barriers of protection, classes of worth and places of honor, and from these send back influences to call, woo and cheer the comers and strugglers of his race into higher, better, safer and truer life.

Wanting all of these encouraging things, dragged downward by all of these destructive forces, is it any very great wonder that the negro's record seems so discouraging? Is it strange that here

and there we hear impatient voices crying out for extreme measures, radical means to be applied to these 8,000,000 people of a strange and undeveloped race, who have suddenly appeared to confuse our progress and waver our ranks as they march onward with quick step? When we turn to our census of 1890 we find that these negroes, one-ninth of our population, furnish more than one-third of our criminals and actually 37 per cent. of our homicides, and that the young are more criminal than the old, and the criminality of the negro in the North is twice as great as it is in the South. In the North Atlantic division of the country, *i. e.*, from Pennsylvania to Maine, there is one negro criminal to every 134 negroes, in the South Atlantic one to every 369, in the North Central one to every 157, in the South Central one to every 335, in the Western Division one to every 105. The homicides for these divisions are in order respectively for these divisions: one to 2,176 negroes, one to 4,167, one to 1,667, one to 2,277 and one to every 677. Thus we see what the struggle of the negro has resulted in so far, in each of the great census divisions of the country, and that he is far more criminal in the intense labor organized North than in the South.

Again, it should be known that the 13,000,000 Southern whites have given some \$65,000,000 to educate these negroes since the war, while the 41,000,000 Northern whites have not given over \$22,000,000, and the South has borne by far the greater burden of the negro poverty, want and crime depredations, and are still struggling on with one negro to every two whites. No wonder that they cry out now and then, and now that the rapid incoming of whites from the North renders it almost certain that the negro will never be the factor in political life that he has been, we begin to hear rumors of taking the ballot from him. This is all foretoking some radical and stronger handling of the problem than has yet been, but it should never cause us to forget true wisdom and do the negro an injustice, for this is doing ourselves a wrong. To do right is as needful for the future of the whites as the blacks in this country. It is true that an old African king, upon being asked what is the chief duty of man, replied, "To make war and steal,"—the most concise epitome of the history of the great bulk of the human race I have ever heard—yet it hits the white as well as the black. It is true the negro lies, but it would be hard for him to get ahead of our average adver-

tisements and trade tricks of speech, or the deceptions of political parties and even many things of society. We should not throw stones too hard at the negro for lying, until we have carefully considered how much of our whole life and living in this land is a lie. He may be called a thief and dishonest, and it may be true of many; but has any one caught him wrecking a bank, stealing railroads, "star routes," or the legislation of a senate chamber? We had better not be too hard on Sambo's chicken until we find out something about the honesty of jobs, combines and trusts. And do not let's talk too loud about exporting or enslaving lazy, lying, thievish people until we see how far this classification reaches into select circles and classes upon whom the darker shades play not. If we turn from the negro's faults and failings to his faith and successes we have much to encourage us. In 1865 he had no money; to-day his property is worth over \$200,000,000. In 1865 not one in 10,000 could read; to-day over 2,000,000 can read. 25,000 are teachers and professors in schools and colleges. Some 50,000 of them have a liberal education. They had no church property in the South in 1865; to-day they have 21,500 church edifices, seating 5,800,000 souls, one to every 370, while the white Protestants have one church to every 438 of them.

Again, so soon as they become land-owners they cease almost entirely to become criminal; and when once they buy and pay for land they are seldom sold out and generally pay their debts. No, the truth is, that the presence of these 8,000,000 of negroes in the very heart of our intense and rapidly developing civilization furnishes one of the deepest, most difficult and delicate problems for adjustment that ever confronted our statesmen, philosophers, political economists and churches. It presents conditions of death, despair and ruin, or hope, success and life—just as it is faced in the spirit of wrong, or met with true wisdom. Its wrong handling has already cost this nation \$20,000,000,000 and a million of brave men, and is still, in pensions and interest on war debt, running up at the rate of \$2,000,000,000 every ten years. We need to turn on the very best brains and hearts that live in the land to study the way of right, for in it alone will we find the rest of true success. The conditions of our society demand that the wisdom of the land shall cease studying money-making and go to studying man-making. Cease educating the young "*how to make a living*," and teach them "*how to live*."

When we consider that from 1850 to 1890 our population increased but 170 per cent., but our prisoners 445 per cent., that from 1880 to 1890 our population increased 24 per cent., our convicts 27 per cent., our wealth 40 per cent., and our homicides 59 per cent., it seems the time has come for serious overhauling of our entire character-making machinery. When we come closer and see that in the ten years from 1880 to 1890 we had 7,386 homicides against 4,608 from 1870 to 1880, but that in the single year of 1894 we had the awful record of 9,800, *i. e.*, 2,400 more last year than in the entire decade from 1880 to 1890, it is time to put down all the brakes we have and turn our undivided attention to finding out what is the matter with us. When we can answer this and remedy it, it is to be hoped that the true way of dealing with the negro will have been found, and that he will be assigned to take that station in life where his truest manhood will be developed and his truest service to humanity will be given. God made no mistake in making him, and if we make none in developing and using him we will find him a blessing and not a curse.

Baltimore, Md.

C. C. PENICK.

IN DEFENSE OF THE NEGRO.

"I AM perfectly aware of the gravity of my consent in allowing such a paper as Mr. Didier's to appear in these pages. I admit it because I think that, at bottom, it is God's truth, and a truth that we shall yet have to wrestle with until, like all truth, it forces itself into our unwilling hearts and minds."

The foregoing is from the *Globe Notes* in the number of this Review in which Mr. Didier's anti-negro article appeared.

Paper is spoiled, the press degraded and publicity made an engine of evil when they spread widecast a prejudiced, false or mistaken story. Such a condemnation I would place upon your publication of Didier's article on the colored race and on your own notes partly endorsing it.

This man of the border and you, of two trips through the South, do not hesitate to condemn a whole race of God-created souls

whose real life you fail to comprehend. Those of the real interior South, newborn types of her literary future, men and women born and reared among the negroes, yes, even suckled at colored breasts, are "false and ignorant" because they draw pictures at which you squint. Such a story as you print would receive general condemnation if it referred to the dog family, and these are men and women with souls, worshipping your God, accepting your sacraments, still looking to the Bible for light, as the Ethiopian did whom Philip found returning from Jerusalem.

The skeptic is ever fiercer than the man of faith; the anarchist finds destruction easy and the torch simple. He who builds, works in faith and weariness, hoping beyond the limit of one life, and planning for the ages, one step is enough for him. Mark the progress of Christianity (or if you desire human measures, of civilization), darkness, doubt, long twilights of faint hope, ages of slow, often of retreating steps, mark its course; and under the strong light and bright sky of this nineteenth century, what do you ask of the slave race after thirty years of freedom?

Northern born, I have had close and intimate acquaintance with the South. I have known the white and the black from the home and parlor to the hut and to the backwoods. The negro is not pure gold, but his service, his affection, and his loyalty, have been so displayed to me that I cannot but say a few words in his defense.

In the first place I deny that the South lost anything by the abolition of slavery. It did not remove from her borders one worker, or one dollar of profit. Individuals, in exceptional cases, who owned slaves without owning land, may have lost all they owned in the world, but the planters of the South did not lose in any real sense. Their relations were changed; their nominal or reputed wealth much lessened; but their profits, their incomes, were even improved. If a capitalist owns one-fourth of the stock of a railroad and some attack is made upon it so that his shares decline in reputed value while the road still pays the same dividends as before, I contend that he is no poorer than formerly; he owns just as much of the railroad and gets just as much income from it. In the South a planter owned a thousand acres and one hundred negroes. He fed, housed, clothed, doctored, managed and supplied them—after all this outlay he took the entire balance which resulted from their work. Their cabins were scattered over

his plantation, where most of them were born. The war and emancipation did not materially alter all this. Coming back from the front the planter found the same workers in the same cabins; he called them together and said that they were now free, but that he owned the land; if they wanted to work it he would divide the results with them. He knew just what it had cost to maintain them, and so he made his own terms, generally one-third to the worker and two-thirds to the planter. It took time to systematize this, just as it took time for him to get over his camp habits; but very soon he found his annual returns greater than ever. Now, to deny this it will be necessary to contradict not only the few story writers of the South, but to give the lie to her bank reports, her astounding prosperity and her enormously improved credit. And these again prove the industry and thrift of the negro. To-day he gets, in half the instances, two-thirds of the crop, because, having saved enough to buy the mules and implements, the bare land is rented to him for one-third of the crop. If the seven million workers of the South are what your last issue describes them to be, whence comes all this prosperity?

"It was a monstrous injustice to deprive four millions of men, women and children of their homes and send them adrift to support themselves in a land desolated by four years of war." Has Mr. Didier taken even one trip through the South, or is he old enough to remember the war? Surely there is some reason for his views, which are not, to quote only one of his strings of adjectives—"calm, deliberate, wise and thinking."

In nine cases out of ten the sympathy felt for the "impoverished" planter was a mistake; his pecuniary conditions were changed, but improved. In ninety-nine out of one hundred the colored people lived on where they had lived as slaves.

When the war called to the front every able-bodied man in the South, back on the plantations the delicate women were surrounded by thousands of these "shameless, brutal, revengeful, ungrateful, immoral" men whom you wish to export, reinslave, or kill off. Often I have heard the women of the South declare that they owed much to the negro race for its kindly, loyal, gentle forbearance in those dark and dangerous times. Name another race that would not have fed full its retaliation for years of servitude. From the days when Israel robbed Egypt, down to the French Revolution, history shows no such example.

Is not the exportation problem dead yet? Three millions of increase in twenty years shows that the entire Navy of the United States could not have transported them to Africa as fast as they were born. The frightful barbarity of such wholesale exile, the bloodshed and the resistance, the sickness and the inevitable and widespread loss of life, all rise before a thoughtful mind. But so far are the Southern people from desiring the exportation of the negro, that I know cases in which men were waylaid and beaten and some even killed because they advised the colored men of central Georgia to go West, and whole counties have justified such a course by saying: "They attempted to starve and ruin us by inducing our laborers to leave." To-day no man who goes through the South preaching emigration to the colored man is likely to live out his allotted time, unless he confines his work to the protected cities and the open daylight—in the back country and in the woods it will go hard with him.

I deny that the negro will not work except under the lash—his fields prove the contrary. I have employed hundreds of negroes on piece-work wages, and they would work hard all day, and when the full moon was on pull their saws through great logs in the night. I have seen in my lumber camp (where I slept for weeks) parents who could not read forcing their unwilling boys to master their books. I have been guarded in my person and pocket by faithful men as black as ebony, and I know plenty of black men whose common sense would not have permitted them to write such a thoughtless article as Mr. Didier's.

Whether Mr. Didier claims direct descent from known and educated ancestors, for many generations, or not, he is one of a race that has passed through many centuries of cultivation. Now, lying and stealing are generally and somewhat fairly attributed to the American negro. White men believe that traits are inherited and that family virtues descend through generations. How can they then expect a slave race, who had no property rights, even in their own offspring, to understand and respect the property rights of others? Where there is no *meum* there can be no conception of a *tuum*. Would men expect to breed up high codes of honor, pride of truth, observance of the marriage right, from generations of slaves trained to ignore all such relations in their own cases?

"The South under negro supremacy," is an old, silly campaign cry. When at the opening of the war seven millions of whites so

talked about four millions of blacks without arms, education, money, lands, or experience, it might have been considered a compliment to the negro. To-day seven millions of blacks live alongside of twelve millions of whites and the cry is still—"They might rule us if we were not very active and watchful." When 1950 brings Mr. Didier's prophesied seventy millions, the white race should still be in the ascendancy. "The black man shall not destroy the noble institutions of this Republic," sounds absurd when addressed to seventy millions of whites who are *not* trembling before seven millions of Africans.

To recapitulate. The rights of war, clearly condensed in your synopsis of their logical and historical bearing,* deny *in toto* the absurd claim for compensation set up by Mr. Didier. The interior peace of the South during the trying times of the war, when insurrections of the slaves would have been easy, denies their tendency as a race to revengefulness, brutality and ingratitude. The present prosperity of the South flatly contradicts the accusation that the negro workers of that section are shiftless and lazy in any other sense than that contrast which agricultural conditions always make with the commercial activity of the cities.

New York.

ARTEMAS WARD.

A RESUMÉ OF THE NEGRO.

I HAVE admitted the foregoing papers in defense and in explanation of the negro because many colored and white people have expressed themselves as hurt alike by Mr. Didier's article, and still more so by my comments on the subject. All things considered, however, I do not think that any real injustice has

* "That ground is somewhat weakened by the reserved rights and the last appeal of battle among the warfares of all nations. We were at war with the South and in the sight of the infernal laws or the rights of war, had the same right to free, or capture, or burn the enemy's negroes that we had to burn his fences or free his chickens. I do not defend this position on moral grounds; I think and have always thought that all human wars are inhuman travesties upon the ideas of human brotherhood and an insult to the very essence of Christianity; but as long as wars are waged, the opposing forces will weaken their enemy's camp, or force, or home, or property in any way that may help to turn the victory."

been done to the negro race in this magazine, and I have no apologies or retractions to make.

Referring to Mr. Councill's letter and to the *Atlanta Constitution's* editorial comment on it and on my brief reply, I have to say, *first*, that much of both effusions falls wide of the mark for these reasons: (1) In my comments alike in Nos. 19 and 20 of the *GLOBE* I made it plain that my information had been gathered and my conclusions drawn from *representative* white and colored men of the South, and therefore it was a piece of gratuitous impertinence on the part of Mr. Councill and the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* to assume that my conclusions had been reached without the aid of such information. (2) As I have never expressed myself as expecting any wonderful advance of the negro race in the short space of thirty years, or thirty thousand years, it was a piece of gratuitous impertinence on the part of both the gentlemen named to assume that I had such unreasonable expectations, much more so to assume that I had expressed them. (3) As the main points of my suggestions were that the negroes, under our system of emancipation and education, were less moral, less polite and refined, and less industrious than they were under the old régime of slavery, it is a piece of gratuitous impertinence to reply to this that some exceptional negroes have acquired property and that others are now school-teachers, etc., and so have won positions that they could not have won under the régime of slavery.

In reply to all this I have to say again—my experience leads me to conclude that, in manners, morals and industry, the negroes, as a whole, North and South, have deteriorated and have not been advanced by and under our emancipation and educational system. This is a conclusion that I have reached very reluctantly. If I am wrong I shall be glad to be put right; but as I stated from the first, my conclusions have been reached after much seeking of genuine information during the last twenty-five years.

That many representative white men of the South and North may not agree with me will not alter a jot of my convictions until they supply me with information that overbalances the information I have already and repeatedly referred to. I seek no ends but truth, and I have no fear and ask no favors of any man. In a recent letter, Mr. Garland Penn invites me South, and I may be near him earlier than he dreams.

Regarding Mr. Penick's defense of the negro to the effect that

white men are thieves and liars—perhaps more than the negro—I grant him readily that it is true. I hold the Anglo-Saxon white race as the most brutal, the most murderous, the most thieving, the most immoral and the most blasphemous of all the races that have ever cursed this world. But the redeeming features of its genius are so ineffably beautiful and majestic that we have to forgive one another and try it again.

Regarding Mr. Penick's other point in defense of the negroes, that though they may steal chickens they do not steal railroads, etc., a gentleman to whom I handed Mr. Penick's article for examination very profoundly and very promptly remarked, "D—— them, they have not brains enough, or they would do so very soon;" and this seems to me a sufficient reply.

In reply to the general statements made by Mr. Artemas Ward and some wild statements made earlier in reply to me by that noisy man, Judge Tourgee, all claiming great and exceptional development of the South under negro free labor, I have to say: *First*, that I will trust my own observation before their statistics any day. *Second*, these gentlemen seem to assume that had matters continued as they were, in slavery days, the South would have been asleep and unprogressive during the past generation, when, as a matter of fact, the South, as a whole, from the earliest days of our country's settlement had prospered in wealth, in culture, and in everything that means civilization—only both South and North used to labor under the delusion that each section was an ignorant fool. The North thought the South a hotbed of lust, tyranny and ignorance, and the South thought the North an iceberg of deliberate, hard-headed, unrefined, brutal and ignorant selfishness. *Third*, I here express my belief that, as the advancements in the West and in the Middle States have simply been phenomenal and marvelous during these past thirty years—so would they have been in the South under the old régime far beyond what they have been under the régime of emancipation. And as these points of reply apply alike to Mr. Ward, Mr. Tourgee, Mr. Penick, and all other claquers of negro and Southern advancement, I do not need to reply to Judge Tourgee in particular.

In truth, I thought this latter fossil was dead until I read his ignorant and arrogant replies to me, as those replies were published in the *Literary Digest*, of New York. Many years ago Tourgee undertook to make *Bricks Without Straw*, then started on a

Fool's Errand, and finally—like all mortals—he found his *Basis* of contemptible trivialities. May he live long and prosper; but such a person is not worthy of notice in this REVIEW.

If the writers of these papers will read carefully Dr. Gilliam's article in No. 20 of the *GLOBE* and watch carefully his statistics showing the enormous decline in the trade and morals of St. Domingo since that lovely and fertile island fell under negro sway, nearly a hundred years ago, they will get a better idea of what the negro—civilized and left to himself—would accomplish here in the next one hundred years.

That he will not be left to himself in the United States is the one hope of his safety from native barbarism and self-debasement. After all, Mr. Didier was about right. This is a white man's country. This expression used to make me very angry, but I have grown used to the truth it conveys. I have been much with the Indian, and I am satisfied that he is a much higher type of man than the negro. But the white man has crowded him to the wall, and now, in sheer repentance, is sending the Indian to college and teaching him to play football.

I was not expecting any great things of the negro under the ban of emancipation. I was simply surprised to find my mind, year after year, reaching the conclusion that emancipation had retrograded and not advanced him at all. I do not consider reading and writing and owning property a necessary advance in civilization, and as for refinement and culture, it is simply ridiculous to apply these terms to the free negroes of the United States. As servants many of them were refined, and as M. DeBocour once said of President Van Buren, "The best imitation of a gentleman he had ever seen."

I agree with Mr. Ward entirely that negroes—black as soot—have often been faithful in their affections for and in their loyalty to white men—even since the war—but I am satisfied that in this particular, which is simply an animal instinct, quite as characteristic of dogs as of negroes, they were far more to be relied on under the régime of slavery than they are under the régime of citizenship. In truth, the much lauded faithfulness of the negroes to the families of their masters, during the war, was purely or very largely the result of that old-time relationship between masters and mistresses and servants, rather than the result of native negro traits; and instead of being an argument against

slavery and in favor of emancipation, it is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the truth, that, as a rule, masters were kind to their slaves, and that the total outcome of the system was every way favorable to the negro race.

I believe in freedom and citizenship, but only for men able to win the former and capable of using the latter for the best good of the total community. It is my purpose not to admit any other articles on this subject at present.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE OUTCOME OF AGNOSTICISM.

ONE dangerous tendency inherent in any serious, absorbing occupation is that which causes a man to become narrowed to the limits of his own profession or beliefs. It is the tendency to lose the larger view of things in the narrow sphere of one's own interests and activity. We find ourselves in, and partially create, what Mr. Balfour so aptly calls "psychological climates;" that is, a predisposition towards certain kinds of belief or a prejudice against others. Two such "psychological climates" may be seen to-day in what are generally, but rather vaguely, called the scientific spirit and the religious spirit. The predisposition of the scientific man is to lay stress upon what he calls the facts of nature and to hesitate before going beyond these into realms where he knows no facts. The predisposition of the so-called religious man, on the other hand, is to emphasize, not the mere scientific facts of history or of nature, but rather the truths which he thinks are deeper, but which he can neither prove nor demonstrate. Of the scientific men the late Prof. Huxley may be taken as an extreme type. The controversy over his lecture delivered at Oxford nearly two years ago has not yet ceased, nor can it cease until scientists see that religion is but an explanation and fulfillment of science and theologians come to understand that all science is but a part of religion. This unanimity of opinion is most highly to be desired, the more so because the conflict between science and religion has never been real, but only imagined. Huxley was called an agnostic, and is said not to have believed in a God. Such a belief

in a God, however, instead of being incompatible with his science is, I think, implied by it, and his arguments criticised and logically carried out prove not agnosticism, but theism.

The religion of agnosticism, the scientific faith as set forth by Prof. Huxley, may be summed up as follows: First, the great movement of evolution; the cosmopoietic forces in the universe are in opposition to the ethical principles of man and work through his lower nature not for righteousness, but against it. The inevitable concomitant of these processes is pain and suffering, both of which increase as the subject of evolution becomes higher. Second, that man by the exercise of his intelligence and will may, however, to a certain extent combat and resist this cosmic process, and by his own efforts increase that which his ethical instincts tell him to be good and diminish what he calls the evil. The knowledge of this makes clear his duty; but he can expect no permanent success, nor aspire to any reward or continuance of his struggle after death. Third, that the cosmos cannot be the effect of an immanent, omnipotent and infinitely beneficent cause, for if so the existence of real evil, still less of necessarily inherent evil, is plainly inadmissible; that is, there is no God.

The objections to such a doctrine are many. It is a strange mixture of faith and lack of faith, knowledge and lack of knowledge, a little optimism and much pessimism.

In looking back over the natural history of the world, in looking about us to-day and seeing the great movements which are taking place, resulting in many kinds of development, we are brought face to face with the great process of evolution. We can all but see the growth from primitive germ plasm up to man. There has been continuous progressive development. But governing this growth from first to last there has been one stern law—the survival of the fittest. The result of this law has been pain and suffering and death, and these effects have increased in severity as the organism which felt them became more complex. It is in man, not merely the developed animal, but man the social and moral being, the member of society, in whom, as Mr. Huxley says, these baleful products of evolution attain their highest level. Man, in attempting to live under those conditions which are essential to the full development of his noblest powers, is subject to suffering far more intense than that of any animal. His suffering, it seems, is infin-

itely increased by the opposition between the lower animal and the higher moral instincts within him. Now that man has become man he would gladly eradicate his "ape and tiger" instincts which he finds to be so out of harmony with his ethical principles. But this he cannot do. Pain and suffering, the lack of harmony, pursue him everywhere. Escape from these evils seems impossible, and he is all but forced to hope for deliverance in the Apatheia of the Stoics or in the Buddhistic Nirvana.

Mr. Huxley calls this suffering a "baleful product of evolution," and would hold it up as a fatal argument against the beneficency or the helpfulness of that process. The reality of suffering surely cannot be denied; but granting evolution, granting that this world and the beings on it could not have been made perfect at one instant by an all-powerful creative fiat—as indeed it could not be, since a perfect human being and a perfect finite world are contradictions in terms, perfection and finitude, and perfection and humanness being by definition incompatible; granting this, pain and suffering are not baleful products of evolution, but sure signs of its elevating tendency, positive proofs of the progress of mankind. Moreover, evolution, and its great law of the survival of the fittest, is the most merciful method of development of which we can think. As has been pointed out by many recent authors, if there were no law of the survival of the fittest and those that were unfit, that is out of harmony with their surroundings, were allowed to live on, the continual suffering thus caused would be vastly greater than the short pangs of death. Such pain and suffering as there is, however, seems to be necessary, and we have only to understand their real nature and cause to see that they are not baleful, but rather encouraging signs. We know that the higher the animal becomes the more he suffers, until man suffers most of all. Of course this is so, and it is just because man is a more perfect organism than any other animal, that he is more sensitive to pain and to more kinds of pain. But we must remember, and this is a significant fact too often overlooked in the gloomy speculations of pessimistic thinkers, that man is also more sensitive to pleasure and joy than any other animal. The worm feels little pain, he suffers little. Is his condition, therefore, to be envied? Would not we, from our standpoint, deliberately say that all the suffering which it would have to undergo, all the pain which it would have to bear, would be insignificant indeed and surely not baleful, but

rather a harbinger of good, could it but be raised to the glorious state of man! The dog and the horse are less keenly sensitive to suffering than we are; but are they more happy? It is indeed only of our own life that we can say with Browning:

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

Pain and suffering and sorrow are only necessary elements in progress. If we are to appreciate more, be finer and nobler beings, we must be more sensitive to all kinds of influences, pleasurable as well as sorrowful. To be able to love beauty truly, the lack of beauty must hurt us. To be able to appreciate comfortable life more, the lack of such a life must make us suffer. Of this we have most vivid examples all about us to-day in the great labor problems which are perplexing us. Our working people are dissatisfied; they want higher privileges, they want nobler rights, they want and demand the higher social attributes and comforts of man. Why? Because they are ambitious, they want to rise; they feel their degradation, hence their protests. Is this then, their consciousness of suffering, their sensitiveness to the evils of their condition, baleful? Far from it, it is the most glorious sign of our times, the surest promise of our progress. In the far East, where the low classes, the Chinese, perhaps, do not feel their suffering, do not see their degradation, though it is far greater than here, stagnation is the outcome, the result is mere animalism.

The most vital cause of the grief and pain which are most severe in ethical men, is due, says Mr. Huxley, to the intrusion of his lower animal instincts into the ranged existence of civil life. The ape and tiger in man will not die, and yet they are inalienably opposed to his truer, that is to his ethical, nature. This opposition is the cause of endless trouble and its significance is enormous, for it is through this lower nature of man, asserts Mr. Huxley, that the cosmos works, not for righteousness, but against it. There are two forces opposing one another, ethical principles and animal nature. Here is the most fundamental misconception in Mr. Huxley's argument. It is most pernicious and yet wholly illogical, for the opposition of the ethical nature of man and the ape and tiger instincts in him is only apparent, not real. There are not two forces, but one; one force differently directed; two phases of one movement.

To believe this it is but necessary to look back over the history of evolution and examine its workings. In doing so we are at once struck by the existence of certain great epochs in the movement, and the first impression that is forced upon us by this general survey is that we are looking not at one original and never growing process, but at an evolution of evolution. The forces that were at work when the universe was but one nebulous mass of vaporous atoms were probably few and simple, possibly only repulsion and attraction, perhaps less. As energy dissipates and matter integrates, new and minor forces, derived from the first, appear. Gravitation acts, the earth is formed, and heat manifests itself in many ways. The sea and land are made, chemical combinations occur, the atmosphere is created, winds blow, the water is raised to the skies and rivers are formed. The process of development becomes more complex, but the forces are all of the same kind, they are all mechanical, or physical. Finally, the first epoch ends and organic life appears on the world.

At first, the development of life is affected merely by environment. Animal and vegetable life are one, there is no natural selection. But soon instincts are generated. Life differentiates; volition is developed and with it a wholly new and most powerful factor, hitherto unknown, appears in evolution. As natural selection becomes more and more effective, evolution creates for itself through it, new instruments of development. Brute strength and cunning, colors and beauty of form, courage and maternal love enter in, one by one, as agents of the one great force. The second epoch may be said to end and the third to begin with the birth of man. In human beings the new element of self-consciousness is added to evolution, and soon appear, in a more highly developed form, those most powerful factors in the development of mankind, reason and moral instincts. Man's will, guided by his heart and head, his morality and intellect, has been for more than two thousand years the determining force in the progress of humanity. To-day, reason and morality, acting in favor of the perfection of man, are more powerful factors far than were ever brute force, or animal selfishness.

Thus we see evolution rising to higher and higher planes. As new and higher forces come in, it passes on beyond the old, by transcending, but not by destroying them. Animal instincts still act and have their place, but where man is concerned, they are

subservient to and directed by the higher faculties. Thus does evolution itself progress, using in turn the new faculties which it creates as its own agents.

What is the result of this? It is that we see in the world many apparently different forces acting in different directions, and some are so distinct as to seem wholly separate and opposed to one another. Ethics and the ape and tiger instincts appear wholly incompatible. Yet even in the fierceness of the tiger we see care and love for its young; the love in man is developed and made more wide reaching, that is all. Moreover, ethics does not say that the animal instincts are bad, nor are they, in and for themselves, evil. Self-love and selfishness are good, even now, in many forms. It is, after all, only selfishness which makes a man wish his nation to be the strongest, or the richest of all. Love for country we call patriotism, but when analyzed fully there is much selfishness in it. To go into this in detail would require too much space. I think I have shown sufficiently that the lower animal instincts are not in themselves bad. Time was when they were indeed the highest and best qualities that existed, and now we call them evil simply because other qualities have appeared which in comparison are higher and better than they. Of course the old qualities remain and still have their legitimate use. Man can not wholly change at once; but it is not by any direct opposition, it is simply by their power of conservatism, the slowness with which they turn themselves into the new channels and express themselves in fuller but more defined ways, that these qualities oppose the higher. This sort of opposition always takes place in progress and is its inevitable concomitant. When Copernicus tried to establish his system, the greatest and best men of the time opposed him. They thought they had the truth. They were not necessarily bad, it is simply that they were more ignorant, their opposition was that of conservatism against progress and exemplifies the old saying, true in so many respects, "that the good is the worst enemy of the better."

But Mr. Huxley not only asserts the direct opposition between the lower nature of man and his ethical instincts, but adds that the cosmos works through man's lower nature, not for righteousness, but against it. It can now be seen that this is contradictory. Mr. Huxley himself admits that the ethical, as well as what he calls, unfairly I think, the natural, *i. e.*, the animal qualities, are the outcome of evolution. This being so, we must ask why these ethical

qualities should, as soon as they are called into being, deny their author and become hostile to evolution? For what reason are the animal instincts any more friendly to the process than the ethical? We have seen already, that both are still used, and the ethical qualities, instead of being hostile, are, on the contrary, at present the strongest, because the highest, factors in the movement. A thing should be judged at its best, and evolution is seen at its best in the development of humanity, and here we find that it works not through the lowest but through the highest qualities of man, and not against righteousness, but for it. To assert the former is absurd. Surely man has been developed by evolution, but who would dream of saying that the development was due to the action of mere animal instincts, and not to the higher ones? And if Mr. Huxley should deny that evolution works in man, what right has he to bring that great process right up to the creation of humanity and bid its tide stop there? No process is a more permanent one than that, and it ever recognizes the necessity of legitimating and using its own product.

But Mr. Huxley goes even further in his argument and makes his misconception even deeper. He says that the struggle for existence which has done such admirable work in cosmic nature, is not beneficent in the ethical sphere. The cosmic process, he asserts, has no sort of relation to moral ends, and the imitation of it by man is inconsistent with the first principles of ethics. Further he adds that "the practice of that which is ethically best, what we call goodness or virtue, involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. The fittest is not necessarily the best." Mr. Huxley seems to be speaking here from the standpoint of the immobility of evolution. The struggle for existence he conceives of as merely the old life and death struggle of unconscious forces one against the other, which was so strong among the animals. But evolution has now passed beyond that stage. No one would deny that a mere brute struggle of individual against individual would be pernicious in our present society. The struggle still exists, but in a much higher form. Formerly, it is true, the fittest to survive was often according our present standards the worst; the animal who could kill the most other animals, or the savage who could subdue the most of his fellow-savages, these succeeded. But they would by no means be the "fittest" or the ones to succeed to-day; for now

indeed the fittest has come, and is coming more and more, to mean in very truth the best. I do not see how any man can say in regard to humanity, that the practice of goodness and virtue is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. If a man carries out what Mr. Huxley calls his natural instincts, which I shall show later to be very unnatural, and seeing food in a shop window steals it, does that lead to success? Much rather to the lock-up, I think. If a man, seeing another in his way, obeys his animal instinct and commits murder, does that lead to success in life? Not in this life surely, for death is the outcome. The criminal, no matter how strong or cunning, that is "naturally" fit, generally ends in prison. The order of things has changed. The struggle for existence, or rather now not for mere existence alone, but for *good* existence, is certainly most beneficent in the moral sphere, only it has now been raised to a higher level. The practice of that which is good leads to success. Roosevelt and obedience to law succeed in New York. Honesty and fair elections in Baltimore. Tammany is being defeated and the Gorman ring is broken. Washingtons generally succeed better than Napoleons.

Huxley's chief misconception here, and that which leads him into his gloomy assertions, is in regard to the nature of man. It makes man a mere beast, nothing but a "bundle of animal instincts." But to call man a mere animal is a contradiction in terms, for man is by definition more than an animal in the general sense of the word. What is natural to the beast is not natural to the man, and therein lies the distinction between them. Man is now by nature a moral, social being. The ethically good is the natural thing for him to do. To obey his lower animal instincts is now unnatural, it is what we call unmanly, inhuman. Naturalness consists in living one's true life, and the true life of man to-day is, as we have seen, essentially moral, and consists in obedience to social demands.

Finally Huxley asserts, the cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends. To the ancient stoic, in his deep ethical symptom, the cosmos had no importance for the conscience except in so far as he chose to consider it a pedagogue to virtue. But the optimism of the stoic prevented him from seeing that cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature. The falsity of this position is felt at once. Admitting, as Huxley does, that the ethical qualities were pro-

duced by evolution, and seeing as we do that these qualities are being most strongly used in the development of humanity, is it not rather absurd to say that evolution has no sort of relation to moral ends? It has this close relation at least, that it is constantly making men more and more moral. One glance at human history will show this. Indeed Mr. Kidd goes so far as to assert that the very essence of evolution is its ethical tendency, and that its "absolutely characteristic feature is found in our religious systems" (p. 317, "Social Evolution"). I need not go into this further. I think all will admit that the world is better now than it was, and that its standards of morality are higher. That this process is an evolutionary one, and that evolution has taken place in humanity. I do not think anyone will deny.

We are now in a position to openly contradict the statements made in the first general division of Mr. Huxley's creed. From what we have just said it is obvious that the movement of evolution, instead of being opposed to, is directly favoring and developing the ethical principles of man. The cosmopoietic forces are working in humanity for righteousness and not against it, and through its higher nature, not its lower. It is so evident that progress can not take place by emphasizing and developing the lower nature of a thing, that it seems foolish to argue the point. Progressive development is possible only through the conquest of the better and higher over the lower; and evolution, so far at least, may fairly be characterized as continuous, progressive development. That pain and suffering accompany this process is true, but their balefulness is taken away when they are considered as necessary elements in progress and sure signs of its victory.

We now come to the positive part of Mr. Huxley's doctrine which, though of a most astounding nature, is still its one redeeming feature. It is the stupendous assertion that man, by the exercise of his own will and intellect, may combat the forces of nature and for a time so successfully modify the conditions of existence that he may control the world for a period as long as that already covered by history. Man may diminish the evil and increase the good in despite of nature, although the final outcome, it is true, is his utter annihilation and failure. If Huxley is right and there are two forces opposing one another here—the cosmopoietic power and man's ethical nature—then indeed we must have a very poor idea of the strength of the forces of the cosmos, if man alone is

thus able to thwart them. This surely would belittle our idea of the universe and all its workings. We have seen, however, that there are not two forces at work here, but only one. Man in obeying his ethical principles is simply following out the laws of nature. The cosmos is working through him. All life is one, and were it not that man's life were in harmony with the life of the world, man would soon either change or die. In fact, it is a partial lack of this harmony that causes much of man's unhappiness. As Carlyle says:

"If a man is miserable, is he therefore to go about complaining of this thing and that, filling the streets with his objurgations and lamentations? Nay, rather, being unhappy, he is to know that he has been unwise, he. Had he lived according to nature and her laws, nature ever true to her laws would have yielded increase and felicity to him." These laws of nature we see in the highest principles of man's life, those principles which when he lives according to them, make him finer and truer and better. To live according to good principles is to live according to the laws of nature, that is, the laws of life; to live according to evil principles, that is the lower principles of our animal nature—natural, Huxley calls them, though they are most truly unnatural for man—is to live according to the laws of death. To know these laws and their difference is the part of wisdom.

Huxley's vital mistake here, and one for which I can see no reason, is that he wholly misunderstands the nature of the cosmos as he previously mistook that of man. He apparently limits the universe and all its forces to mere physical processes and animal instincts, that is, he makes one big base brutal animal out of it. Why he should limit it to this I do not know. Why he should arbitrarily oppose man and his higher nature to the cosmos, that is, apparently put him outside of it and set him over against it, I cannot see. He acknowledges that man is good, in fact, he is the sole good, for beyond him there is no God, and the ethical instincts in man are his only guidance in working for righteousness. But since evolution made man and made him good, surely then evolution is good, for a process must be judged by its product; and man being a part of the cosmos, the cosmos cannot be wholly bad.

Instead of saying, then, that man, by the exertion of his will and intellect, can resist and modify nature for a time only, finally to be himself overcome and destroyed, it seems more reasonable

to assert that man can help, that is, express the laws of nature, develop himself according to them, not for a time only, but to all eternity. For it is in the life of which these laws are the mere external manifestations, and his oneness with that life, that man's eternity rests. Huxley's thought that each individual should obey the good instincts in him simply because they are good, should do right simply because it is right, without hope of any ulterior success or expectation of any future life in which truth and goodness will be victorious, and the struggle for perfection more hopeful, is truly a courageous one. But it is needlessly severe and inexcusably discouraging. It is much more so when we consider that this hopelessness and prescience of defeat is not only wholly unnecessary, but really unjustifiable; contradictory to the very beliefs and arguments of the agnostics themselves. Man progresses and slowly makes himself better and nobler, leaving the good behind with much pain, and suffering all the throes of a vital struggle, in order to attain the better, not only because there is something in him alone which says he must work for the right, but because it is the law of all life that he must be so, because there is a power beyond him as well as in him which makes for righteousness. "The friend that man harries is love of the Best," but the friend is not in man alone, it is in all nature; it is in all life, it is life.

In this thought there is grandeur and strength, not hopelessness and discouragement. To think that man can constantly develop his own higher nature, and attain nearer and nearer to perfect harmony with the world-life about him—that is, that he can approach closer and closer to his ideals of truth and goodness and godliness, is truly inspiring. There is room for infinite expansion here, and infinite success. The struggle is not easy, nor is it short; but it is always worthy, and success in it, that is the making of himself better and better, is man's one object in life, the promise of his noble continuance in the life to come.

That Huxley conceives the possibility of the human intelligence victoriously thwarting the forces of evolution for several thousand years, shows a weakness in his evolution. That he cannot see that evolutionary forces are expressing themselves in the ethical nature of man, and that evolution is now truly moral, shows a weakness in his scientific consistency. That he cannot recognize some moral and intelligent power in the force which is back of

evolution, pushing it on to higher and higher levels all the time, and ever making its subjects approach nearer to an ideal goal, shows a weakness in his moral and intellectual vision.

We are now face to face with the final outcome and the most significant feature of Huxley's doctrine—his lack of faith in a God. The existence of evil, still less of necessarily inherent evil, is incompatible, he says, with belief in an immanent and omnipotent and infinitely beneficent cause. Sin and evil and sorrow are evidently real facts, therefore the God must be discarded. The ancient Greeks, recognizing this problem—that of evil in the world and its relation to a good God—sought to excuse and vindicate God by the invention of their ingenious Theodicy. Huxley knows no half-way measure; he denies God. Neither the one nor the other is right. The Theodicy is unnecessary; the denial impossible. What is needed is an understanding of the real nature and meaning of evil.

We have already seen that sin and suffering increased as evolution advanced, and that they were the necessary manifestations of the progress in the development of the animal and human organism. What they are in the physical and mental sphere, evil is in the moral. Evil increases—that is, more things become evil as the standards of ethics advance. The primeval savage did not think it wicked to kill his neighbor; the good men of mediæval times thought it virtuous to burn and torture those who did not quite agree with them; only recently slavery was considered just. We condemn all these things now—that is, more things are evil for us simply because we are better. The existence of evil proves the morality of man. For evil to be evil must be distinguished from the good. If it were not for the good it could not exist, and the condemnation of the evil and the approbation of the good shows man's predominant tendency toward morality. If man were perfect there would be neither good nor evil, any more than to a man born blind there could be any black or any white. But man is not and cannot be perfect. A perfect man would be a God. As long as man is imperfect, however—that is, so long as he is not a God—evil must exist; but far from being incompatible with a belief in God, evil itself and the increase of those things which we call evil tends rather to prove the possibility and the probability of God.

Evolution, we have seen, is progressive, it tends and always has

been tending for the better. Since the beginning of life we can trace the steady progress in nature up to the appearance of man ; and "in completed man," as Browning says, "begins anew a tendency to God." The progress has not ended yet, nor can it ever end. Huxley says evolution is cyclical, but no one has yet seen a complete revolution of the great wheel, nor has the cosmic year begun to wane. No cycle has appeared, but a steady march onward from lower to higher, from material to spiritual. Many men seeing this progress have founded upon it the well-known argument from design to prove its existence of their deity. But this is not enough. More is needed and this we find in the existence of those very higher qualities of man, his ethical, volitional, rational faculties, upon which Huxley himself lays so much stress.

Man is confessedly a moral being. He violates his own nature when he is immoral. This his conscience tells him, he feels this, and if not made unhappy is at all events made to feel that he is not a worthy man, that he is cut off from others by a barrier he himself has raised. The cause of his unhappiness and ostracism lies not only in the fact that he has violated his own nature, but that he has violated that of all those around him, the nature of all human beings that exist, and finally he has violated that deep law and principle which has ever been present in evolution, making it tend to good. It is because man feels that the good is something not only in him but also outside him, all around him, in infinite pervading force, of which the little good in him is only a tiny fragment, but which demands that he should always make this little good he has larger and stronger ; it is because of this that he feels that to deny it and oppose the good is death. Carlyle says, "Man's unhappiness, as I construe, comes from his greatness ; it is because there is an infinite in him which with all his cunning he can not quite bury under the finite." Man feels himself to be imperfect, and this proves the existence of something beyond the imperfect, that is the perfect. "The consciousness of a limit is that which transcends the limit." Man feels himself finite, he feels his limitations ; therefore his whole soul stretches out toward the infinite which has no limitations.

Thus the soul of good, the consciousness of good in man, feeling its weakness, its limitations, and above all, its infinite and eternal power of growth, stretches out toward an infinite goal which shall be complete and perfect and eternal. Every human being feels

this, for each man knows that the good in him is not sufficient unto itself, nor is it the best, nor is it anything more than a very small portion of the good. Therefore, as a source and fulfillment of the good in him, which is slowly growing better, man feels and knows most certainly that there must be an absolute good, the ideal toward which all that is in him is tending. It is toward this goal that the whole of evolution is advancing from good to better up to best, until the end is reached in the perfection and sum of all goodness, the absolute good which we call God. When this goal is reached evolution will cease. Man will cease to exist as man; we shall be divine.

In like manner man feels his own mind to be finite and inadequate. It is only when he knows that what he thinks and says is in harmony with a greater mind transcending his own that he knows he speaks the truth. He cannot depend upon himself nor upon all men. "The ground of the astronomer's confidence," says Mr. Hyde, "is that there is a rational relation of things, as infinite reason, in which the revolution of the earth around the sun always was, is now, and ever will be an inseparable and undeniable element. Into that thought Copernicus has entered. He is prepared to show that with his doctrine of the revolution of the earth all other astronomical facts fall into harmony; without this doctrine all other facts remain in confusion and contradiction." Thus we find that existence of mind in us demands and implies the existence of an absolute mind, with which we feel ourselves in harmony when we grasp truth. "The possibility of error is proof positive of the reality of truth and the absolute basis of truth in the infinite mind. In like manner the consciousness of wrong is the infallible witness of the reality of right and its eternal ground in the universal Will which makes for righteousness."

Thus do we find that Huxley's own arguments lead us on to a belief in God. Huxley makes man God, and the good in him the sole good. But man is not sufficient unto himself, nor the good in him all the good. Man, being as he is, it is hard to conceive of him without God. With God, the facts of the world, as we know them, and man's existence, are explained and made harmonious, just as was the solar system by the laws of Copernicus.

With God as the eternal object of the striving and progress of man, immortality is assured. "The aim of evolution," as Mr. Powell says, "is not our immortality, but progress in development.

Immortality is the *necessary incident* of intelligent evolution. The immortality of the thinker stands as the natural sequence of evolving mind." The power of growth in us is infinite, and of the forms to which this growth may carry us we cannot conceive. To think that it must forever take place on this earth and in these bodies is to willfully obtain and materialize the process. It is our spirit, our mind, our love which is growing now; growth is spiritual, and the spirit of growth is eternal. Therefore we do not say with Huxley, in less severe and hapless way, speaking the thoughts which brave old Ulysses could not stretch beyond this life,

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
. . . but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done.

We, rather, believing in the eternal progress of man, the infinity of life, and the continuance of our glorious struggle upwards till its final victory in the goodness and completeness of God, would cry with Browning—

Let us not always say,
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings
Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor love helps flesh more, now than flesh helps love."

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term,
Thence shall I pass approved,
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a God, though in the germ.

Greely, Col.

OSCAR B. HAWES.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

IN the best sense, the whole world is a mission field, and no true Catholic can rest his efforts or his prayers till the faith of the Catholic Church becomes the faith of the whole world, and the Heart of Jesus is adored by all human hearts as the most

adorable object in the universe. It were easy to show that this is its true place in the economy of nature and in all the supernatural workings and plans for the redemption of mankind. Every Catholic knows this, and this, in truth, is the source and spring of all the heroism of all the missionaries of Christendom, since Peter turned the Romans from their worn-out and brutal paganism to the love of Christ, and St. Paul persuaded the Athenians to abandon their idolatry and worship the living God.

In one sense, it is quite as important to convert the editors of the New York *Churchman* and the New York *Independent* as it is to convert the Emperor of China or the Sultan of Turkey. In each case these gentlemen, and all their readers and followers, or subjects, have simply false ideas of religious faith and obedience; only the Chinaman is a little older in his ignorance of the true faith than the Turk, and the Turk a little older in his rebellion against the true faith than the Protestant Episcopalian; and the Protestant Episcopalian a little older in his rebellion than our American Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists and Unitarians.

This is only a plain and simple way of stating a truth that certain so-called "Liberal Catholics" seem almost to have forgotten in these late days. It is a truth all the same, and I fancy that, at heart, it may be the reason why Catholics, as a rule, cannot enthusiastically enter into all the recent talk of the newspapers in Europe and America, urging the governments of "Christian nations" to send armies and navies to China and Turkey, and to shoot the Chinese and the Turks into some sort of respect for our promiscuous Protestant missionaries. In truth, you cannot shoot men or nations into Christianity or into any pious mood. You cannot change convictions with Krupp guns. You cannot christianize heathen or pagan nations by sending your white squadrons or your black squadrons of war-ships to their shores. Neither can you convert them by sending them bad European rum or vile American whisky. Above all, you cannot convert them by stealing their best lands for mission purposes and deposing their lawful rulers.

These latter are some of the unfortunate tendencies of modern Protestant mission-work, and some of the unfortunate causes of the frequent uprisings of pagans against the pious but questionable proceedings of modern Christian missionaries.

When the Apostles of our Lord undertook to convert the world,

they did not ask or expect the Cæsars to protect them. They simply held the Heart of Jesus close to their own brave hearts and went forth, not to make money or steal lands, but with radiant faces of love to God and man, scattering heaven's rays of clearest light, and dying gladly that others might see and live.

So, I think, the true solution of our modern mission-work among the heathen will come, not through military and political interference with pagan nations, but by evolving and sending to the Chinese and the Turks and the Africans a higher grade of missionaries than Protestantism has ever forwarded to their shores.

I do not wish to belittle the motives of these excellent people, but as they are generally married men and women, or men and women who expect to marry and have or expect to have children, to raise families of their own and provide for them, many of their motives must, per force, be worldly and selfish. In the nature of things they cannot be wholly devoted even to the mistaken notions of religion that make missionaries out of them; and just in the proportion that the pagan sees that the missionary is after his goods and lands, rather than after his soul, said pagan not only hates and despises the missionary, but, by all human considerations at least, is justified in doing so.

As a Catholic I do not like to make invidious distinctions detrimental to Protestant missionaries and complimentary to Catholic missionaries; but truth, kindly spoken, is the one weapon whereby we are to convert Protestant pagans at home and the Asiatic and Turkish pagans in other lands. As a matter of fact, Catholic missionaries are the only ones in these days who go forth to convert the heathen in the spirit of the Apostles and who are equipped as they were equipped—not with wives and families to provide for, but with the Sacred Heart of Jesus in their hands and their own hearts ready to be offered up as sacrifices to His eternal love.

When Chinamen or Turks come to this country to sell opium, do our laundry work, or to preach Buddhism or Mahometanism, we insist upon it that they shall obey our laws and customs, or we shoot them, mob them, kill them, or insist, even by sacred legislative enactments, that they shall go hence and come here no more. Should we therefore, in view of all the facts, be very much surprised that Chinamen and Turks rise in rebellion and massacre, now and then, against missionaries whose tendencies are as indicated here?

I am wholly in favor of converting the editors of the *Churchman* and the editors of the *Independent*, and the Emperor of China and the Sultan of Turkey, and as many millions of Protestants and pagans as there are in all the world; but I think the only way to do it is the apostolic way, the Catholic way—viz., to go forth in the name and by the authority of Christ and His Church alone, asking no protection from Krupp guns or British or American navies, but simply asking the privilege of preaching Christ and baptizing converts in His dear name.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

GERMAN OPERA IN AMERICA.

THE remarkable social feature in New York during the past winter has been "the feast of music" at the Metropolitan Opera House. There is much diversity of opinion among leading musicians as to the ultimate abdication of Italian opera in this country. Abdication is too gentle and conciliatory a word. Abdication suggests gradation, a kind of letting one's self down gently. Charles the Fifth abdicated and then retired to a convent, and by way of atoning for the emptiness of human grandeur, filled himself daily with mighty dinners. Napoleon abdicated, thinking that he could outwit fate and the Bourbon restoration by making way for his son. Louis Philippe abdicated to save the line of Orleans. The two French monarchs did not like to own that they were dethroned, and they tried to assume an air of voluntary acquiescence in the result which they had tried in vain to resist. They smiled pleasantly while the fox was gnawing their breast under the cloak.

But the monarch of whom we are speaking went through no ceremony of abdication. After an absolute and disdainful reign of half a century, Italian opera in New York was summarily dethroned and put out-of-doors. Despite the long and delightful tradition, despite the fond fancy that the Italian is alone and exclusively the opera, and that only Italians know how to sing, the opera that began with Malibran, and which has charmed generations, ended, and the German and American opera, vigorous and triumphant, sat supreme upon the double throne of the two houses,

surrounded by loyal taste, wealth and fashion. It is one of the most remarkable events, probably the most remarkable event, in the musical annals of the city. During the first Italian reign there was often a German insurrection maintaining itself for some time, and there were English invasions scoring occasional victories. But after a feeble piping these vanished, and all ears turned again to the Italian opera.

America may now be said to be in a state of transition with regard to music. It would be a platitude to say that musical taste has always existed in this country, for the love of music is characteristic of nearly all people. But music has not been scientifically encouraged here to any extent until within the past few seasons. New York has had for many years productions of opera of more or less merit. It has only been in the past ten years, however, that these have been on a scale to compare with the productions of the best opera houses in Europe. For several seasons we had German opera presented in a manner that was elaborate in every particular; but through a strange combination of circumstances, though the public gave every sign of satisfaction, it was apparently discontinued, and the old school of opera, which many of those who had the interest of music at heart hoped had been superseded by the higher forms of music developed within the last half-century, was substituted in its place. It is maintained by the advocates of the old style that this change was due to the lack of popularity and support of German opera by the New York public. This theory, however, is not supported by the German musical element of this city.

On the other hand, they say that anyone who has closely studied the music-loving public of America cannot fail to have been struck by the intense enthusiasm with which German music in nearly all of its forms has been received here. If opera in this country was given for the benefit of the public, such a change of policy as we have witnessed recently at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, from German to Italian opera, would be a reasonable sign of a change in the popular taste; but as the conditions are different here, the same fact is not indicative of a similar circumstance. Opera in America does not mean artistic entertainment given for the people and supported by the people; it means simply a diversion on a large scale, established not for the instruction of the many, but merely for the amusement of the rich, who

are the few, and supported by the rich. Consequently the change of policy simply demonstrates that the half-dozen wealthy men and women who have done most to maintain opera in New York have become weary of German opera as an amusement, and have chosen to establish Italian and French opera in its stead. This is not surprising, as German opera can hardly be called a mere amusement.

For the benefit of those who do not recognize the distinction between the old and the new form of opera, let me indicate what I regard as the fundamental differences between them. The old-fashioned opera doubtless had in its origin some resemblance to nature, but it certainly has grown away from nature and become *sui generis*. It is in no sense what the highest form of art should be—an expression of human emotions. Its music is of a melodious character which bears a relation to the best music somewhat similar to the relation that exists between nursery rhymes and an epic poem. German opera, on the other hand, may be defined as a musical drama. By its action and language it portrays the most profound emotions of humanity, which find an adequate expression in music of an appropriate exaltation. However, it is absurd to compare Italian and German opera; one might as well compare the prettiness of a landscape and the grandeur of a majestic mountain. It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the difference in effect upon the musical education of the public between the old and the new opera; the one entertains, the other elevates and instructs. Is not this enough to suggest the distinction which makes them foreign to each other?

If it were the duty of art merely to amuse, something might be said in favor of the old form of opera, though it is hard to believe that one could really be amused by it. There are, however, other evils in connection with the production of old-fashioned opera besides those which are inherent to its nature. It has become thoroughly identified with the so-called "star" system, one of the most pernicious evils from which musical art has ever suffered. The star system subordinates music to the musician, not, as should be the case, the musician to the music; consequently people, instead of going, as they should, to hear the work of the composer, flock in crowds to hear or to see some interpreter who has won a reputation for the beauty of his voice, or for some purely personal attraction which has no connection whatever with art. The con-

sequences of this evil are disastrous; they tend to make the production of an opera as such a secondary thing, to subserve everything to the leading artist, and to cause the *ensemble*, on which the artistic excellence of an opera rests, to be neglected.

A few years ago this system was immensely popular in America. No fair-minded person, however, can deny that it received a permanent blow by the establishment here of German opera. The German school of music certainly may be said to have done this if it has done no more; it has taught people that the opera is the thing, not the opera singer, and that an imperfect performance, that is, a performance with one or two admirable artists supported by several inferior ones, is an intolerable breach of art. It seems to me that those people who take a sincere interest in the musical welfare of this country need feel no alarm at the present state of affairs. If one studies the evolution of opera, he will, I think, be convinced that the chances of its establishment as a permanent institution are decidedly in favor of the German rather than of the Italian and French opera—perhaps I ought rather to say in favor of opera produced after the German manner.

A glance at the history of music in this country will make clear the reason for holding this view. The first ventures into the field of German opera were on the most modest scale, and were made, moreover, at a time when the beautiful voices and admirable singing of Mesdames Alboni, Jenny Lind and Henrietta Sontag were delighting the public. The work which was done by the German singing societies of New York produced the most splendid results and prepared the way for the production of opera of the German school and in the German method. We have heard some admirable singers in the past seasons, but we should remember that twenty-eight or thirty years ago there were even greater vocalists of the sort of which Adelina Patti is now almost the only surviving specimen. A decade ago New York held a magnificent array of artists, Patti, Gerster, Trebelli, Neilson, Sembrich, Scalchi, Campanini, and many others of almost as great excellence. Such an assemblage is not available nowadays; nevertheless, in spite of their merits, the public tired of them and the pabulum of sweetness which they offered.

Consequently there was such a reaction against the old forms of music that German opera was established on an apparently firm footing, and was given the following winter with almost unprece-

dented enthusiasm. The splendid support and the interest with which it was received, and its growth in the appreciation of the audiences for the next half-dozen years, are now matters of history. It is pathetic to think that the education in public taste which was then begun has been so suddenly stopped.

Those who have attended the operatic performances in New York for the past two seasons cannot have failed to be struck by the difference in bearing between the audiences at the German and those at the Italian opera. The German opera attracted audiences which showed by the close and respectful attention they paid to the performances that they were profoundly interested. Indeed, they were so serious, so attentive, and so respectful that it was a pleasure, instead of a burden, for an artist to undergo the severe hardship which his work imposed upon him in order to win their approval. During the past winter, and the early opera season of the present year, the lack of interest among those who attended the opera was so conspicuous that it could not fail to be noticed by the most superficial observer. The spectacle of fashionable people arriving in large numbers long after the performance had begun can hardly gratify those who look upon an opera as a unity which can be appreciated only in its entirety, and nothing can be more absurd or display a greater contempt for musical art than the flocking to the opera house in large crowds, not for the purpose of enjoying a great operatic work, but to hear *one* singer whose abilities so far outstrip those of his companions as to take him altogether out of the dramatic picture. The scenes which are enacted at the performances of Adelina Patti, for example, are most disheartening to any real lover of the musical art. It is hard to believe, when one witnesses such scenes, that the people who create them are in many instances the very ones who supported German opera here and conducted themselves with as much discrimination as the music-loving audiences of Europe.

There is not to be found any substantial reason for the assertion which has been made on all sides that a *radical* change in musical taste has taken place in New York. It is true that there is in every large city a small contingent who care far more for artists than for art. These people should not be taken seriously, for they know nothing whatever about art. It is worth nothing, by the way, that they form the most capricious and the most treacherous of patrons, and their support is sure to be of the most unstable

character. Their pitiable ignorance causes them to encourage artistic inaccuracies and perversions which the critical spirit of real music would speedily eradicate. The absence of scientific criticism is an injury to any art. Then, too, in the formation of the chorus, the absence of healthful criticism is often very noticeable. But we must remember that the art dilettante, such as we find in the opera boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House, has no interest in the chorus and not the faintest realization of its importance; on the contrary, he would be gratified if it could be eliminated altogether from operatic productions. On the whole, the season, brilliant though it may have been in places and in the brilliancy of the work done by a few of its artists, has yielded comparatively few artistic results. The operas have been so hurriedly pitchforked on the stage that even the artists have suffered. This, however, is the Italian way of doing things, and may possibly be pardoned on that account. One must not expect too much when he finds in the cast one or two of the greatest singers in the world. It is true that the French and Italians are better singers than the Germans; it is equally true that the Germans are infinitely greater artists than the French and Italians.

German singers, however great they may be, realize the importance of subjecting themselves to the same discipline as that to which the most unimportant character is subjected. They are, besides, more serious, more musical, and more conscientious than those trained in the Italian school, which panders to their vanity and thus warps their artistic sense.

It is a mistake to say that the new forms of music are due wholly to Wagner. Wagner created them, but he was himself the creation of his time. We had grown away from the old methods, and the conditions were ripe for a new and higher development. Wagner saw in the opera the possibilities which it afforded for the expression of the profoundest emotions and noblest sentiments of man, and he developed them as no one before nor since has done. He saw clearly the folly of attempting to foster incompleteness in art, and maintained that no art deserved the name of art unless it was perfectly rounded; so he made opera the vehicle not merely for pretty voices, but for the highest forms of music. Wagner is to music what Shakespeare is to the drama. His theories have now been widely accepted, his example followed by many imitators, and there is no doubt the future development of music will

be on the lines he has laid down. The Americans are a musical people, despite all that has been said to the contrary. Their taste is still unformed, but it is naturally a good one and sure to grow in the right direction. But to grow in the right direction, it must be properly cultivated. It has thus far been sufficiently developed to enable Americans to appreciate the superiority of the new methods in music over the old. What has already been achieved is remarkable when one considers the disadvantages which retard the progress of music in this country. Whenever operas have been given, they have almost invariably been sung in an alien tongue. This, of course, is a great obstacle to their appreciation. No satisfactory artistic results can be achieved here, nor can America produce any national music, until opera is given in English. We can look forward to the time when American composers shall produce great operatic works of a distinctly original character, written in the vernacular; but until such time comes we must believe that such foreign works as are performed here should be translated into English. Much of the unsatisfactory condition of our musical culture is due chiefly to the intermittent opportunities which are given here for musical education. It would be folly to expect people to form a healthy musical taste simply by hearing operas occasionally produced and almost always in an inadequate manner. Besides, the conditions under which such operas are generally given make them foreign to the American mind. The singers whom America imports in such large numbers from abroad do undoubtedly a great deal of good, but they also do harm, for they bring influences which are essentially un-American. We need American opera given under American influences. This can be brought about only by an elaborate and well-organized system of education. We have plenty of good material for the making of good musicians, but this material is buried beneath the army of foreign artists who come annually to our shores.

There is no apparent reason why America should not develop an individual musical art which would compare favorably with that of Germany, France, or Italy. Let us make this another warble of American independence.

LILLIAN CRAMBLETT MENTOR.

New York.

JONATHAN, JOHN BULL, AND BILLY HOHENZOLLERN.

ONLY one of the two leading questions of the past few weeks is touched in this issue of THE GLOBE, and that as an after-thought in my article, "Thomas B. Reed & Co."

As regards the *Monroe Doctrine* and the Venezuelan Question, it is perfectly clear to me:

First: That the so-called Monroe Doctrine is no doctrine at all in any sense worthy of that title, but simply the silly and impossible opinion of one mediocre man who happened to be President of the United States when he uttered the absurdity; and hence, as his words appealed to the pride and ambition of large portions of our people, said words have been given an importance infinitely beyond their value, and that they never have been applied and can never be applied to our international relationships with Great Britain or with any of the nations of the old world.

Second: That admitting the Doctrine to be sensible and applicable, in a general way, it has no sort of application to the present controversy, as to the boundary line, between England and Venezuela, and I am glad to know that this is the deliberate opinion of every respectable thinker in America and in the old world today; and that only the impulsive, the prejudiced, or the ignorant presume to write and speak to the contrary.

Third: That in view of these facts Mr. Cleveland's position in his message to Congress, and still more in his special message in reply to Lord Salisbury, was and remains one of unprecedented ignorance, impudence and despicable presumption, and this, utterly regardless of the question whether it was a political move for a third term or no. I believe it to have been such a move, and that the Republican Congress, not to be outdone, even in stupid patriotism, by a Democratic President, voted the \$100,000 for a Boundary Commission.

Fourth: That Mr. Olney, next to the late James G. Blaine, is the most ignorant, the most reckless and the most dangerous man that has ever filled the position of Secretary of State in this great nation. A study of Mr. Olney's face will show any one familiar with the laws of physiognomy that he is one of the worst speci-

mens of a very marked class of Boston men who speak only, or mainly, with their mouths, not from their intelligence or their conscience. In a word, he is a mouthing man; has no reliable head, is at least 80 per cent. mouth and conceit. Hence, it was most natural for him to spout that piece of sophomoric, insufferable and impudent presumption to the effect that the United States are "sovereign on this continent" or in this hemisphere. The nations of Europe found and settled this continent. Great Britain still owns and controls more territory here than the United States; is quite as much at home here as we are; has the same rights of independent national action with neighboring or distant portions of this continent that we have; and, for my own part, I would rather see the Island of Britain sunk in the eternal sea of oblivion than that she should yield to this Cleveland-Olney syndicate of upstart boors.

Fifth: This again is utterly independent of the political aspects or ambitions mixed up in the case, and utterly independent of the question whether or not, after all, the present ignorant assertion of the Monroe, Cleveland and Olney gospel of splurge has been made to protect a certain syndicate of American land speculators who went to Venezuela and purchased or secured the very lands that they knew all the while to be part of a tract that by solemn treaty with England, Venezuela had pledged to hold inviolate and not to sell or transfer; said land being in dispute between these two peoples and claimed by Great Britain. In truth, from beginning to end our attitude in the case is one of very questionable integrity, and of absolute ignorance and impudence, and one from which in simple self-respect, as a great nation, we ought to withdraw. England simply cannot withdraw.

Sixth: A doctrine is a well-defined declaration of principles or belief set forth by some representative body of men appointed for the purpose of making such declaration, and to which their constituents agree or from which they dissent. No proper constituency ever appointed Mr. Monroe to declare its doctrines or principles, and the so-called Monroe doctrine is simply a tissue of shifting inapplicability. No nation, as a nation, and no set of nations as such have ever accepted it as national or international law, gospel or doctrine, and it is so palpably non-applicable in the present controversy that Western editors and politicians seeing themselves outwitted, in this regard, very frankly and truly enough affirm

that Cleveland or Olney has just as much right to declare our international position as Mr. Monroe had, but they seem to forget that no one of them had or has this right, either according to the Constitution of the United States—which leaves such matters to the legislative branch of the government—much less had either one of them the right according to the international code of law or honor by which modern nations are supposed to act and abide.

In a word, the whole flash in the pan is pure Yankee brag and a good joke, just to see how far Jonathan might twist the British lion's tail without getting into its claws or jaws.

It is perfectly safe to appoint a stay-at-home Boundary Commission, but should Judge Brewer & Co. go to the disputed territory in Venezuela, where alone they can determine this boundary question, the delightful probability is that they would never come home alive. Better let Cleveland and Olney go and be done with the clowns for once and all. And Senator Davis—certainly.

* * * * *

As to the dispute between John Bull and Billy Hohenzollern over the rights and victories of the Dutch Boers and their black companions in the Transvaal, the bottom facts seem to be these :

First: That there is no natural sympathy between the Boers and the British inhabitants of the country ; that said Boers have migrated from one point to another in South Africa, in order to get away from the dominion of the British, and therefore it must, in the long run, be simply a nip-and-tuck tussle between these two classes of colonists, as to which has the most and best colonizing capacity and the longest staying power. It is a free fight for territory in a pagan land, and it is every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost, precisely as it has been on our own continent these last three hundred years.

Second: That though the Dutch Boers had possessed themselves of a portion of the Transvaal and seemed to be on fairly good terms, social and other, with the black natives, they did not develop the country, as it is called ; did not and could not even utilize the find of gold that was made there a few years ago ; were poor, shiftless and down at the heel, with a world of unexcavated wealth right at their front and back doors ; that they frankly saw and admitted their own incompetency and invited British, French and Yankee capital and enterprise to help them develop their country ; that said capital and enterprise did respond and did go to the Transvaal

and did develop this very country which the incompetent Dutch Boers still claim as their own. We all know the doctrine of modern revolution,—“the tools to him that can use them.” As soon as the American English found that they were doing most of the work of development in this, our own, country, and especially as soon as they thought that they were not treated right by King George of England, they fired the shots heard round the world and set up for themselves. The Dutch had been here also, and the Swedes and the French and the Colonial English, but at last the Yankee English concluded that, as they were really doing the work, they might as well attend to the little matter of control. I do not justify this business, I am simply stating history.

It is just the same in the Transvaal to-day. It is now claimed as a fact that the English-speaking inhabitants of the Transvaal far outnumber the Dutch Boers. It is also claimed as a fact that these same English-speaking inhabitants have given to the country whatever of value it has as a gold-mining and commercial center, and, naturally, as any Saxon or Yankee that ever rebelled against injustice or declared for liberty or conquest, they demand some share, or the whole share, of the government.

Third: It is claimed that though they founded and built Johannesburg and have made it out of a waste place a city of many thousand thriving English-speaking souls—and though they are taxed heavily, and practically support the government—they are allowed no voice or vote in the government, are not even allowed English-speaking schools for their children, and are treated every way as no Saxon, British or Yankee ever yet allowed a Celt or a Dutchman to treat him; and herein is the soul and meaning of the assertion of British interference in the Transvaal, that is, the interference not exactly of Imperial Britain, but of bands of Britishers who are now looking after their rights and asserting their independence, much as our forefathers did in Boston one hundred and twenty-five years ago. This is the gist of the matter.

Fourth: There seems to be no doubt that Dr. Jameson went beyond authority given in his little attempt to be the Sam Adams or the George Washington of the Transvaal. Had he succeeded he would probably have been the first and glorious English-speaking President of the Transvaal, the Father of his Country, the Dutch, the French and the rest all taking back seats, much as they did in New York a hundred and twenty years ago. Dr. Jameson, it

seems, had good stuff in him, but had not force enough to whip the enemy. I do not pretend to determine how far the English government was responsible for Dr. Jameson's movements. That is their business. They have interests to protect there and will doubtless protect them.

Fifth: Just at this point Billy Hohenzollern, who has been wanting to fight somebody for a number of years, leaps on the stage, booted and spurred for action, and sends a telegram congratulating the Boers that they had whipped the English. Billy Hohenzollern & Co. are good fighters, have had marked successes and some bad defeats in that line these last two hundred years; but Billy & Co. have never been good colonizers. The English can colonize more in a decade than Billy & Co. can colonize in a century; and just here is the sore point of British irritation. Billy & Co. stay at home and loaf and talk big; a few of their far-distant relatives go to the Transvaal and loaf and have a good time with the blacks, and are tumbling into bankruptcy, when John Bull goes down, drags them out, builds them up, and then finds himself snubbed and insulted by Billy & Co., who stayed at home. Granted that John Bull is an unreasonable heavy-weight in many ways, he has nevertheless civilized more than half of the globe, and he simply cannot stand still and see a Billy-goat like this young Hohenzollern stamping and prancing about and bucking at him without attempting some bucking on his own account.

Finally, and seriously, if there is any war it will not be between England and Germany alone, or between England and the United States alone, but all the American, European and one or two of the Asiatic nations will be engaged in it, and after our own seaboard cities are destroyed, the final world-struggle may be fought out in the great Missouri and Mississippi Valley, the divided and opposing armies of the world having for bases of operation the Alleghany Mountains on the one side and the Rocky Mountains on the other; after which, perhaps, the surviving grandchildren of Bob Ingersoll may believe that there is a God in heaven who bears with atheists, scientists, fools and impious thieves as long as a God can bear with such things, and then turns one set of fools against another; if so, they, or their children's children—a few of them, at least—may learn wisdom, and not play the Cleveland-Olney game or the Billy Hohenzollern farce till they are ready for the consequences.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

MODERN ATTACKS UPON PROPERTY.

THE Jeffersonian doctrine, teaching political equality, carries with it the popular fallacy that property equality should accompany political equality; to prevent any from getting very poor none should be permitted to get very rich. From the very beginning of American Independence this popular fallacy has been noticeable in society, and the writers attacking men of property are the most popular of the age.

"I have just finished reading Coin's last book 'Up to date,'" said Bill Arp, "and if somebody doesn't answer it and prove it a lie it will shake this country from center to circumference. The bankers and speculators and money kings will be overthrown, and the danger is that the masses will go too far in revenging their wrongs, and, like Sampson, pull down the temple and crush all alike. When he shows up the inequalities of taxation and how the rich escape, it makes the blood boil with indignation."

"The Federal Government," said Hamilton, "should triumph over State governments and reduce them to entire subordination, dividing the larger States into smaller districts, and be able to protect the men of property from the depredations which the democratic spirit is apt to make on property."

The wisdom in what Hamilton said has been verified in our past political history. Most of the battles of the world have either been fought for land or for trade. The War of the Revolution, the War of 1812-14, with England, and the war with Tripoli, were all fought for trade, but our war with Mexico was fought for land, which extended the domain of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans, and from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande River. The vast area of land taken from Mexico was greater than the average men of the Republic could conceive of, and, having more land than they knew what to do with, satisfied their minds upon the subject of land-grabbing.

Having previously been successful in all of our wars for trade, "the democratic spirit which is apt to make depredations on property," spoken of by Hamilton, began to develop itself.

The first attack was made upon property in the South. All who owned property, whether lands, slaves, cattle, mills or fac-

tories, were called "aristocrats," in derision, by the assailants of property. The pulpit and the press were both used against the men of property. The publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (an attack upon property), which at once obtained a circulation never equaled in the history of literature, was a touching and thrilling romance, an unparalleled libel on the political institutions of slavery; as untruthful as Baron Munchausen and as fallacious as if the gifted author had laid her scene at the Five Points in New York City, and attributed its horrors to the civilization of the Knickerbockers.

It wrought up the Abolitionists to an insane madness, and when the Southern people saw the storm coming they put their house in order to meet it. The consequence was a long and bloody war, and towards the end, when the Confederate soldiers began to retreat before the invading armies from the North, the Abolitionists followed in their wake and settled on the abandoned farms, hoping to hold possession by a general Confiscation Act of Congress. Along the shores of the Mississippi River, under the protection of the Federal gunboats, they settled on all the plantations to raise cotton. The Confederate soldiers, like the Spanish cavaliers, when they could no longer cope with the Federal army on the battlefield, disbanded and went home. Napoleon Bonaparte, on his wild career in Europe, pretended to conquer Spain; and put a garrison of soldiers all over the Peninsula. When they found that they could no longer cope with the French army, the Spanish cavaliers disbanded and went home and picked a personal quarrel with every Frenchman they met, and they cut and stabbed them, in broad daylight, until the French were glad to shake the dust of Spain from off their feet.

When the Confederate soldiers disbanded and went home and found the Abolitionists on their property, they organized the Ku-Klux-Klans, and went at night, and shot, and cut and stabbed, until there were but few Abolitionists to tell the tale in the North. In many instances, the Federal soldiers at the garrisons put on the garb of the Ku-Klux and assisted in the work of extermination.

Let it be said to the eternal credit of the Republican party, that no prosecution of the Ku-Klux was made. A semblance of such was offered for political effect in the North, but thinking men there, fearing the safety of their own, opposed any further depredations upon property in the South. That reaction of sentiment, no

doubt, cost Lincoln his life, which should be a warning to the common people, as they style themselves. They cannot make depredations upon property without a hazard of their lives and the ultimate loss of their own by taxation to pay for their folly. They are the men spoken of by Hamilton, who would destroy our States. The action of the Klu-Klux in the South turned emigration to the West, and the Abolitionists went that way.

Strikes, and political depredations upon property, are practically unknown in the Southern States, with the single exception of prohibition. In their zeal for prohibition, the good ladies hang around the legislators with the Bible in one hand and a petition in the other, praying for local option.

"These good ladies came here asking us to pass a law prohibiting the sale of liquors within three miles of their country church. Some young men rode by and made a noise while the ladies were saying their prayers, and of course they felt offended at being disturbed while offering up their petitions to heaven, and they have come to us for redress. Near by is a country store, not a mile from that church, where they sell whisky, and if we pass this law the boys will have to go to town to get their grog, and the good ladies out there will not be disturbed in their worship again." The bill is passed, and the solons think the act very innocent, but it is wrong, for it is a direct attack upon property, and it spreads from the country church to the towns and even to States. South Carolina took the bar-rooms away from the men who owned them and established State bar-rooms instead. What is the difference between a State bar-room and the bar-room of a citizen? Let us see.

The citizen says that any other citizen may have a bar-room who wants to. The State says that nobody else shall have a bar-room, and they employ a horde of officers to raid blind tigers, and private dwelling-houses, and they even search packages, in transit, for whisky.

At the passenger station at Columbia, S. C., an officer broke open a lady's trunk and laid the contents bare to see if she had any whisky. It is not often that men get a chance to look inside of a lady's trunk, so they stood around on that occasion and looked on with astonishment, for they saw things that they never saw before. Puff-balls and paint-pots were laid out upon the floor, all sorts of ivory-handled brushes and curious-looking things—a whole box full was opened; cologne stoppers were pulled out to

smell for whisky ; baby clothes and shoes were laid out, bundles were untied and curious-looking garments fell out that bachelors never saw before—they looked with astonishment at the contents of a lady's trunk. After the search the officers placed everything back again and tied a rope around the trunk to hold it together.

Some of the newspapers that had supported the law came out with long editorials deploring the loss of the liberties of the people. But the poor lady, when praying for the destruction of other people's property, had no idea that her precious trunk would be searched. It created a gossip all over the State. The men laughed and the ladies said, "They looked into the very bottom of her trunk ; oh, if it had been me I know I would have died ; to think of the wretched men searching a lady's trunk and then talking about the curious things they saw in it." Take warning from this, all of you who would make depredations on your neighbors' property, for there is a higher Court than our laws—the *Master's Court of Retribution*.

B. W. HERING.

Goldsboro, N. C.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE man who cloaked his bitterness within
 His winding-sheet of puns and pleasantries,
 God never gave to look with common eyes
 Upon a world of anguish and of sin ;
 His brother was the branded man of Lynn ;
 And there are woven with his jollities
 The nameless and eternal tragedies
 That render hope and hopelessness akin.

We laugh, and crown him ; but anon we feel
 A still chord sorrow-swept—a weird unrest—
 And thin, dim shadows home to midnight steal,
 As if the very ghost of mirth were dead—
 As if the joys of time to dreams had fled,
 Or sailed away with Ines to the West.

Gardiner, Me.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE.

FAR back amid the chaos, born of night,
 When Time's first childish efforts wrought at last
 The uncouth image of an era cast
 In giant mould—God crowned the work with light,
 Which fell reluctantly from Heaven's height
 Illumining the Present and the Past—
 The templed shrines of nature where aghast
 Bowed universe before th' omniscient light.

A child was born in Bethlehem, and blent
 With sound of prophecy, across the scene
 There came Christ's voice. The sleeping Orient
 Awoke. With fingers long, semitic, lean
 The dark veil of the fabled Future rent
 Awide! in twain, and God shone out between.

Chicago, Ill.

GROESBECK WALSH.

 THY HAND RESTS LIGHTLY, LADY.

THY hand rests lightly, Lady, on my face,
 As soft as dew that cheers the weary flower,
 As gentle as the fall of summer shower,
 As warm as sunshine in a sheltered place;
 Its touch is exquisite in tender grace,
 Its pressure is a sweetly-thrilling power
 In which I miss the tick of Time's dull hour
 And live in soul beyond the bounds of space.

As Eos, goddess, kindly draws aside
 Night's veil to let her royal brother pass
 And drive the Day across the happy skies,—
 So my heart's veil thy presence opens wide
 That Love may rise, like fragrance from the grass,
 And move above the life it glorifies.

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

AFTER UHLAND'S "*Der Wirthin Töchterlein*."

THERE came from the Rhineland three travelers gay,
Who stopped at an inn; to the hostess they say :

"Landlady! have you good ale and wine?
Oh, where is that darling girl of thine?"

"My ale and wine are fresh and clear,
My daughter is lying on death's cold bier."

Her room they entered with echoless feet,
There lay she in snowy winding-sheet.

One lifted the veil with fingers that shook,
And spell-bound he gazed with sorrowful look:

"Oh, loveliest maid! had you not died,
Henceforth would I love no other beside!"

The second gently replaced the shroud,
Turned weeping away and moaned thus aloud:

"Alas! that thou liest on death's cold bier!
Oh, thee have I loved for many year!"

The third, with a sob, lifted the veil,
And pressed a fond kiss on lips so pale:

"I always loved thee, still love I but thee,
And thee will I love in eternity."

Chicago, Ill.

EUGENE PARSONS.

GLOBE NOTES.

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

THE gentlemen who last August proposed purchasing a controlling interest in this magazine, having failed to come to time, and hundreds of my old subscribers having written, urging me to continue the GLOBE as a Quarterly on its old-established lines, and my own health having been much improved by a few weeks compara-

tive rest, it gives me pleasure to announce that this REVIEW will remain under my own exclusive direction, as heretofore; that, if possible, I am resolved to make it better, more independent of all outside control, and more absolutely devoted to the higher criticism in all lines of literature, society, religion, art and politics, than it ever has been.

It will absolutely show no quarter to pretentious falsehood in any of these lines of thought and life. Each religious denomination, Christian or pagan, will be treated with equal freedom and impartiality. Hack poets and hack artists will not be praised because they happen to belong to this or that school or nationality; politicians of all cliques and parties will be fearlessly criticised, and the crudities and cussednesses of modern society, high and low, will be exposed with all the seriousness that such vitiating and nauseating follies deserve.

I have always owned from eighteen to nineteen twentieths of the business of this magazine; in a word, have been practically its owner and director, and I shall continue in this position until worthy and responsible parties are ready to buy me out entirely and run the magazine in their own way; and as there is no immediate prospect of such a deal, I hope that all my old friends and thousands of new ones will rally to my support and encouragement.

At this point I wish to emphasize the fact that annual subscriptions are payable strictly in advance, and as the subscription is only \$2.00 a year, I hope that every subscriber will remit at once his or her subscription for the year 1896, and save me the expense and bother of sending out bills. If every good subscriber will do this by *next mail*—not a month hence, or three months hence, but immediately—and will besides induce one other person to subscribe for the present year, the GLOBE can live and prosper nicely, without being obliged to seek capital or to ask favors of any one.

Since my announcement of a proposed change of ownership quite a number of subscribers have requested to have the magazine stopped, solely on the ground that I was no longer to control it. This February number will be sent to all such persons, and after reading it they will probably wish to continue their support as of old. This is to explain why the February number is sent to them, and I hope they will like the Review better than ever. All intelligent and upright men admit that it has done a great work in the

last six years. Let us hope that it may do ten times better in the next six years.

The entire policy of this magazine may be summed up in the expression—to instruct and inspire, not to amuse. For my own part I would rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn than take the eternal truths of Catholic Christianity, and make out of them the twaddle and trash to be found in quite a number of our so-called Catholic magazines and newspapers—said twaddle and trash being furnished to catch the vanity of mere groundlings and to secure their patronage. Of course, this will make me enemies, but it will make my enemies better men, and that is what I write for.

Now and then, but very seldom, a subscriber complains that there is too much Thorne in this REVIEW. To these I am moved to say, *first*, had I capital enough to buy something better than Thorne, I would search the world over and buy it for the GLOBE; *second*, it is not easy to find, and as a matter of fact the GLOBE was built out of my own thought, has lived and prospered on it these last six years, ninety per cent. of my subscribers take the GLOBE because of the amount of Thorne in it, and if these other complainers would read with open eyes and free hearts, perhaps they would take it and advance its interests on the same ground. With me it is not a question of more or less utterance of myself, but the proclamation of such truth as this age needs far more than it needs the palaver and praise of Catholic or Protestant time-servers.

* * * * *

“The letter recently addressed to his Delegate in this country by the Holy Father on the subject of religious congresses speaks for itself. It is plainly a rebuke to liberal tendencies, and a discountenancing of representation of the Church in such polytheistic symposiums as the Parliament of Religions held in Chicago during the World’s Fair. Although we felt obliged to protest against Catholics taking part in the proceedings of that assembly, we never for a moment doubted the high motives of those who were disposed to do so; and we think it outrageous that they should now be designated by name in Catholic papers as representatives of the Church who have merited censure from its head. And we are moved to remark furthermore that there ought to be some way of preventing the publicity of Papal messages which chiefly concern the hierarchy, and the discussion of which in the secular press is an outrage, and in Catholic papers a scandal.”

The foregoing is from an early—November, 1895—issue of the *Ave Maria*. There is in it an apparent spirit of Catholicity and pure Christianity, but it tumbles into the blunder so frequent in our Catholic papers, of blaming the wrong parties and of proposing an impossible, instead of a possible and a much needed reform.

In the first place, if the letter referred to plainly rebukes the "liberal tendencies," etc., it certainly also rebukes the prelates, priests and gad-about, talky-talky Catholic laymen, like Onahan, of Chicago, and others, who paraded as Catholic Liberals at the World's Fair.

I do not even remember who the so-called Liberal prelates and priests were, and I have no sort of sympathy with the rooster that crows over his whipped victim, but in chiding this phase of the rooster's conduct, it is useless to pretend that the conquered bird is all right, when, in fact, he is all wrong; and it is mere child's play, eighteenth-century babyism, to talk of preventing the publicity of Papal letters lest the record of certain foolish prelates and priests should get into the papers. Sauce for goose is gander's sauce—and if our Catholic priests persist in seeking notoriety through parading in non-prelatical and so-called liberal Catholic and outside, political harangues and in all sorts of secular and quasi Protestant humbuggeries, called reforms, why they must expect Papal condemnation and finally to be laughed at by a jeering world; and it simply serves them right. I do not question their right to do it, but they must take the consequences. In a word, the proper people to have lectured in this *Ave Maria* paragraph were not the Catholic editors who made this personal application of the Pope's letter, but those very prelates and persons themselves whose un-Catholic action made the Papal letter necessary.

Let them mind their own business, and no Pope will lecture them, and the world will not laugh at them.

From the start the GLOBE has held and taught that the "Congress of Religions" at the World's Fair was a foolish burlesque of all religion; a gathering wherein many theological asses—brayed at the moon.

But when men, inexperienced in the evolution of modern thought, and incapable of seeing the simple truth that such congresses are merely the expression of unfaith and mental imbecility—are placed in high Catholic positions, and are moved by so-called liberal and democratic sympathies—what can we expect but non-Catholic action?

At a meeting of a select Catholic literary club, in Chicago, during the year of the World's Fair, I was amazed to hear a prominent Catholic layman extolling the ambition and accomplishments of the Protestant women so prominent in that whitewashed show, and, later, famous as the wreckers of that great enterprise known as the Woman's Temple, in Chicago. Indeed, this Catholic layman expressed himself as inclined to take off his hat in reverence, as it were, every time he passed said temple of female fame; and in general he paraded the reform Protestant women of the age as examples for Catholic women to follow. Of course, as St. Paul once said of St. Peter, I withstood him to his face, because he was to blame; and at the same meeting I begged every Catholic woman present to ignore, utterly, every word they had just heard from the eloquent lips of said Catholic Liberal, and in God's name, for their own sakes, and, above all, for their children's sakes, to follow the quieter example of the noble Catholic women of all ages, who, as mothers, sisters, and saints of God, had made the pages of Church history shine with ineffable glory. Of course, said Catholic Liberal never forgave me, but his poor shrivelled words were blasted by the simple power of God's truth, and he seems to have been a more modest man from that day to this. Occasionally he barks his crudities in other lines, and much of it goes in Chicago, but the bubbles he blows are broken ere they reach the sunlight of heaven.

In condemning "The Congress of Religions" so called, the Holy Father doubtless condemned the Catholics that aided and took part in it, as he has condemned those prelates who so long failed to promulgate the Papal decree against certain secret societies, and those prelates and priests who have been negligent in the matter of establishing parochial schools in their dioceses and parishes, and the true remedy for avoiding the publicity or scandal arising out of the publication of these condemnations is for American prelates and priests to be obedient and truly Catholic in all their ways. Catholic liberalism, so called, is simply a piece of popular hypocrisy.

If there is but one God and one Lord and Saviour—Jesus Christ—and but one authorized teaching and ruling Church on earth as His vice-gerent, and if the doctrine that there is no salvation out of this Church is good Catholic doctrine (and the Catholic that denies any one of these essential points is a renegade), then all of this

hob-nobbing with "our separated brethren," as though they were not separated by a gulf as deep as perdition, is insufferable foolishness and disloyalty, alike to the Church and to Almighty God. Some of us have fought through these isms on our knees and in bitter tears, and we are very glad the Holy Father has put a quietus on several un-Catholic absurdities during the past few years.

If I am not much mistaken, those American Catholic priests and prelates who prattle about the American Sabbath and the American Sunday, will find that in Catholic truth and history there is no such a day or institution, and by and by even these ultra pious wiseacres may be taught from the highest throne on earth—that the Sunday of the Catholic Church ought to be good enough for the American priesthood, even for Cleary, Doyle & Co.

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While this number of the *GLOBE* was going to press, echoes of recent foolish utterances of their reverences—Cleary and Doyle—on the "American Sabbath" reached me through the newspapers. I doubt if these young priests have been in this country long enough to understand either the "American temperance movement," or the "American Sunday," but they have evidently caught Dr. McGlynn's methods of getting into the newspapers. The "American Sunday," as we have it, is simply one of several species of worn-out cant left to us as a legacy of a now well-nigh defunct and always despicable and mouthing Puritanism. The "Continental Sunday," against which these priests are screaming, was the gift of the Catholic Church to civilized European nations, and if as priests they are more smitten with the "American Sunday" than with the Continental Sunday, it does not speak well either for their honesty, their good sense, or their Catholicism.

Even that fussing and fuming crank Parkhurst, since his return from a summer in Europe, is reported as being favorable to opening the New York saloons a portion of the day on Sundays. Now let us hear from the saloon-keepers, as to whether they are in favor of having the Protestant churches open all day or only a part of the day on Sundays. Moral: Send Cleary, Doyle & Co. to Europe, and perhaps they will also return with improved notions of human rights and human liberty. For the present, let me advise them that bad religion is far worse than good whisky, even on Sunday, and that if they would only mind their own business they would be more useful and more modest men.

In truth, since Parkhurst, Roosevelt & Co. were knocked out in New York City, the American Sunday has become a stake over which American politicians are gambling, and a leading theme for newspaper discourse. God pity the poor American Sunday when it has fallen so low. Nevertheless there are rays of light thus escaping on the subject, and Cardinal Gibbons, as quoted by the New York *Literary Digest*, has recently said so admirably what I intended to say in an article on the subject, that it gives me great pleasure to requote his words in these Globe Notes. These are the Cardinal's own words: "The Christian Sunday is not to be confounded with the Jewish Sabbath. It prescribes the golden mean between rigid sabbatarianism on the one hand, and lax indulgence on the other. The Lord's Day to the Catholic heart is always a day of joy. The Church desires us on that day to be cheerful without dissipation, grave and religious without sadness and melancholy. She forbids, indeed, all unnecessary servile work on that day; but as 'the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath,' she allows such work whenever charity or necessity may demand it. And as it is a day consecrated not only to religion, but also to relaxation of mind and body, she permits us to spend a portion of it in innocent recreation." Please notice that there is no mention here of the "American Sunday." The Cardinal is a scholar, and is not posing for popular American sympathy. There is a Christian Sunday, won and founded by the Catholic Church on the basis of its eternal joy over the event of the resurrection of our Lord. Every Catholic knows, or ought to know, that the Christian Sunday is not the *Hebrew Sabbath*; knows, or ought to know, that it was instituted by the Catholic Church, legalized by Constantine, and has since been the blessed inheritance of all Christian nations. The Puritans tried to make a new Hebrew Sabbath out of it and miserably failed. Parkhurst is simply a New York Puritan gone mad with his own conceit. Roosevelt is simply a New York politician with Puritan notions that he wishes to apply to other people, not to himself; and when cranky Catholic priests want a better Sunday than the Church has instituted, they had better doff their vestments and become mere mouthing Parkhurst parsons.

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Touching the Temperance craze of these same cranks, Bishop Doane of the Episcopal Church has so recently expressed my own often expressed views that I am also pleased to quote his words here:

"Bishop Doane declared himself in favor of abandoning entirely the license system and the special features of excise legislation and placing the traffic on the same legal basis with other forms of traffic, subject as they are to the operation of the penal code. The State, according to the Bishop, ought to leave the sale of liquor to be governed by the ordinary laws of supply and demand, and refrain from exercising 'any special control over the traffic other than that which it exercises over the sale of other things.' The law should prohibit drunkenness, selling liquor to minors, violation of Sunday, etc. ; but apart from such restrictions of a general nature, 'beer and spirits and wines are articles of commerce in the same way that bread and butter and beef are,' and should be left to the operation of trade laws. Bishop Doane believes that free trade in liquor would not lead to an increase in the number of saloons, while, on the other hand, saloons would cease to be centers of political influence, as liquor dealers would no longer need to exert political influence for their protection against special legislation."

These are views that I have expressed in this magazine over and over again, and I am glad to see them fathered by a leading Bishop of the Episcopal Church.

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Worse and more of it. During the past year New York has been overrun, trampled upon, outraged and degraded by this set of political clowns, known as reformers, Parkhurst, Roosevelt, Goff & Co. Thousands of reputable, orderly and upright citizens have been insulted, villified and subjected to all sorts of annoyances in the name of a lot of obsolete blue-laws, simply because said citizens were engaged in a certain line of perfectly lawful business, which these clown reformers pretended to disapprove of.

Some of the ablest and most efficient officers of the law have been discharged in disgrace, after rendering the city and the country at large invaluable services, simply to make places for the friends and claquers of these upstart "reformers." Innocent and perfectly respectable ladies have been brutally arrested on our streets by the hirelings of these reformers and have been sent to prison in prison vans, among thieves and loafers of the lowest classes—solely on the ground that said ladies were found on the streets alone after 11 o'clock at night. Tens of thousands of industrious, hard-working men, and gentlemen whose positions and

vocations have obliged them to live in New York without homes of their own and who are dependent on the smaller and less expensive restaurants of the city for such beverages as they choose, *and have a perfect right to choose*, at their meals or at any time on any day of the week, have been hounded and watched like thieves, and obliged to seek side-doors of perfectly reputable saloons and even then to feel a sense of insecurity, lest the hirelings of these wretched reform clowns should pounce upon and bring them before some asinine representative of "reform" law.

In no city of Europe or Asia to-day would the subjects of the most absolute monarchies have borne without mob-resentment what these tens of thousands of perfectly reputable American citizens have borne at the hands of these upstart judges, recorders, asses and clowns of modern "municipal reform." They will, nearly all of them, drink liquor in their own lairs, clubs and homes, Sundays or week-days; but they presume to sit in self-righteous judgment, condemnation and abuse of their fellow-citizens equally as reputable as themselves—simply because these latter prefer to take their beverages on Sundays in the saloons and restaurants they are accustomed to visit during the week. It is none of Lexow's, or Parkhurst's, or Roosevelt's, or Cleary's business whether the saloons are open on Sundays or not.

There has been one redeeming feature of our civilization manifest throughout all this mockery of sham reform, and that has been seen in the freedom and brilliancy with which our New York newspapers have almost uniformly condemned the actions of these upstart clowns, for they are only amateurs even as clowns.

As this is a QUARTERLY REVIEW, I cannot mention in particular the absurd and tyrannous actions of our Roosevelt Salvation Army. Their follies have been and are so frequent that the follies of a month ago are liable to be over-shadowed by their follies of yesterday, and we gladly forget the old sins in face of the new, but the principle of it all is the same, viz., that a lot of common-place and utterly worldly men, regardless of justice, regardless of human rights, have set up an idol that they call the American Sunday and have resolved to make all men worship it, and have set up utterly false standards of morality, contrary to scripture, church, God and man, and have resolved to make all men toe the mark to their false lines of morality.

Talk of Tammany and Superintendent Byrnes—God forbid that

I should be an apologist for any kind of vice or wrong or crime, but I would rather—a thousand times rather—the city of New York and all the cities of the land were under the control of Tammany and under the secret espionage of a man like Byrnes, fees and tips included, than under the insane, baby clown direction of Roosevelt, Goff & Co. If you could get better rule than that of Tammany, Byrnes & Co.'s, well and good. I would be the first to write and vote for it. But you must make better men before you can get better rulers.

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Great is Chicago! Its "World's Fair" mayor was shot into oblivion, and his rich sons had not brain enough to hold even the newspaper their famous father gave them, yet the windy city survived the fall of the Harrison gang. Swing died in his prime, and L. J. Block, a local poet, sang his praises as if the come-outer Protestant had been another Paul of Tarsus; that is the way they do in Chicago. Still the windy city kept blowing its soot-horn as if Swing and Block and the Harrisons were of less account than the mud that bears up the Chicago River. Now, Eugene Field, another hack of the slimmest waisted gifts, has departed this life, rather unexpectedly, and though a reverend fool by the name of Bristol—Rev. Frank Bristol—"gave Field a place with Robert Burns," that is, again, the way they do things in Chicago, the city of Armour and Pullman will probably survive the loss of poor Field, and I simply despise the Catholic papers that have been singing his praises. East and West the average American, having no better religion, is simply a worshiper of fads and fools, hacks and knaves. In New York the average American, spite of his democracy, strains his neck and struggles like mad to gaze upon the face of a respectable but brainless boy, because he happens to be a duke and the last heir of a line of spendthrift cheap Johns. In Chicago the average American—poet and preacher even—yells himself into amusing idiocy to overstate the merits of mediocre men, like Harrison, Swing and Field. Even in Chicago men must worship something besides hogs and palace cars.

A year ago I was told that some railroad official had given Field a special car in which to make a trip—prince like—to New Orleans, where reporters and gossips sang his praises. Perhaps this was what killed the young man. Plain people cannot stand too much honor and glory. In truth, Field was a newspaper hack of the

most ordinary ability, with a tendency toward the higher work of literature. He never wrote a line of true poetry; never did the high and deep thinking that makes even poetic thoughts possible. He had neither the ear nor the touch of a poet; had no rhythm and no rhyme; was utterly lacking in the culture that gives finish to any and all true poetry; was, in fact, a plain, kindly newspaper man, with a school-girl ability for making very poor verses. They nearly all do it. I do not like to make these black marks across the face of your white-washed idols, but somebody must teach the American people how to discriminate between poets and pedagogues and pork-packers and the poltroons who sing the praises of clowns.

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The *New York Catholic Ledger* says: "The Boston members of the W. C. T. U. who objected to the admission of Catholics to the ranks of the Union gave as their reason that 'Romanists' are making great inroads among them, 'preventing freedom of speech,' etc. We will wager a big button that those objecting females of Boston could not be deprived of freedom of speech by any process under the sun short of amputation of the tongue." The GLOBE has frequently suggested a perfectly harmless, but thoroughly effective gag for all such persons and for Roman Catholics as well who persist in lecturing and writing about things they do not understand.

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Touching the exclusion of women from Church councils, that famous gad-about, Frances Willard, is quoted in the *Literary Digest* as having written for the *New York Independent*—that metropolitan relic of Beecher and Tilton—the following piece of ignorant and impudent falsehood:

"But, after all, it was no more out of taste—it struck a note no more dissonant from the sweet, broad spirit of the Gospel than the average service, not of the Catholic Church and its shadow, the Episcopal, which have ruled women out from the service of the house of God, even banishing them from the choir, but of the 'dissenting congregations,' as they are called in England, and the great 'denominations' of America."

And this is a fair specimen of the lying gush such women as Frances Willard promulgate when they open their mouths or use a pen. Women are not banished from the choirs in Catholic

churches, but sing in them and are paid well. The mothers-general of the various religious orders are dignified with the term "Rev.," and not only they, but various Sisters in these orders read prayers in their meetings for worship, and even men are admitted. The Episcopal Church is not a shadow of the Catholic Church, but simply one of a number of Protestant split-offs from the same. "The sweet, broad spirit of the Gospel," from the days of Jesus until now, never admitted women to its teaching and ruling councils, probably for the very reasons so manifest in the words of our famous spinster—viz., that though they are lovely, wise and good, and the Catholic Church trusts them with responsible positions beyond any other organization in the world, they are not broad and sweet enough to entitle them to be heard on such subjects.

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In closing the *Globe Notes* of this issue I am moved, of my own volition, to make the following statement, viz., although I have never published anything in this magazine that I knew at the time to be contrary to Catholic dogma, morals or discipline, and though, when in doubt on any point thus involved I have invariably and of my own choice, submitted the matter to competent priestly supervision, and therefore am without consciousness of sin in any sense—dear friends have intimated to me that some of my statements have approached very near to heresy; therefore, taking their view of the case, and in view of my own later readings, I here and now retract any and all such utterances, whether my own or those of other writers, and assure my friends and my enemies everywhere that it is my fixed purpose to be in all matters a loyal servant of the one only and true Catholic Church of the Living God.

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While this final form of the February GLOBE is going to press, semi-official Cleveland newspapers are announcing that the President and Secretary Olney are both opposed to Senator Davis' Monroe Doctrine bill, and Republican organs frankly admit that the bill may not pass the Senate; cannot pass for weeks; must be amended if it passes at all; is likely to be rejected in the House if it ever gets so far, and will possibly be pigeon-holed on its way. In truth, if it passed both branches, the President would veto it, and readers of the GLOBE may be sure that its only really passing will be under the table into the waste-basket. With all due modesty, the editor of the GLOBE simply dares Congress to pass the Davis Bill.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS AND CATHOLIC CULTURE.

THE subject is twofold, but the parts, like two unimportant chapters of a book, can be nicely folded together. We will treat them in the order here given. The Summer School fad, like the bicycle fad, will probably run itself out after awhile. Both are evolutions of modern genius, and the one bears about as much relation to Catholic Culture as the other—that relation being, as near as I can see, a minus quantity, or, at best, a giddy absurdity on wheels. It is heresy to say this to-day, it may be perfectly orthodox a few days hence; and some of us must speak for the future. Catholic Culture is the planting of world-thought in the modern mind, and the circles and Summer Schools by which it is run into human souls, into human history, are usually clogged, or clogged or spiked and winter-bound, and the paths of it too often stained with the pangs of hunger and of blood.

The Summer School fad started in Concord, Mass., about twenty years ago. Concord was long the hotbed of New England transcendental moonshine. Hawthorne tried the soil, but Margaret Fuller, then an habitu   of the hotbed, was too much for so sensible and gifted a man. Emerson went there after his Boston Unitarian sermons failed to bring down fire from heaven, and there the dear talky-talky dreamer of wise-sounding platitudes spent his life and weaved his meaningless sentences. Thoreau, a sort of northeast attache of Emerson, made the woods of Concord his lonely home, and wrote many valuable things there, but without application to real life, because lacking in world-culture. Last of all, Bronson Olcott, the founder of the Summer School, made his home in the

very house that, earlier, served as subject for Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," and this is where the fad began.

Thirty years ago, when Emerson and Olcott were still in their older prime and both living in Concord, the fame of the seer—as the fond Yankees used to call Emerson—was so great that Olcott was as nobody and but little known outside of certain local New England circles, somewhat given to the study of Plato. Both men had been educated for the Unitarian ministry, but finding nothing to preach about with Unitarianism for a background, Emerson, as he himself put it, "went about lecturing to ladies and gentlemen without a religion, but seeking a new one;" and Olcott made some progress as a pedagogue. Finally, Emerson, very largely through the influence of Carlyle, settled down to something like literary work, and Olcott, having accomplished one good stroke of genius in bringing into being, and bringing up, Louise, the author of "Little Women," etc., took to platonizing by the mile and quarter section, back and forth in an interminable series of monologues called "Conversations in Philosophy."

A philosopher Mr. Olcott never was; but he had learned from Emerson and from Plato the gift of talking from sunrise to sunset, and keeping it up till midnight, without ever growing weary. He was a delightful old gentleman. Indeed, both men were simple and pure-minded as children; lovable and kindly as nursing mothers; but both had lost the only moorings that hold a soul face to face with exact moral, mental or religious truth, and so were useless, even pernicious, as teachers, yet the best of their kind, and hence New England was justified in making much of them.

As Emerson grew old and feeble, Olcott, though always seeming to me the older of the two—and it was my good fortune to know them both personally—appeared to make an intellectual spurt, almost in his second childhood. Thus, in the years from 1870 to 1873, he made trips to the West and became the idol of such little coteries in western towns as even then were devoting themselves to the study of Plato and dreaming of such culture as has since founded the Chicago University, etc.;—nothing to boast of even to this day, but it is all an effort to make a step upward on some other foundations than pigs and palace cars.

Finally Olcott was too old to travel, and as Mohammed could not go to the mountain, the mountain went to Mohammed; in other words, the amateur Platonists of the western towns, notably

from Jacksonville, Ill., concluded that it would be fine Platonism and good fun to have an orchard Summer School of philosophy, in Concord, Mass., with Mr. Olcott as the modern Plato of the Groves, etc. Emerson and many other persons, less dreamy of character, were invited, but I think Emerson never attended; nevertheless, the fad was fashionable from the start. Many of the younger and older Westerners soon became Platos themselves, in a small way; and thus the Summer School sprang—rather say ambled—into a dreamy existence scarcely a stone's throw from that same spot of the Concord Bridge, where the spirited Yankees "first fired those shots heard round the world." In one sense our Summer Schools are all echoes of that same musketry.

Locality, however, is nothing except to cats, and philosophers that amount to something. After awhile Olcott died, but the Summer School fad having become contagious, broke out at Chautauqua, had and has a Chautauqua Magazine, has of late years become a sort of exoteric branch of the "University Extension Movement" as it is called, and I suppose that by this time it is making philosophers almost as fast as a patent incubator makes live chickens out of good fresh eggs—the character and wisdom of the chicken, however, as of old, largely depending on the breed and early training of the hens that laid the eggs.

I think it was Luther who once said, that the devil had no right to all the good tunes or melodies, hence the introduction of many lively airs into modern church music. I suppose it was on this principle that a Chicago priest introduced Irish jig tunes to give variety to the services of the Benediction. The Catholic Church is divine, but Catholics, like Protestants and pagans, are very human. So we come to our Catholic Summer Schools at Plattsburg, I think, and a rival somewhere in Wisconsin, with an imitative Winter School at New Orleans; and if Catholics and Protestants and average Americans do not get smarter than God himself before long it will not be from lack of lecturing and Summer Schools.

What does it all amount to? There's the question. To be or not to be? That is to be a spendthrift temporary fad, with courtship and matrimonial bureau attachments, real attachments, or have we found a royal road to learning and an easy path to the gardens of the gods? Be patient with me, my friends; I think you are flying a very expensive kite, chasing a silly *ignus fatuus*;

merely riding a bicycle and showing your vulgarity, not building of precious stones those temples of eternal thought whose pinnacles shine with Heaven's light, brighter than the stars.

Thirty or forty years ago, before the Summer School and University Extension fads had taken hold of the amateur teachers of this generation, the wide-awake people of our cities and larger towns were often instructed and usually amused by popular lecturers who really knew something and knew how to tell it. But there were giants in those days. Phillips, Beecher, Sumner, Edward Everett and Rev. Dr. Chapin were all men of very superior gifts and powers, such as any man ought to have who presumes to lecture before his fellow-men. Besides this galaxy of popular and able men—the once famous Dr. Lord—quite as superior in his way as any of those mentioned, used to travel from one end of the country to the other, giving very valuable lectures on the famous men and the famous women of ancient and modern times.

Each of these men lectured every year on some chosen theme to the study of which he had given much of his life and of which he was full to the lips and eyes. They were not mere rhetorical pumping machines, lecturing on themes with which they had just filled themselves from the newspapers and encyclopedias. They were not mere mouthing short-coat youngsters, but men of mature years as well as of mature thought and of native and acquired gifts of splendid oratory.

During the same generation John B. Gough was the universal attraction on the subject of drunkenness and temperance.

After these able men had passed away, Talmage and Joseph Cook, men more nearly of my own generation—that is the generation thinned and almost swept away by our civil war—made some show of taking the places of their predecessors. Finally came that slim-waisted gad-about lecturer—Stoddard, and every year the popular lecture platform grew weaker and weaker until men of mere commonplace clap-trap oratory and of mediocre abilities and a minimum of mentality had things pretty much their own way. Thus the new generation came into vogue, and to-day has charge of everything in this country—pulpit, bench, bar, business, politics, and the Summer School fad is one of the latest expressions of this appalling mediocrity. There are not a dozen men in the United States to-day with culture and ideas enough to instruct and entertain such audiences as used to listen to the

popular lecturers I have named. Chauncey Depew makes capital after-dinner speeches that tickle the ears of men already well dulled with wine, and almost any spouting orator can speak well enough to pour molasses over the recreant heads of good fellows at Press Clubs and other Bohemian stag parties; and there are hundreds, nay thousands, of pedagogues in our schools, academies, colleges and universities, secular and ecclesiastical, who are well adapted to the work of teaching classes on the specialties of their own profession. But in God's name and mankind's I protest that we have enough of this pedagogue business during the nine or ten school months of each year, and in behalf of an already over-stuffed and padded and noisy generation of smart know-nothings, I beg the pedagogues to give the world a rest from their labors for two or three months in the year. Beg them for their own sakes to take those months for quieter and deeper communing with nature and their own souls. In a word, to do a little less talking and a little more thinking, and try to be something besides the mere mouthing rhetoricians that most of them now are.

This is meant direct for ninety per cent. of all the Summer School and University Extension lecturers that I have ever heard of, Catholic or Protestant, and if it seems severe they may pardon the garrulousness of an old man and go on with their tomfoolery to the end of time. If I say more I shall simply name names and be a thousand times more severe. As regards the people who usually attend the lecture courses at Summer Schools, I am told that they are made up mainly of school teachers—male and female—of young parsons and students for the ministry and the priesthood, etc. In a word, they are made up of precisely those classes who have already been lectured or lecturing during the ten preceding months out of the twelve, and who, in summer time, by every consideration of body and mind, ought to be taking a rest or pursuing some other and distinctively physical exercise, the very opposite of pedagoguing or of being crammed by pedagogues; in a word, the Summer Schools are attended by people, ninety per cent. of whom are already so smart and so conceited of their smartness, that they do not know what to do with themselves, and who, in sheer charity for themselves and their fellows, ought to sit down and think awhile till they find out what a set of illy-taught, wrongly taught, over-taught, and eternally useless apelings they already are.

The curse of this age is shallow smartness, not whisky or Sabbath breaking; and, as far as I can see, our Summer Schools are simply deepening this curse of universal shallowness, and this is meant direct for every prelate, priest, parson, professor, pedagogue and student in the United States, under sixty years of age, who thinks he knows a great deal more about the business than the Editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and who may, therefore, be inclined to turn up his august nose at what I have just written.

So far I have indicated my lack of sympathy with Summer Schools for two reasons, viz.: (1) Because not one in a hundred of the lecturers lecturing before such schools is competent to instruct them on the themes set down for him. (2) Because ninety per cent. of the attendants at such schools have been lectured well nigh to death by scores of mediocre nobodies already, and ought to be given a rest from that sort of instruction during the holiday season, and might be infinitely better employed. I fully appreciate the grounds of the position I am taking, know very well how many excellent and well-meaning people are engaged in the work I am discrediting, and therefore, that I am liable to incur their displeasure, and perhaps their opposition to my own work in this *REVIEW*. But I have always run the risk of being boycotted by people of this sort, and I propose for their sake to pursue that course to the end.

I am well aware of the fact that only through the Summer Schools, and the magazine organs run to ventilate them, could many priests, parsons, professors and school teachers get their very amateur literature before the public and become known. But in God's name why should they become known? and in the name of all the literary culture of the past ages, why should their puerile effusions ever be printed or published anywhere on this earth? Must the printing press necessarily be crowded to death as the hireling of ignorance and mediocrity? Must the ears and eyes of the race be forever deluged with cheap and nasty Niagaras of clap-trap and mendacity?

Is it a crime to sit down quietly and think once more? Are we irretrievably resolved on being a nation of shallow-pated, talky-talky, magpie fools? Is it an offence to look through your silly shams and point you to higher things? There are already three times too many newspapers and periodicals in this land, and ninety per cent. of them given to the Summer School business in one

form or another. Why willfully increase this contagious disease, and above all in the summer time?

Priests, parsons, professors and students, male or female, who have ability to write and brains and experience enough to think thoughts worth publishing, find no trouble already in securing vehicles for their thoughts. But, alas, it is the fellow who can't write and who can't or won't think that always wants to be heard. Surely the pulpit and the class-room and the newspapers ought to be enough for such as these.

I have, however, another serious ground for my lack of sympathy with the Summer School fad. If the season were more opportune; if the audiences were more in need and the lecturers more competent, I still hold that the Summer School would, under existing conditions, be an unpardonable luxury of extravagance.

It is always true that the incapable and unworthy thing needs most to be stipendized, tariffed, protected, capitalized, patronized, subsidized, and, as far as I am able to learn, this is particularly true of our Summer Schools. Indeed I am reliably informed by those who know, that our Catholic Summer Schools, and most of our Catholic periodicals and newspapers for that matter, are run by syndicates of clerics, who receive for their support large bequests and subsidies, and that without such aids they could not live or thrive.

God forbid that I should discourage bequests or subsidies for worthy intellectual or religious purposes. Indeed I glory in every great benevolence bestowed upon the Church for her legitimate work of saving souls; but when such Summer Schools, magazines or newspapers become the media of undeveloped thought, of mediocre prejudices, of unholy ambitions, and are run to please and pander to the vanity of this prelate or to holster up this fad or that, or the other race or sectional prejudice, and by virtue of such inherent weaknesses provoke only the contempt of able men and pander to the lowest ignorance of the ignorant; and when this process is still further carried out in the holidays by begging and gathering together large sums of money—using religious positions as a lever in the case—and to perpetuate the sort of chromo-culture I have described, I think it time to enter a mild protest and to point out ways of greater possible usefulness for the same expenditure of means.

The one crying need of the age is a great magazine devoted to

intellectual and literary culture in the interest of Catholic Christianity and supported by the whole Catholic Church. I founded the *GLOBE REVIEW* to fill some such need. I have run it almost single-handed these last six years in this interest alone, and I have the willing and blessed testimony of hundreds of cultured and noble souls—Catholic and Protestant—that it is accomplishing untold good. Nearly three thousand out of the eight thousand priests of the United States are among its readers, though not all subscribers, and I cannot close my eyes to the fact that it has either the lukewarm sympathy or the direct opposition of hundreds and thousands of fadists with their own small axes to grind—both in the Catholic and Protestant persuasions.

I am perfectly convinced that any one issue of this *REVIEW* published during the last four years, has done more for the advancement of Catholic truth and Catholic culture than has been done by all the meetings and all the lectures of all the Catholic or Protestant Summer Schools yet held in this land; still the cardinals and the archbishops do not come to me or to my office with their voluntary offerings of thousands of dollars or with their presence to boom and encourage the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and the bishops and priests of the Church do not in any great numbers beg contributions and subsidies for it. The churches are not open to me that I may appear in them as a beggar for my magazine, and I have no lackey to puff me in the newspapers. I would not be misunderstood; many of our leading prelates and priests are its earnest friends, but I fancy they fear my independence; perhaps they fear that I am growing rich. I could tell them stories on the latter head that would make their coldest and most diplomatic souls wince with sorrow—but, God forbid. The prelate is not born who is prouder than I am, in a righteous sense, and I will maintain my independence as a teacher of literary Catholic truth, even if I have to die in silence while they are feasting over fads at Summer Schools. My undiminished loyalty to the Catholic Church is in this, that it devotes itself absolutely to the salvation of human souls by such methods as it, in its divine wisdom, has determined on. But literature, and Protestantism, and freedom, and Americanism, and race prejudices, and journalism, and periodical publications to command the reading and thought of the modern world: these are all new items of opposition or help through which the Church is only just beginning to see and feel its way; and

instead of setting every crass thinker and every prejudiced and impulsive priest to do work that only can be properly done by trained laymen in sympathy with the Church—surely it ought to be one of the universal ambitions of this Church to find such laymen and to allow them all freedom and to support them with all help and to crown them with all the honors that the Church of God has to bestow.

Instead of this, recreant underlings and literary hacks are set to abuse and destroy the work of men who are the peers of the greatest souls that God ever gave to the ages of mankind. Though a preacher for many years, and giving up a pulpit to enter the Catholic Church as a simple layman, and though I have given the best years of my life to study and understand religious problems, I now approach the humblest priest on these themes, in the confessional or in the church pew, or in conversation, with the simple feelings and confidence of a child. But when cardinals, archbishops, bishops or priests, approach me on questions of journalism, literature, politics—editorial work—they must either approach me in the same spirit, as learners, not as subtle, insidious and insinuating superiors, or they must learn from me that it is their duty and that it ought to be their pleasure thus to approach me. In a word, the Catholic cleric publications of the country, and especially the cleric-ruled Summer Schools of the country, need a literary censor in touch with the thought and literature of the age; and in the absence of any offer of \$25,000 a year to act as such censor, I peril the very existence of my REVIEW to tell the Catholics of America these unwelcome truths.

Who reads your Catholic magazines or newspapers, and what influence have they upon the thought and culture of this age and nation? And what do your Summer Schools accomplish but to encourage the wider perpetration of the twaddle and trash that now so largely fill your magazines and weekly journals? In this matter the Protestant world is a million diameters ahead of the Catholic world.

Have we not the faith and the philosophy that have overturned the world? And are we become a set of underlings, afraid of the thoughts that are in our souls? I could give some startling facts of the ways in which money has been gathered, and, in my judgment, largely wasted by the amateur enterprises I am here discrediting. But I do not wish to be personal, in truth will not

be; I am writing on general principles and urging a plea for a higher order of modern Catholic literature.

My general position is that the Church and its distinctive machinery and appliances are largely sufficient for the distinct work of cultivating pious observances, and that in this work it has my unbounded love and loyalty. That periodicals and newspaper publications cannot be used for this to any extent, and should be used for a much more pressing need, the fact remaining that the first need is already covered in a divine way by the divine ministries of the Church. That the present need or work of Catholic literature is not either to expatiate in elaborate and rhetorical treatises on the divinity of the Church in past ages or in the present age; much less to boom mere newspaper hacks as summer school lecturers on "The Philosophy of Literature," etc., but to keep itself everlastingly informed of the position of the anti-church literature of the present age, and to prove its own IMMEDIATE DIVINITY, by outwitting, out-writing, out-philosophizing and out-publishing the devil and his angels as cloaked in the thousand-fold Protestant cultures and humbuggeries of the day. Can babes of the woods or mere rhetorical clerics do this? Not to any extent, my friends. It will not do simply to sneer at these things with priestly superiority. A little more intellectual activity would enable many priests to win to Catholicism the intellectual skeptics of their particular parishes. I glory in the work that Father Elliot is doing in this line; that is purely an apostolic labor, worthy of heaven's blessing. The Church is divine, but its personnel is very human, too often pitifully and despicably human; and if all be true, it has lost tens of thousands of its own children in this land of freedom, about which some prelates are such eternal enthusiasts. Something, therefore, is wrong. The apostates are not wholly to blame. Try honest and kindly and open-faced truth for awhile, and work in all the charity you are expecting of me.

Protestant Summer Schools bear about the relation to modern intellectual world-culture, that the young peoples' Christian Endeavor Society bears to the moral culture of the race. Both alike are the sputterings of crass and amateur mediocrity, assuming to take the places of the great mental and moral teachers of the world. Yet a so-called *Catholic Review* recently held up the latter organization as something that Catholics had better imitate.

God forbid. The young men are well-meaning, but the down of un wisdom is yet on their chins. They have not yet cut their eye-teeth in the speech-making apparatus of literature. Every fellow can write in this age, but it is what you write and how you write that stamps you as wise men or clowns.

Catholic Summer Schools are precisely like Protestant Summer Schools; only as they are organized and run by priests we are supposed to wink approval. A pox upon such hypocrisy; a pox upon all diplomatic and pig-headed duplicity, which, being honored by officiality, assumes that it bosses the universe.

In the long run only superior intellect, superior conscience, superior character or superior charity—the crown of all virtue—bosses anything worth bossing in a world or a universe run by omniscient wisdom and infinite love.

It was subtle, official, wire-pulling meddling and lack of whole-souled appreciation that worried the great-hearted and noble-minded Brownson. It was the same stuff that harrowed the soul of McMaster, and the same precisely that has soured and partially silenced the only really able and brilliant Catholic writer in this country. I refer, of course, to Father Lambert. And I do *not* refer to any trouble he had originally with his bishop, but am speaking in this case of Father Lambert's literary work in recent years. Is not the ability of such men worth something to the Church? Ought we not to recognize such souls and crown them at least with our love and aid? Must official mediocrity always wait till superiority is dead, perhaps of poverty and a broken heart, before said mediocrity doffs its hat and recognizes a master mind? Are Catholic Summer Schools and Catholic journalism good for nothing but to raise money for trashy literature, and to praise and puff officials already so full of vanity that they forever strut, rooster-like, on the ruins of better souls than their own?

Pardon me, dear friends, I mean only what you mean in your better moments, viz., such consecration to God's truth and righteousness, in obedience to our dear mother the Catholic Church, as shall do for this age what the apostles and martyrs did for their age. Let us not be mere apelings. We also have the power to rule nations and overturn the world, but not by shaking some green or red flag to the breeze instead of uplifting the cross of Christ.

Do you tell me that Egypt and Palestine, and Turkey in Asia and in Europe, and Spain, France and England, and already tens

of thousands of Catholics in America, have been lost to the Catholic Church because it was so loyal to the ideal for which Jesus died and His apostles shed their blood?

It is folly to dream of such nonsense. Our own martyrs would not admit the dream. I believe that your Catholic Summer Schools, as they have been run so far, are all in the line of this conceited nonsense, a sort of mixed literary and pious game of tennis and child's play with the lightnings of eternity; and my plea is not against any man or priest in particular, but simply for a higher order of consecration to all that is great in our past and all that is great and ought to be great in our present history.

It is of no consequence to me who is made cardinal to-day or to-morrow, or how many of you are made cardinals. I have no ambition for honors, hence no envy of any man; but it is of consequence to me that little men fill large places with petty duplicities instead of with the power of truth and of God.

With the Sermon on the Mount and St. Paul's 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians, not to speak of its own divinity these last nineteen hundred years, the Catholic Church ought to be accomplishing ten thousand times more than it is accomplishing in this land in our day.

Lay aside your wretched personal ambitions and your petty quarrels, drop your race prejudices and your Yankee follies and, taking God's truth alone in your hand, stand for it, and die if need be, and see what great things God will do for His Church in these our own last days. Quit aping Protestant liberalism in the matter of Summer Schools and other fads, which themselves are the outgrowth of Protestant weakness alike in its methods and powers, and by strong thinking, good writing, brave living, good and not cheap and nasty printing, and by vigorous publishing, and a charity which not only suffereth long and is kind, but thinketh no evil, prove to this modern world what the apostles proved to the ancient world, that you are God's vicegerents, not merely by the shibboleths of ecclesiastical authority, but by the power of the living God which dwelleth or which ought to dwell within you. Do not think that this is presumption in me. My years and my manner of life justify me in thus writing. Why do I write thus? I have seen more sycophancies and panderings to mere purple vanity than would sicken the heart of a god, and I am weary of seeing such stuff perpetrated either in the name of religion or of litera-

ture. Why connect this with Summer Schools? Simply because and for purposes of filthy lucre, they seem to me to be hotbeds of just such panderings, and not at all conducive to any higher Catholic culture of body or soul in these days.

A certain gifted but somewhat facetious Jesuit priest in New York is credited with the remark that our Catholic Summer Schools were, at least, proving a success as matrimonial bureaus. Even this is not a despicable business, but it is hardly one for which dignified and exalted priestly officials would volunteer to send begging and expensive circulars for life membership to all the clergy of America.

Is literature a plaything? Is culture a fad for amateur fools to sneeze at? Did not Socrates die for culture? Did not Jesus of Nazareth, our Lord and Master, give up His life to impart the light and love of God unto the modern world? Is there no difference between a literary man, a man of culture, and every despicable hack that will allow himself to be kicked and patronized by cardinals or kings?

Were not the ancient Hebrew prophets literary men? And Sophocles, and Plato, and Plutarch, and Dante, and Will Shakespeare? Were these men to be directed and patronized in a superior way by the prelates of their day?

Have we fallen so utterly low, are we so unutterably weakened in our brains and backbones, that mere fifth-rate curates are the lords of our modern literature and masters of our Summer Schools for Catholic Culture? Are we all slaves, that a few conceited half-taught hirelings may drag us where they will?

We have not one respectable magazine in the country for the intelligent Catholic people of the country. The *Catholic Quarterly Review*, of Philadelphia, is a heavy weight and a very long-winded champion of ecclesiasticism, meant only to put priests to sleep after a good dinner. The *University Bulletin*, of Washington, is the same, only more so. The *Ecclesiastical Review* is the same, but fortunately less so. That is, there is less of it. The *Catholic World*, of New York, is a poorly printed concentration of slim-waisted cant and crankiness, a sort of cross between liberal Yankeeism and ultra Romanism, gone to temperance pledging and Hebrew Sabbath-breaking. *Donahoe's* is much like the *Catholic World*, only not half so pious and hence more interesting.

The last thing I hear of is the *Missionary*, a quarterly published

by the Paulist Fathers to catch Protestants. Doubtless it will spend lots of money, but it will be no better than the *Catholic World*. In truth, these magazines published by syndicates of clerics are the very things that stand in the way of any great Catholic magazine in this country. Of the distinctively pious Catholic magazines I have nothing to say except that I think the work they aim at is much better done by the services of the altar and from the pulpits of our Catholic churches.

Intelligent Catholics do read: they read the newspapers, they read the cheaper monthly illustrated magazines, and some of the brighter and more intellectual among them are gradually finding the *GLOBE REVIEW* and reading it with immense relief and enthusiasm. But the *GLOBE* is not subsidized, has no imprimatur but my own. True, it has the commendation of our ablest prelates and without my seeking it has the distinct blessing of Leo XIII, and its circulation and influence are increasing every year, but I want to see it or some other and better Catholic magazine read with enthusiasm and delight by tens of thousands of Catholics and Protestants for every one thousand of them that now read the *GLOBE REVIEW*. Pardon me if I add in closing, that no syndicate of clerics in the United States can possibly make such a magazine. In truth, they have a much higher and deeper work to do. God help them to do it and to aid those of us who are trying to aid them.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

IS WOMAN MENTALLY INFERIOR TO MAN?

THE misogynist believes woman to be mentally little better than the beast of the field. The cicisbeo, on the contrary, imagines her, in this respect, to be far superior to man. Neither of the opinions of these extremists, however, is worth much, since both are founded on prejudice; on the one side an inveterate hate; on the other an over-weening fondness. It may, therefore, be both just and interesting, especially as mankind in general are prone in a greater or less degree to cater to one or the other of these parties, to arrive, if possible, at some other more liberal conclusions in the matter.

A writer in the *Galaxy Magazine*, in arguing against the mental

inferiority of women to men, makes the following pretty, though entirely weak and fallacious statement: "The difference between them does not lie in any difference of their mental powers as to quantity—as whether the capacity of the one is equal to a pint and the other to a quart, so to speak. This sort of measurement is equally applicable between man and man, as between man and woman."

The fallaciousness of this argument must be too manifest to every candid and logical mind to require any lengthy explication. It is here noticed, chiefly, as a specimen of the arguments too generally employed by writers on both sides of the question at issue. Because some men, in the quantity of their mental powers, are inferior to other men or even to some women, is no argument to prove that men of the highest mental powers are not in this respect superior to women. If we compare at all, we must compare fairly. It will not do to compare the brains of an average man with those of an abnormal woman. Clearly, what we must do is, first, to compare together the quantity of brains (*i. e.* its weight and size) of the average man with that of the average woman, and, secondly, the quantity of brains of the abnormal man with that of the abnormal woman. Then, only, can we arrive at any truth in the matter.

That the brain of woman actually weighs less than the brain of man (*i. e.*, the brain of the average woman as compared with that of the average man, and the brain of the abnormal woman as compared with that of the abnormal man) is a fact which all physiologists worthy the name concede. The argument of our friend from the *Galaxy*, therefore, is not only fallacious in point of reasoning, but also entirely erroneous (as it does not bottom the matter) with respect to the facts in support of it. For such noted physiologists as Manouvrier, Tiedemann, Combe, Austin, Donaldson, Broca, and others, have, by many experiments made, proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the weight of the average man's brain measures 50 ounces, while the brain of the average woman measures but 45 ounces. Further, it has been conclusively proved by experiment, that the largest known brain of a man weighs about 67 ounces, while the largest known brain of a woman weighs but 61 ounces. These last are the measurements of the brains of those abnormal men and women of whom we have previously spoken. Thus we see that there is an actual

difference of about five ounces between the brains of the *average* man and woman, and a difference of about six ounces between the largest brains of the *abnormal* man and woman. These differences and others are well shown in the following very interesting table from Professor Henry Donaldson's admirable work on the "Growth of the Brain," wherein is given the comparative weights in grammes of the *macrocephalic* (*i. e.*, largest known) male and female brains and of the *microcephalic* (*i. e.*, smallest known) male and female brains, together with comparative weights of intermediate cases

CLASSES.	MALES.	FEMALES.
Macrocephalic	1925—1701	1743—1501
Large	1700—1451	1500—1351
Medium	1450—1251	1350—1151
Small	1250—1001	1150— 901
Microcephalic	1000— 300	900— 283

When it is known that 15.45 troy grains are equal in weight to one gramme, and that 437.5 troy grains equal one ounce, any one familiar with the rudiments of arithmetic may readily reduce the figures in the preceding table to their corresponding figures in ounces.

Having now sufficiently shown that the brain of woman is actually less weighty than the brain of man, it is comparatively easy to show that the size of man's brain is larger than that of woman. By this, of course, is not meant that the brains of *some* particular women are smaller than the brains of *some* particular men, for this is not true; as the brains of an abnormal woman may be actually larger than the brains of an average man. What is meant, and here let it be stated once for all, is that the brain of the *average woman* is smaller in size than that of the *average man*; and that the brain of the *abnormal man* is larger, in the same respect, than that of the *abnormal woman*. It is by not carefully attending to these points of distinction (for the necessity of which see Locke on the Understanding) that has sent so many writers on both sides of this question and others, into irrevocable oblivion.

It is a well-known law of nature that when two concrete things are equal in every respect but size and weight, the more weighty one of these things is the larger it is—*e. g.*, two cannon balls cast from the same metal, the one weighing 10 pounds and the other 20 pounds, the latter, invariably, will be found to possess the greater size. Again, a man weighing but 120 pounds will be found

to be smaller (not necessarily in height) than another man weighing 170 pounds. So it is with all things in nature, and so it is with the human brain. Given two brains equal in every respect but size and weight, the more weighty the brain, the larger it is in size. This statement is also sufficiently supported by the fact that physiologists, generally, concede that the size of man's brain is larger than that of woman.

While, then, all physiologists concede that in size and weight, woman's brain is smaller than man's, some claim like Tiedemann, that the brain of woman, relatively speaking (*i. e.*, in proportion to the size of her body), is equal to, if not larger than the male brain, and that, perhaps, education will eventually bring it to the same size and weight with man's. As regards the first of these observations, it carries with it absolutely no weight in the present case; since it has been proved that the actual size and weight of man's brain (with which alone we are now dealing) is greater than that of woman's. As to whether *education* will ever develop the woman's brain to the same size and weight with man's, is also a speculation foreign to the present. This the future, alone, could ever conclusively prove. As the case now stands, there are two strong arguments against this last supposition. First, physically (*i. e.*, by physical education), woman must develop so as to reach the same bodily size and strength with man. For if it be admitted that relatively (*i. e.*, in proportion to the size of her body) her brain is larger than man's, and that the size of the body affects the size of the brain, then it must be admitted that in proportion as her body increases in size and weight so will increase the size of her brain. Now, in judging of the future, the only conclusive arguments that can be adduced are the facts drawn from past experience. But the experience of the past 4,000 years shows that there has been no such physical development on the part of woman. Hence this observation falls to the ground. Secondly, the experience of the past proves, also, that mental education will never develop woman's brain to the same size and weight with man's. The origin of woman is co-equal with the origin of man; *i. e.*, if the Bible speaks truly. Now the mental education of woman has always been found to advance as man's has advanced, and to deteriorate as man's has deteriorated. To suppose, therefore, that woman's brain, by mental education, will reach the same size and weight as man's, is to suppose that the mental education of man himself will

remain at a standstill, while that of woman rolls up to it. There is nothing in the history of the past to support such a statement. Hence, like the first, it is groundless.

But though it is sufficiently clear and universally accepted that the brain of man exceeds in size and weight the brain of woman, another most important question here presents itself, naturally, to our minds; viz., is size and weight of brain indicative of mental strength and vigor? In other words, given two brains equal in every other respect (*i. e.*, in health, education, density, quality, etc.) except size and weight, is the larger and weightier brain indicative of superior mental power? We think it is, for the following very obvious reasons:

First, because the very nature of the thing shows it to be so. We have already shown it to be a law of nature that, of two things equal in every respect but weight and size, the weightier the thing, the larger the thing. So of two things equal in all respects but size and weight, the *larger* and *weightier* the thing the stronger or more powerful will it be. The law is absolute; *e. g.*, take two cannon balls, the one weighing 10 pounds, the other 20 pounds. No one, for an instant, would doubt that the one weighing 20 pounds is heavier and larger than the one weighing 10 pounds, and that the crushing force of the larger is increased by exactly 10 pounds. So of two beams of oak, equal in length and equally well seasoned, the one measuring 4 x 4 inches, the other 8 x 8 inches; no one could gainsay that the larger and heavier beam does not possess more strength than the smaller. So with all things in nature. So with two men fully developed in muscular strength, the heavier and larger man possessing heavier and larger muscles, will invariably be found stronger than the smaller. If not, then *everything* but size and weight is not equal. So, also, will it be found with the human brain: *everything else being equal*, the largest and weightiest brain is bound to evince the greatest mental strength and vigor.

Since, however, some small brain persons have evinced more mental strength than some large brain persons, it will be here objected that the foregoing law does not hold good with respect to the human brain. That *some* small brain persons evince as much or more mental strength as *some* large brain persons is not to be denied; but, notwithstanding, we must not fall into the fallacy of supposing that, therefore, all small brain persons evince as much

or more mental strength as *all* large brain persons, or that *any* small brain person has ever evinced as much mental power as *some* abnormally large brain persons. This is not true; as on investigation, it will be found that the number of small brain persons evincing as much mental strength as *some* large brain persons, form really exceptional cases. Nevertheless, the question naturally arises: how can we account for these exceptions?

That there are exceptions to every law of nature is universally accepted. But no logical mind believes for a moment that an exception can disprove a rule. If, on the other hand, the said rule can satisfactorily explain these exceptions, then we have the most convincing proofs of the correctness of such rule or law. In the case in hand, it will be seen that the foregoing law does really explain all those exceptions that can occur.

We have said that of two brains *equal in every respect* (*i. e.*, in health, circumstances, education, time, quality, etc.), but size and weight, the larger and weightier brain will evince the greater mental power. If all brains were alike, in every respect but size and weight (as pieces of well-seasoned hickory wood), the law would appear equally clear in the case in hand; but the fact is that many brains differ widely "in these respects" but size and weight. It is, therefore, to these differences in the health, education, circumstances, etc., of brains (excepting size and weight) that account for all those exceptions that come under the present rule. Thus a small brain, in perfect health, may manifest more mental strength than a large one diseased; as a small oak tree, perfectly sound, may be stronger than a large one rotten at its core. Again, the advantages of a good education, of which many large brain persons are denied, may account for the elevating of a small brain person, mentally, to a position of eminence above a large brain person. It requires little discernment to perceive this. The skeptic, however, will here step in remarking, "Very true; but then this only goes to prove that education overbalances the supposed differences in mental strength between small and large brain persons." But not so fast. So long as the large brain person is denied education, it cannot be denied that the balance of mental strength lies in favor of the small brain person who possesses all the advantages of a good education. But give the large brain person equal advantages of education with the small brain person, and other things being equal, the large brain person will manifest

every time the greater mental strength. This is proved by the fact that many persons with healthy brains, and in favorable circumstances, can never be taught mathematics, science and many other things beyond a certain point; while others, with very little exertion, attain to much eminence in these things. Now, since experience proves that no education can ever make such persons proficient in certain mental attainments (seeing that the two brains are equal in every respect but size and weight), how does the skeptic account for these mental inequalities? The fact is he cannot, except he admit that this lack in some and adaptability in others to grasp certain mental subjects is due to a difference in the size and weight of the brain, which gives greater or less (as the brain is larger or smaller) capacity in individuals, for education.

Circumstances again explain many cases wherein small brain persons have attained mental eminence over large brain persons. Says Locke in his essay on the Understanding: "Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade and never produces anything for want of improvement." So the inventions of a Howe may become lost to the world (as happened nearly to the inventions of this great man) through the poverty of the inventor. On the other hand, the advantages of wealth and position have often enabled a small brain person to shine brilliantly before the world.

Time, also, has much to do in accounting for many of those exceptional cases of the supremacy or eminence of small brain persons. At first sight this seems paradoxical, but, nevertheless, it is true. If given the time in which to perform some mental feat a small brain person may accomplish apparently as much as a large brain person; just as a truck horse, if given the time, may travel over a given space of ground as surely as a race horse. If the truck horse should pass over the ground alone, none might notice the slowness and illness of his gait. But if he should be put in competition with the race horse, and it should be required to pass over the ground swiftly, no one could doubt which of the two horses would out-speed the other. So it is with some small brain persons who, only in a less degree, possess all the mental faculties of some large brain persons. Give them plenty of time and, little by little, like the tortoise who, in *Æsop's* fable, outstripped the hare, they will attain, mentally, to the same eminence with many large brain persons. But put them in competition with large brain persons equally wide-awake, and the inferiority of your small brain

persons is at once felt. So all other cases of the eminence of small brain persons over large brain persons may be clearly accounted for. Hence the objections brought forward carry no weight with them.

Secondly, the experiments of noted physiologists, as far as any have been made, prove, beyond doubt, that size and weight of brain is indicative of mental power. Whether it be possible to detect such close degrees of mental strength as are held forth by the phrenologist, is a very questionable point; but that the size and weight of a brain taken as a whole (though but an ounce larger than another) indicates superior mental strength or vigor, is not to be doubted. From such experiments as have been made, it has been fairly ascertained that when a man's or a woman's brain measures under 25 ounces in weight, the result is, invariably, idiocy. On the other hand, healthy brains weighing over 50 ounces, manifest, as a rule, in proportion to the increase above this weight, greater mental powers. These are not isolated cases, but the deductions made from many careful experiments. Thus, it has been ascertained that the brain of the Russian novelist, Tourgenieff, weighed over 65 ounces; Daniel Webster's brain weighed $63\frac{3}{4}$ ounces; Abercrombie, the English writer and theologian's brain, weighed 63 ounces; while Spurzheim's brain had a weight of 55 ounces. So the brains of Skobelev, the Russian general; Harless, the physiologist; Gambetta, the statesman; Assevat, the political writer; Wright, the mathematician; Conderean, the physician; Hermann, the physiologist; Thackeray, the novelist; Grote, the historian; Bonaparte, the general, and the brains of many other eminent men, all measured above 55 ounces in weight. These facts are principally from an elaborate table in Professor Donaldson's work on the growth of the brain. A few cases are there cited of eminent men having brains somewhat below 55 ounces. These, however, are exceptions and have been already fully accounted for in the foregoing. Since then, idiocy is invariably the result when a person possesses a brain weighing 25 ounces or under; and, on the other hand, mental strength is consequent in increased proportion from 45 ounces up to 67 ounces, it is but a just inference, especially as there are no weighty arguments to the contrary, to suppose that brains intermediate to these extremes will manifest greater or less mental power as they approach in size and weight either one or the other of these extremes. What this pro-

portion is or whether it may be ascertained, as many believe, from the exterior conformation of the head, are questions entirely beside our present purpose; but it is certainly reasonable to suppose (without professing phrenology) that if in many cases (as we have just shown) different sizes and weights of brain indicate various degrees of mental force, it will do so as a rule in all other cases. Hence we see that we have strong reasons for accepting the conclusion that the larger and weightier a brain is, *everything else being equal*, the greater will be the mental strength manifested.

From what has preceded, we are thence naturally driven to the conclusion that women as a class are mentally inferior to man. For it has been sufficiently proved that the size and weight of woman's brain (*i. e.*, as a class) is less than that of man's brain as a class. It has also been proved that the larger and weightier the brain, the greater the mental force. Consequently, since woman's brain is similar to man's brain (*i. e.*, manifests similar faculties) in every respect but size and weight and the higher mental force that is attendant upon these two things, it follows most obviously, that she must be inferior to man in mental strength, vigor, or intensity. This, however, does not necessarily imply, as we shall see later on, that woman is an *inferior being* (*i. e.*, an irrational being) in this respect, but only that she is inferior to man. The argument, undoubtedly, carries with it much weight; and in what immediately follows, we shall see that facts strengthen it at every step.

In all nations throughout all ages, women have been ever held in subjection by the men. Lord Macaulay, than whom no other stands higher as an historian, remarks that "if there be a word of truth in history, women have been always, and still are, over the greater part of the globe, humble companions, playthings, captives, menials, beasts of burden. Except in a few happy and highly civilized communities, they are strictly in a state of personal slavery."

Among Jews and Christians throughout the civilized world, woman, to-day, is regarded generally to be under the subjection or rule of man, as is manifested by such passages from the Bible as the following: "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and *he* shall rule over thee." (Genesis 3: 16; Titus 2: 5). In every community, civilized or uncivilized, the husband to-day, as of old, is universally acknowledged head of the family; and in ninety cases out of a

hundred actually is. Politically it is true, that in many communities this subjection, so to speak, is merely passive; *i. e.*, woman is simply debarred certain rights (as voting and public office) which the men claim solely as their own. Voting, in a few limited and exceptional cases, has been extended to woman; but this, even in free America, is neither universal nor popular. As regards her bodily freedom, woman in many states is to-day (as she should be) her own master; but the fact that in ninety cases out of a hundred the man supports his wife, gives him, to a great extent, the power of ruling over her.

Since then woman has been always held in subjection to man, as is clearly proven by the facts from history, she must have been so held by one of three forces: *viz.*, physical force, mental force, or moral force; since these, it is self-evident, are the only three forces which can give power to one nation or one person over another. That mental force rather than physical or moral force has ever enabled one nation, family, or clan to subjugate or rule over another, is proved by all the experience of the past. Physical force, it is true, has ever played an important part in the subjugation of nations, but mental force, pre-eminently, has always led or guided it—*e. g.*, in the wars between the Romans and the Carthagenians, the latter, physically, were never a match for the former; but the superior abilities of Hannibal as a strategist more than placed the balance of power in the favor of the Carthagenians. But this truth is too generally accepted to-day to require any further demonstration. That moral force or virtue as an element of political power is also subservient to mental force is made very evident from the following remarks of Hildreth, extracted from that admirable work, "The Theory of Politics:" "Hitherto, this (the author is here speaking of virtue) has been one of the weakest of all the elements of power; indeed, many have denied that it is an element of power at all. The sagacious and keen-sighted Machiavel remarks, that he who aims at power has no need of virtue itself, but only the appearance of it; the appearance of virtue being a help, while the reality of it is a mere impediment. And there is a great deal of plausibility in this observation; for it is sufficiently certain, that while a reputation for virtue is, in many states, an essential element of power, and in all states a help, the actual possession of it proves a great stumbling-block to the attainment of political eminence."

Now woman, mentally, must be either superior to man, equal to him, or inferior to him. One of these three things she must be. If, therefore, she were mentally equal to man why has she not, like many nations, held an equal position on earth with man, instead of being held in all nations throughout all ages, as facts conclusively prove, under the subjugation of man? Again, if she were mentally superior to man (seeing that it is due to mental superiority, principally, that one nation, family, or clan has ever subdued another) is it not a trifle absurd to suppose, as is really the case, that woman would hold exactly that position towards man which, mentally, an inferior being would naturally be supposed to hold towards a superior? It must be so confessed. We are thus driven to the conclusion that woman, mentally (*i. e.*, as a class) is an inferior being to man. And this is all the more conclusive when we consider that, though in every state woman is held in subjection to man, still in many states it is as clear as day that she is not so held by physical force. Hence she must be so held by superior mental force.

Again, the same writer, before quoted from the *Galaxy Magazine*, in speaking of the mental difference between man and woman, says: "Nor does it consist in quality. Comparison and reasoning in man are equally comparison and reasoning in woman, and a given woman may possess a superior ability in that or in any other direction to a given man."

When we examine this argument closely, we shall see that it is glaringly fallacious. Any logical mind knows that both comparison and reasoning in man are equally comparison and reasoning in woman, without being told, since both are rational beings. But that is not the point. It lies in the question: "Does woman possess this comparison and reasoning (*i. e.*, mental ability) in as great a degree as man?" Let us carefully examine this question to arrive at the truth.

Now, the writer of this extract from the *Galaxy* affirms that woman does possess this comparison and reasoning to as great a degree as man, because "a given woman may possess a superior ability in that or in any other direction to a given man." In support of this statement, she would, probably, bring up such examples of women as have attained eminence in many pursuits, against men of inferior abilities in the same pursuits. Others would bring up the case of Miss Ramsay, a daughter of Sir James

Ramsay, of Banff, Scotland, who obtained at the same examination the high honor of senior classic at the University of Cambridge, above all the men. Another case would be quoted on us of five young women who carried off the honors at Colby University because the boys thought more of "ball" than "study." But let us dig a little more deeply into this matter.

The fact that Miss Ramsay took the honors at the university of Cambridge above all the men at the same examination, does absolutely nothing towards solving the question in hand in favor of the women. All that it proves is that this particular woman had more brains than those particular men. Our profound author (who happens to be a man, and whom, therefore, we need not spare) in bringing up such an argument commits a grave logical fallacy. He overlooks the fact that Miss Ramsay, perhaps, is the *only* woman who has ever taken honors at Cambridge. But even if a few other women had taken honors at the same college, our author overlooks the fact that honors previously and since have been won by the men. In comparing, then, the mental abilities of Miss Ramsay with the mental abilities of the men, we must compare them with the mental manifestations of those many men who have *also* won the same honors at the same college, and not with the mental manifestations of that particular lot of men over which Miss Ramsay won her honors. For it cannot be denied that these particular men were, mentally, not only inferior to Miss Ramsay, but also inferior to men of the greatest mental powers; since many men who have taken honors at Cambridge might be quoted against whom the mental manifestations of Miss Ramsay would fall into insignificance. Besides, taking honors at college is no great test of a man's mental abilities. Sir Walter Scott and others who have attained to marked eminence in life, have been pronounced mere blockheads at school or college. Favoritism, also, plays a great part in every school or college. Taking honors at a school or college, besides, is, at most, merely a test of a good retentive memory. This, as every one knows, is a secondary mental faculty.

Now, the fallacy into which this writer has fallen and, in fact, into which most others have fallen (supposing them to have been entirely unprejudiced) in attempting to prove that woman, mentally, is a superior being to man, bringing up particular instances of women against other particular instances of men, is that of

generalizing from unsuitable particulars. This is like going into a strange country, say Italy (as some shallow-minded persons have actually done), and because you happen to be cheated and robbed by a few dishonest Italians in one or two places, to generalize the statement that *all* Italians are thieves and robbers. How utterly absurd !

When, then, we compare the mental conditions of particular women with the mental condition of particular men, we must compare fairly. It will not do to compare some women having stronger minds than any other of their sex with some men who are intellectually much inferior to the greatest minds of the male sex. Nor will it do to draw general conclusions about the superior mental conditions of women over the men from a few isolated cases. As we have before shown, there are exceptions to all rules. But who would be silly enough to generalize from exceptions ? Clearly, then, what we must do is to compare the women having the strongest minds of any of their sex, in any given mental pursuits, with the men having the strongest minds of any other men in the same pursuits. Then, alone, can we attain to the truth. Let us now do this fairly and see to what conclusions we shall be led.

When comparing the mental capacities of men and women in any particular pursuit in life, we must be careful to avoid the error, too often fallen into, of judging of the eminence of persons from our own too frequent obscure, imperfect, prejudiced, or superficial views, excepting, of course, in those pursuits wherein our knowledge, experience, and observations have been so wide as to sufficiently warrant us so to do. The chief danger into which this error is sure to lead us, is the failing to discern and distinguish those various degrees of mental eminence to which men, in almost every pursuit in life, have attained. To avoid such dangerous error, we wish to state that in what follows we have not trusted to our own judgment in the matter ; but given, in each instance, the conclusions of those persons, who having had a natural bent of mind for any special pursuit, and who, making a life-study of the matter, are alone most competent to judge of the degrees of mental eminence to which persons, in any given pursuit, have attained.

In the art of war, the great captains, as acknowledged by the best military critics, are : Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus, Frederick, Turenne, Condé, Wellington, Marlborough, Napoleon,

and, perhaps, one or two others. These men were pre-eminently great as strategists. Warriors of second-rate abilities were such men as Ney, Soult, Lannes, the Archduke Charles, McMahon, Von Moltke, and many others. This does not imply inferiority, as some might believe, in the art of war in these well-known men. On the contrary, they have all held high places in the art. It simply implies that, in this respect, they were inferior, in a marked degree, to the above-mentioned great captains. Warriors of third-rate abilities were such men as Cœur de Lion, Louis XIV, Pizarro, Cortez, and a host of others (the knights errant) who lived and fought during the Middle Ages. These men, undoubtedly, were strong, brave and sagacious in war, but they knew little, if anything, of the sublime science of strategy. Now, against this array of men warriors, we have one or two women warriors, like Joan of Arc, who can scarcely be classed among the men warriors of third-rate abilities. Joan of Arc, unquestionably, was a brave and noble-minded woman, braver, perhaps, than a great many men; but she was, at best, an inspired fanatic, who led to the front a mob of superstitious Frenchmen without any knowledge of strategy, grand tactics, logistics, or fortifications—the four great branches of the art of war known to the great captains since the time of Alexander the Great.

In government such great minds as Peter the Great, Alfred the Great, Frederick the Great, Napoleon the Great, Charlemagne, and many others, stand in overshadowing contrast to the minds of such women as Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia, and, perhaps, a few others. These women are in nowise to be belittled; they undoubtedly hold as high a place in history as men like Henry VIII, or even Louis XIV. But as no historian (worthy the name) has ever placed such men as these last on the same elevation with the first-mentioned great rulers, so no historian could ever place on such an elevation the women we have here pointed to.

In politics, the least discerning political writer has never, for an instant, dreamed of placing such women as Madame de Maintenon on the same statesman-craft level with men like Richelieu, Mazarin, Machiavelli, Talleyrand, Pitt, Fox, and others—all statesmen with minds as keen as two-edged knives. In poetry, where is the renowned critic that would place Mrs. Hemans or even Sappho on the same shelf beside Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe or Dante? Even our own Longfellow confessed his inability to be placed so high. Every just critic admires the touching and beautiful

strains of Sappho; but, in sublimity of thought and expression, they cannot grant her an equal place beside the above mentioned great poets.

So it is in science. What woman can sit in the same study with Newton, Descartes, Herschel, Agassiz, or Darwin? In oratory, what woman has ever been accorded a place on the same rostrum with Demosthenes, Cicero, Clay, Pitt, or Gladstone? In philosophy, where is the woman that has had the depth, solidity, and subtilty of mind of Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Epictetus, Locke, or Bacon?

So, on investigation, will it be found that in every other pursuit in life where great *depth*, *solidity*, and *intensity* of thought is required, man takes the lead. It is not to be denied, though, that in many of these pursuits woman has held a very respectable position; but, on the other hand, neither can it be denied that in every such pursuit, without exception, she has shown a marked mental inferiority to many particular men. It is only in the lighter branches of art and literature, such as painting, drawing, music, reciting, acting, fiction, letter-writing, and the lighter kind of poetry, where no great profundity of mind is required (but where imagination takes the lead), that woman approaches more nearly to the attainments of man. Indeed, in many of these lighter pursuits, little if any difference can be detected between the men and the women; though from the greater number of men who have excelled in these things the balance seems to incline in the favor of these last.

Hence, from the foregoing discussions, we arrive at the following distinct and very important conclusions in the matter; viz., (1) That particular women may be superior, mentally, to some particular men; though, on the other hand, these same women will always be found, mentally, inferior to some other men. (2) That in all spheres in life where profound mental strength is required, it will be discovered that man takes the lead, though in some of these spheres woman has held a place of respectability. (3) That in the lighter branches of literature and art, where imagination rather than understanding is required, there is scarcely any difference in the attainments between man and woman. (4) That woman as a class is mentally inferior to man as a class.

To close; when we state that woman is mentally inferior to man, we wish it distinctly understood that we mean to imply nothing derogatory to her, as the misogynist would have us believe. The truth of the matter is that while facts abundantly show woman to

be mentally an inferior being to man, she is not, in this respect, an *inferior being* (i. e., an irrational being). On the contrary, she possesses a high degree of mentality—so high, indeed, as to make her the life-long companion and helpmeet of man; and like the star which God has placed in the heavens to guide the weary traveller along unknown shores, so woman has ever been, and will ever remain, the beloved guardian angel of man.

New York.

GEORGE PARBURY.

ANOTHER BUBBLE BURSTED.

THE following paragraph is from *The Review*, a lively little Catholic weekly, published in Chicago:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REVIEW :

“*Sir* :—In his official report to the bishops of the United States, Mgr. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, states that the number of students is ‘far over one hundred,’ intimating that the lectures in the newly opened departments of philosophy, science, etc., are attended by so many hearers. He neglects to add that among students taking these courses there are thirty ecclesiastics, properly belonging to the theological department; and more than thirty scholastics of the Marist, the Paulist and the Holy Cross congregations, who make their studies in their respective houses and take the one or the other course at the University. In reality, counting the ‘colored students,’ several non-resident members (?) and sundry *marmots* in short pants, there are in McMahon Hall, all told, 36 (thirty-six) students. These are the official figures, which may be verified by the Registrar’s books. As there are twenty-three professors (without counting those that are abroad at the expense of the University), this makes a little more than one and a half a student for each professor. It takes an optimist like Mgr. Keane to speak of success in view of such facts!”

The Review’s correspondent is evidently in earnest and well informed, and in his further comments he is quite unsparing of the Rt. Rev. Rector Optimist Keane.

It has been known to me for the last two years that the Catholic

University of America had an abundance of professors and a great scarcity of students; but after all the noise that was made in the papers over the dedication of McMahon Hall, and when I heard that Professor Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., formerly of Notre Dame, where they have many hundreds of eager students, had gone to the Catholic University of America, where they had scarcely any students and one excellent professor of English literature already, I concluded that Optimist Keane's method of booming things had brought students by the thousand flocking to his beautiful piles of buildings, and that the Catholic University of America had at last become worthy of its enormous name.

Now it is too awfully funny and provoking to learn that they have just one and a half student to each professor, and one is curious to know how the two famous literary professors perform their vivisections in order that each man may get his exact share of the odd student. But they are all experts down there.

To many of us, however, it has been palpable enough all along that the "Catholic University of America" was started out of a spirit of overweening ambition and pushed in a grandiloquent spirit of useless rivalry. Its bombastic name, its everlasting puffing in the newspapers; the fact that the papal delegate was induced to reside there for a time, coddled, guarded and coached by Rector Keane, all planned to boom "the Catholic University of America," and the fact that Rector Keane himself was so perpetually before the public, while, as everybody knows, he is not a man of any extraordinary ability, all these things have made the Catholic University of America appear much more like a boomerang of genuine "Americanism," than a genuine Catholic University, built up by the irresistible drawing powers of such scholars and teachers as students were eager to hear.

But why irritate a sore spot? I had resolved long ago not to be the first to make this expose. I have too many enemies already, but since the facts have been given to the public I am moved to advise Rector Keane and his more genial professors to adopt one of two courses:

First, either get the new papal delegate to settle permanently at the Catholic University of America, or arrange to have the new Pope, when elected, spend a year as its guest—build a new palace for his dormitory, and beg and beg money of trusting and wealthy Catholics to defray the expenses, and keep up and greatly increase

and intensify the popular puffing of the press; then induce the new Pope to say a few kind words about newspaper men; call the institution the Catholic University of the Universe; get Onahan, of Chicago, as special lecturer on How to Boom Things, and Con de Palen for another special lectureship on How Not to Understand Things; hire a lot more popular Protestant professors; put an American flag on every corner of the building and out of every window, and engage Gilmore's band to play Yankee Doodle day and night on the lawn, till students do come, or,

Second, openly confess that the whole thing, from the start, has been unworthy of the spirit of Christ or of the Catholic Church; turn the entire property, institution, reputation and failure over into the hands of the Jesuit Fathers, and know that, within five years, these same fathers, already used to the work of founding and running colleges without newspaper puffery, will have a Catholic university on the spot, in addition to those they already have elsewhere, and rest assured that there will be more students than professors, and that the whole affair will be an honor to the Church we all love.

I do not suppose that Bishop Keane will thank me for this advice; and knowing how vulgar it is to give unsought advice to a gentleman, I ask his pardon in advance, assuring him, however, that, to my mind, as well as to the minds of thousands of his brother priests, all that I have said in this brief resumé has long been as plain as the nose upon his own face, only nobody has cared to turn the hose on his indefatigable ambition.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

DANTE'S BANQUET.

WE have in this very interesting book the first complete English translation of *Il Convito*. It is an unfinished work, and students of Dante are not agreed as to when it was written nor why it was not finished. The translator believes it was the work of Dante's later years, interrupted by his death, and that, although it was his last work, its true place is midway between the *New Life* and the *Divine Comedy*. The reason for giving it this place is well expressed in the introduction.

"In the New Life, man starts on his career with human love that points to the divine. In the Banquet, he passes to mature life and love of knowledge that declares the power and the love of God in the material and moral world around us. In the 'Divine Comedy,' the poet passes to the world to come, and rises to the final union of the love for Beatrice, the beatifier, with the glory of the love of God."

The book was planned for fifteen treatises and fourteen songs, and was intended to be an "Ethical survey of human knowledge." "Its aim was no less than the lifting of men's minds by knowledge of the world without them and within them, bound together in creation, showing forth the kind of the Creator."

The first treatise is not preceded by a song. It is a general introduction to the entire work, and also gives the reasons for writing in the Italian language. It is not that he considers it, great as is his love and appreciation for his native tongue, superior to Latin, for he has the usual enthusiasm of scholars for that language, and says that it reveals many things conceived in the mind which the common tongue cannot express. His chief reason for using the Italian is that he believes the number of unlearned who will desire to read his book will be greater than the learned, and he wishes his Banquet to be free to all. Any translation of his songs from Latin, he thinks, would be wholly inadequate, for "nothing which is harmonized by the bond of the muse can be translated from its own language into another without breaking its sweetness and harmony."

Of the fourteen songs and fifteen treatises planned, only three songs and four treatises are given. The name Banquet was probably suggested by the banquets of Plato and Xenophon, but the plan is altogether original. The second, third, and fourth treatises are commentaries on the songs that precede them. The songs he calls the meat, the commentaries the bread of the banquet. These commentaries, given so freely, "will be," he says, "the barley bread with which a thousand will satisfy themselves, and my full baskets shall overflow with it."

Throughout the entire book there is an enthusiasm for knowledge, which he holds to be "the final perfection of the soul," and there are frequent expressions of his intense desire to give to others his own sustaining and upholding vision of that wisdom that errs not.

The first song is so very beautiful that one almost doubts what has been said about the impossibility of translating what the muse has bound. Yet, perfect as it is, it, perhaps more than the others, needs a commentary. The very first words, "Ye who the third Heaven move," recall at once much of that mysticism of the Middle Ages, in which Dante was so completely at home, and of which he gives us so largely in the "*Paradiso*." Many of the difficult points in the "*Paradiso*" can be better understood by the light given in this treatise.

Faulty as are both poem and treatise, from an astronomical point of view, they are well worth careful study on account of the spiritual truth they contain. As it is well said in the Introduction: "If spiritual truth could only come from right and perfect knowledge, this would have been a world of dead souls from the first until now; for future centuries, in looking back at us, will wonder at the little faulty knowledge that we think so much."

In this treatise, as in others, Dante brings in review the theories of many ancient philosophers in regard to the deep things of God, and here, as elsewhere, closes with an enthusiastic endorsement of the theories of Aristotle, "the master of those who know."

The poem tells of the vision of a "Lady glorified," and the treatise tells us that, "This Lady was the daughter of God, the Queen of all, the most beautiful Philosophy. . . . The eyes of this lady are demonstrations which look straight into the intellect, enamor the soul, and set it free from the trammels of circumstance. . . . By love in this allegory is always meant that deep contemplation which is the earnest application of the enamored mind to that object wherewith it is enamored."

To re-read the song after reading the treatise is proof of the great value of the commentary. That which at the first reading may be called beautiful semi-darkness becomes beautiful light—a vision of the unseen—the only real.

The second song was written after the third. The reasons for this are fully given in the treatise, but these reasons give a phase of Dante's mental history which we have no time, in this brief outline, to enter upon.

This second song sings also the praises of philosophy and laments because, "The soul hears, and feels, and cries, Ah, me, that I want power to tell what thus I see!"

In the commentary which follows, he says, "My earnest thought

transported me into a place where my imagination failed my intellect."

In his attempt to explain the manifold meanings of the song he gives most freely of the abundant riches of his thought and learning. His words of wisdom on subjects old as the heart of man fall upon us as seed thoughts, bearing within them the promise of future harvests to those who will heed them well. The wisdom and goodness of God, the true meaning of love, the origin of evil, the power which the soul has over the body, are among the subjects treated from the point of view of a profound thinker and close student.

The third song and fourth treatise are longer than those preceding them. The subject is "Nobility." The false definition of "Nobility," given by Frederick II, "ancient wealth and good manners," is a text which leads to the discussion of many subjects. The authority and divine origin of the Roman Empire, the beliefs of different philosophers in regard to the true aim of life, the imperfection of riches and the perfection of knowledge, are among the subjects treated. He grows eloquent over Aristotle's doctrine of the divine government of the world through all its parts. To Dante it seemed not only that the great Stagirite had reduced moral philosophy to perfection, but that he had spoken the final word on all the deep and mysterious subjects that fall within the scope of philosophy.

Burning with enthusiasm for "Divine Philosophy" and a divinely established government, he, at times, turns aside to chastise with fierce words those "enemies of God who have seized the sceptre of Italy" and are reveling in iniquity.

That death in life of him who departs from the use of reason and

" Though he walk upon the earth
Is counted with the dead,"

gives a text for discourse on the triune powers of the soul, and the possibility of the human soul falling into the brute order, which knows only the sensitive and the vegetative life.

The conclusion of the long and very interesting treatise is that

" Where Virtue is there is Nobility."

Nobility is a divine seed cast generously into the human soul, and this divine seed does not fall into a race or a family, but into

the individual. It is the individual that makes the family noble, not the family the individual.

This is, of course, no new teaching for our democratic age, but it is a truth that may possibly be lost in our over-estimation of wealth and our general irreverence.

Aristotle's theories as to how this Divine seed, which is the cause of nobility, descends into us, what power it bears with it, what conditions are necessary for its germination, what the final aim of all soul-travail is, the difference between virtue and the capacity for virtue, are among themes dwelt upon, and all receive light and expansion.

After the philosophic view as to the mode of Divine seed-sowing, comes the theological view of the New Birth as a gift of the Holy Spirit. It need hardly be said that there is no contradiction between them.

Our Nobility comes from God, and unto God it returns, and this Nobility "is the Friend of Philosophy, of her whose abode is in the most secret depths of the Divine Mind."

These are the final words of the fourth treatise. Death may have stayed the hand of him who was spreading a banquet for all, giving as best he could that "Bread of the Angels," which did so much to sustain him in his lonely, unhappy life, or the completed work may now lie hidden in some forgotten nook of the bright and sunny land over which, as an exile, he wandered. These things we know not; but we do know that the fragment of the great banquet designed, now placed within the reach of all English readers, increases our indebtedness to the great Florentine. For it is a book replete with truth, or images of truth, that have had vital force in the history of human thought. Whatever there is of error has perished or will perish; its truth remains an eternal possession.

Jacksonville, Ill.

ELIZABETH WRIGHT.

THREE AMERICAN FIASCOS.

SINCE the last issue of THE GLOBE there have been three great American fiascos that ought to receive brief attention here: *First*, the concurrent resolutions of Congress touching the Cuban ques-

tion. Everybody has read them, and for insufferable ignorance, impudence and presumption they were, if anything, far worse than the "Davis Bill," or the now quiescent but lately tremendous utterances of Cleveland, Olney & Co., on the Venezuelan question.

In one breath, and before the Cuban insurgents have established any one of the ordinary positions that give rebels the faintest right to be known as belligerents, these resolutions gave them this right, then declared that Cuba ought to be independent, that the United States ought to recognize Cuban autonomy, and then offered the good services of the United States to Spain. In a word, the resolutions, firstly, secondly and thirdly, insulted one of the oldest, one of the most cultured and proudest nations of Europe, spat in the face of Spain, and then said, now, let us be friendly, and do you listen to us, ignorant and impudent fools, while we try to persuade you to let us steal a nation out of your pockets and hands;—and that is all the Congress of the United States knows of the principles, either of individual, national or international honor and diplomacy.

In truth, there is not intellect, conscience or culture enough in the combined Congress of the United States, properly and economically, to run a good-sized patent incubator. Half the eggs would rot, while the managers were calculating and quarreling over the spoils to be derived from the possible sale of feathers. Great bird, this American eagle, when once aroused to speech-making and resolutionizing in Congress!

Lots of its individual members were good business men, and smart enough pettifoggers before they went to Congress; but, God forgive them, what asses they make of themselves when posing as statesmen!

Our National Government costs the people for salaries alone, not to speak of wastes and spoils, nearly \$50,000,000 a year. For \$1,000,000 a year I would agree to hire all needed assistants and *do* the work the entire National Government has to do, but does not do, or agree to be shot, or commit suicide, after five years of honest trial.

Fortunately the Cuban resolutions were purged a little before their final passage, but at best they are an irrational and needless insult to a friendly nation. I do not pretend to defend or excuse Spanish methods of government in Cuba, but the weak and whining rot I have read about that in certain Catholic magazines is to

me far more disgusting than the worst facts of the so-called Spanish misrule. In God's name, what rational being would undertake to defend the legislative government of the United States, or our practical methods of dealing with foreigners in our midst. Have the Spanish ever treated their most rebellious subjects in Cuba with half the barbarity that we have applied to the peaceable Chinese?

Second in importance, at least according to the American newspapers, came the Ballington Booth, so-called "Salvation Army" fiasco; the rebellion of the son against the father, of the "Lieutenant" against the "General," and the entire high-cockalorum hullabaloo of American sympathy with this newest rebellion of a squatter gang of the human race.

Nobody seemed to consider what was right and honorable and binding upon Ballington Booth in his sworn relations of subordinate and absolute obedience to his father and his "General." At first this new rebel was advised by "newspaper men"—whatever race that may mean—to hold on to the funds collected for the "Salvation army" work in America; but it seems that his own better English sense of honor, with, perhaps, certain specific hints from his father and sister, as to what that course might lead to, inclined him to abandon the funds and sail the new seas of "Christian crusade" in the good ship known as "Rebellion."

According to the newspapers, C. Depew and Bill Dodge, both of them excellent Christians, I believe, were among the first to encourage this rebellion of the son against the father, and the Lieutenant against the General, in order to have an "*American Salvation Army*" or something of that sort.

God knows, if any nation under the sun needs a real *Salvation Army*, clothed with the gospel of truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, and bearing the sword of the spirit ready to cut the overweening ignorance, pride and conceit and falsehood out of its very heart and soul, it is the American nation in these very days; but that rebel, Ballington Booth, and his squatter gang of horn-tooters and drum-beaters, will do this, or make any show of doing it, none but arrant fools can hope or dream.

I have no confidence in, or respect for the elder Booth, except as a very shrewd sort of Anglo-Yankee-like business man, with the one supreme faculty of raising money; but were I his son or his lieutenant in the business, sworn to obey him, I would follow him

to hell and obey him there, rather than be the sycophant, cringing slave of such cranks as Bill Dodge and Chauncey Depew.

Third in national importance, though properly a new New York State local affair, is what is known as the "Raines Bill," perpetrated by the combined wisdom of the legislature of the Empire State, in solution of the long-vexed liquor problem in New York. At this writing, March 20, 1896, the Bill is waiting the signature or veto of Governor Morton. If he signs it I venture the prophecy that New York will give the next Democratic Presidential candidate at least 15,000 majority; whereas the State ought, by recent record, to give 10,000 majority for the Republican candidate. But the people of New York City and State have stood just about as much fooling from reform cranks, without brains, as they are able to stand, and if it is simply a question of which set of rascals that are to fleece them, they prefer being fleeced, of course, by the rascals that will, in some measure, rule according to the will of the majority, fees, stipends and tips included.

In brief, the Raines Bill is ready to license, or issue a liquor-selling tax, to any and everybody—200 feet away from a church or a school house, and provided other near neighbors will give their consent—who will pay \$800 a year for the privilege of selling liquor, and who will keep their window shades down on Sunday.

The first and glaring objection to the bill is that it aims to make all small restaurants—that now sell liquor only with meals, and have no bar, and which are an immense convenience to tens of thousands of New York citizens—pay the same amount of tax as the largest and most popular bar-rooms in the city. These restaurants now pay a license of about \$100 a year, and the \$800 a year would simply kill them, or force them to sell unlawfully, bribe the police not to tell, and put tens of thousands of citizens to immense inconvenience.

Another fearful objection to the bill is that it practically puts the control of the entire liquor business of the city and State into the hands of one Commissioner and his chosen assistants or pals. But the most contemptible feature of the bill is that it presumes to rob men of a fearful tax and then to dictate to them as to whether they shall keep their window shades up or down on the first day of the week; and this, in the great city of New York. Geese and goslings, but this a great country, and its boasted liberty, the laughing stock of the world.

In brief the Raines Bill, like so much of our American legislation, is perpetrated openly in the interests of and for the increase and enrichment of a few millionaire liquor dealers, who control or can thus control the entire liquor business of New York, and it is directly against the interests and convenience of the middle and working classes of the community. In a word, it is a Robbers' Bill and can but lead to further wrongs and crimes. At the same time it may be as good as any pretended excise or restrictive legislation on the subject; and in my judgment the only solution is to allow men—any man—so inclined, to sell liquor without any special tax, excise or license, precisely as they sell milk, or potatoes, or beef, or shoes, or gowns. In my judgment also, our entire system of pursuing and punishing "moonshiners" who manufacture liquor without law, is wrong. In my judgment also, we shall never reach daylight on any of these questions till we stop and drop all and every variety of tariff, tax, license, excise or what not—and let every phase of human manufacture and trade be as free as the air we breathe, and resort to one tax only—an income tax applied to every variety of income from every variety of source and occupation, individual and corporative, which alone is the only just tax, the only lawful tax, and the only tax that can possibly bear with equal weight upon all classes of the community.

Some time in the near future I hope to make this so plain that even the New York Legislature and the United States Congress cannot help seeing the truth of it. Meanwhile this threefold panorama of Bedlam passes on to oblivion for the benefit of spectators not already quite sick of the show.

After the above was written, Governor Morton signed the Raines Bill, and so settled his boom for the next Presidency.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

"I MAKE NO MEASURE OF THE WORDS THEY SAY."

I make no measure of the words they say
Whose tongues would so mellifluously tell
With prescient zeal what I shall find in hell
When all my roving whims have had their day,—
I take no pleasure of the time they stay
Who wring my wasted minutes from the well
Of cool forgetfulness wherein they dwell
Contented there to slumber on away ;—

But when some rare old master, with an eye
 Lit with a living sunset, takes me home
 To his long-tutored consciousness, there springs
 Into my soul a warm serenity
 Of hope that I may know, in years to come,
 The true magnificence of better things.

Gardiner, Me.

—EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

DEATHLESS BEAUTY.

O love! thou are resplendent in the stars;
 Thou breathest softly in the flowers; the sea
 Forever rolls in loyalty to thee,
 And thou art healer of the nations' scars.
 Thou shuttest up the doors of hate; the bars
 To highest heaven's eternal destiny,
 Touched by thy magic wand, do break and flee,
 As conquered armies in our bloody wars.

But, glory of the ages! thou dost shine
 In majesty outstripping thought of man;
 Most lovely art, and perfectly divine
 When in disgrace thou sufferest a span!
 In bitter agony and death, to prove
 The deathless beauty of thy deathless love.

—WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

OF SWEET CONCERNS.

By what one charm, what movement, what one mood,
 Didst thou, most gentle lady, fire my heart,
 And in one rapturous moment make it start
 To lofty love, with all love's busy brood
 Of sweet concerns that ever will intrude
 Upon such high estate? We dwell apart;
 Leagues many intervene; but where thou art
 Hear'st not the ripple of love's interlude?

Maybe it was the soft gold of thy hair
 That snared me, or thy swift warm-folded kiss
 Upon my lips; perchance thy flower-like hand
 My cheek caressing; or thy queenly air
 Of gracious stateliness,—I know but this:
 I love thee!—why, I do not understand.

Gardiner, Me.

—A. T. SCHUMAN.

A NEW BIBLE HISTORY.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE HISTORY. Published by the Henry O. Shepard Company, Chicago.

WHATEVER may be thought of the piety and morality of the leaders of the Protestant Reformation—and Catholics can never cease to hold that they were impious and immoral—and whatever may be the final verdict as to the moral effects of said Reformation upon the general civilization of the world—and Catholics can never cease to believe that the effects were as immoral and impious as their causes—there can be no question that, coming as the so-called Reformation did closely in connection with the modern discovery and general spread of printing, it has had a marvelous influence upon the mental upheavals, intellectual freedoms, political liberties, etc., etc., all of which are as yet very dear to the people of the nineteenth century.

In truth, had it not been for this comparative synchronism of Protestantism and printing, the probabilities are that Luther and Calvin and Henry VIII would have shared the fate of other and abler heretics, and after ventilating their vices and errors for a time, would have subsided into the eternal disgrace, which all such heretics deserve, and which is bound sooner or later to settle upon their unworthy heads and souls.

Protestants of the nineteenth century, however, are no more individually responsible for the madness and debauchery and cruelty of Luther, Henry VIII and Calvin than the Jews of the nineteenth century are individually responsible for the madness and meanness of the Jews who condemned and crucified the Lord of life and the glory of the human race. Responsible they are in both lines *en masse*, and must bear their inherited moral blindness and obloguy till heaven in its eternal kindness gives them light.

That tens of thousands of them are striving for light, as best they can, I have no doubt; and that tens of thousands of Protestant Christians are devoutly attached to the Saviour of mankind, I have no more doubt than I have of my own existence; and that the book which has called forth this notice is in some measure an expression of this striving, I am quite ready to believe; but that the general outcome of it will be an increase of true light and of true virtue, I am not inclined to believe.

It is a great book in its way. The copy sent to me for review, is a splendid quarto of 1041 pages, bound in beveled boards covered with pebbled leather, gilt-edged, and is a beautiful book for the parlor or library table. It is gotten up regardless of expense; handsomely illustrated; all that the printers' art could do, all that the engravers' art could do to make the work attractive and enjoyable to those who have means for such treasures, has been done and well done. It is impossible not to speak highly of such a masterpiece of human skill. As to the interior of it, there is an elaborate and labored introduction by Mr. Gladstone in his best style, crowded with the latest, ripest and best results of his well known scholarship, and there is a perfect steel portrait of Mr. Gladstone, done in the best manner of Willam Sartain, all very expensive and attractive.

There is also a very poetic and enjoyable resumé of the dawnings of human history, written by Frederick W. Farrar, whose scholarship and literary skill have long been recognized as superior to those even of Mr. Gladstone, and a portrait of Cannon Farrar. After this the critical reader comes to the names and the work of many American authors of less fame, and of much less skill and learning; but I do not forget that this is not a Critics' Bible History. It is a Peoples' Bible History, and it is clear to me that, from first to last, the gentlemen selected to supply the varying chapters of the book, from beginning to end, have been selected by reason of their popular positions in the different Protestant denominations of the world.

Judged from the standpoint of critical accuracy this is a mistake and a misfortune. I am not aware that Mr. Gladstone himself was ever accurate in anything except perhaps in his Homeric researches and in his Statistics of British Politics. Whatever I have read of Mr. Gladstone's work bearing upon religious questions always bore evidence of the warped condition of his Protestant mind—a kink of the old rebellion being there, and still unrepented of. Moreover, all his much vaunted schemes of reform—especially his Home Rule schemes—have shown a sad weakness, a lack of greatness of intellectual perception, and in many ways he is a grand old humbug. On the other hand, if one reads only a few paragraphs of Archdeacon Farrar's contribution to this volume, one wonders what "the people," even the most "advanced" of them, can know, or care to know, of the learned researches which form the basis of

his conclusions, or what they care to know, or need to know, of the conclusion he reaches.

In truth, these matters were always matters not merely for scholars, but for priestly scholars, whose whole lives had been given to the researches named. Protestantism concludes that every hack is a scholar, even a Biblical scholar; but as the whole Bible sprang out of a consecrated priesthood, or prophetship, older than the Bible—so only will it ever be properly understood and explained by the consecrated priesthood of the future, which alone is, or can be found, in the Catholic Church. I sincerely wish that Protestant writers could be made to understand this, as it would save them a vast amount of foolish talk touching the higher Biblical criticism.

I must not, however, forget that this is a People's Bible History, written by the people's, not by God's, priesthood, and while admitting all its scholarship and all its beautiful mechanic work, I should be false to my present light on these subjects were I to say it will be the means of conveying heaven's light to the people, or, in fact, that its purpose is much other than to publish a handsome book for the glorification of its authors and the pecuniary emolument of its publishers. People's histories are now popular. Green and MacMaster both worked in this vein. Green is very good and MacMaster very, very bad.

Coming to the New Testament History we note this among other scholarly vanities of the authors of this book :

Page 793, Professor Caspar René Gregory, Ph.D., D.T., LL.D., of Leipzig University, who has a handsome face, besides all his degrees, remarks, touching the New Testament manuscripts; "The Codex Vaticanus is much like the Codex Sinaiticus. It has been in the Vatican Library at Rome for centuries, but it is only within the last thirty years that it has been carefully studied!!"

Were I a profane person I should say that Professor Gregory—spite of all his titles—is a B— B— L—. As it is, I only remark the Protestant vanity of this bearded gentleman, and ask him if he thinks the monks and saints of the Catholic Church who made the Codex Vaticanus might not have looked into it somewhat, etc., etc.? But you cannot convince the upstart biblical youth of the nineteenth century that anybody ever studied the Scriptures till their own shallow-pated heads set to work at it. All this would be very amusing, were it not for the fact that it proves such darkness in the most scholarly of modern Protestant minds.

But again I remember that this is a "People's Bible History," and while once more commending its expensive beauties, I must say, in conclusion, that had it been written with more just recognition of the simple truth, that the Catholic Church made the Bible, existed before it, inspired Paul and the writers of the gospels to write what they wrote, copied their writings, made all valuable Bible manuscripts extant, kept them for upstart Protestants to sneeze at, and will still be their interpreters when Protestantism is dead and buried,—I would have been more delighted to praise the work, far more, than I am now to cast any discredit upon such an expensive and beautiful but mistaken undertaking.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE CREATIVE IN ART AND LETTERS.

A CHAT ABOUT AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

MAID MARION.—I wish some of our poets would write a song of the sea. I know Swinburne catches its mighty swing and swell, its melancholy cry, its awful undertone; but with him, even, it is never song. A musical *Il Penseroso*, rather! Look at yonder reach of blue; see how it takes a silver sheen, and then, farther away, the sheen bursts into dazzling radiance. It is the sea answering heaven! It perceives and shares the eternal Jubilee of God. But the poets do not reverberate heaven—that is, not its joy, its rapture; at best, they only hint at its peace.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—I understand what you mean. Victor Hugo nearly attains it, though; his genius runs close to the throbbing heart of things. Listen to him a moment:

"Azure which veileth
The gulf's bitter wave,
As, sail all unfurling,
The breezes I brave;
O'er the prow leaning
I listen, soul-free,
To rare bridal music,
The song of the sea!

Azure as tender
Smiles down from the sky,
When to hear all the spirit
Is saying, I try ;
Seeking, O nature,
Thy message obscure,
Wind-whispered or written
In star-letters pure."

That is ocean with its smile, radiant, and with its chant, rapturous.

THE MAESTRO.—Nay, nay ! The poet will never succeed, Mademoiselle Marion. It is the fiery musician to whom this, and much else of the same excellent glory, alone is sent. The heaven-gift, the inspiration essential to such creation, descends swiftly, like the gold showered from heaven by Zeus upon Danæ. We can only greet it humbly, uplift hands of prayerful acceptance, and bow in after-gratitude !

THE PHILOSOPHER.—Yes, every creative process is divine. The mysteries of birth, the origination of that which before was not, in any sphere of thought or life, brings us close to the infinite Creator. And its joy is like unto His, be it reverently spoken. As an experience, the sculptor loves the Galatea he evolves ; the poet, his new conception, he is sure to think his latest effort his masterpiece ; the composer, his hitherto unheard spirit-song. God himself looked upon his fresh creation, in its Eden sweetness, and pronounced it very good. In this, as in many other ways, we find ourselves made in His image.

THE MUSICIAN.—I agree with you. The inspirational power is unearthly, drifting over us like a spirit-breath from heavenly meadows solemn with scent of asphodel. A moment ago and the new thing was not ; now it exists, it is. The secret of being, its awful abysses, the nothingness whence it comes, the ocean whither it tends, its power of immediate action, with its reaction on the other forms of thought and being previously existent, all this is involved in any process of origination or actual production.

THE MUSICIAN.—It is strange, Miss Marion, yet true, that our loftiest inspirational moods may spring out of suffering. Heinrich Heine pathetically says, as to his own bitterness of sickness and sorrow, "the raven croaked, but I persuaded myself it was the nightingale ; there was the smell of the churchyard mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets." What a beautiful instance of genius, in its wonder-working imaginative power !

With Hood, also, every jest and quibble sprang of pain and the same background of suffering lies behind Edgar Allan Poe and Nathaniel Hawthorne; a sensitive reader always feels it. Genius has its own crown of thorns, sharper, perhaps, than any other, and the higher the type of genius the sharper and deeper the wounds.

MAID MARION.—Yes; it is fabled that when the bosom of the nightingale is pressed against a thorn, she sings most melodiously. We all know that Cowper's mirth-provoking John Gilpin was produced under a state of dejection that bordered on insanity. He, himself, compares the entrance of that poem into his brain to a harlequin intruding himself into the gloomy chamber occupied by a corpse. Keats, too, suffered from overwrought sensibility, as did also Byron; but, as to Hawthorne, I think you must be right, though some would dispute it. The man who could write "The Scarlet Letter," must have known much of spiritual pain.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—The fire of inspiration, as we term it, its force of passionate origination, not only works under painful conditions, but is curiously united with the cooler critical faculty; only the latter seems to act with the swiftness of intuition. As the poet creates, he selects, rejects or adapts, all three processes demanding calm judgment, but effects his purpose with lightning-like celerity. He grasps a new figure, a new epithet, likes it or dislikes it, uses it or substitutes another, nay, does this over and over again, without breaking the great inspiration, the broad conception of his whole work. The artist does the same, in color or line. The fire within him is not quenched, unless the delay be long; nay, it often gains fresh fuel, for the new word, or new color, preferably used, may flash into new and beautiful forms. The more delicious touches in poetry, those which impress us as original, are apt to be thus casually suggested.

MAID MARION.—W. W. Story says that inspiration and imagination "have the spirit of what Schiller calls play. They are rejoicing and self-sufficing." As the child builds his snow-image in joyous freedom, so the artist freely handles his materials, enjoying to the full his own sense of power, his own royal authority to mould them into this or that form as he alone pleases. His acts of renunciation or selection are despotic acts. All must bow to his imperious conception. "What is left undone," says Story, again, "is as necessary to a true work of art as what is done. In each of the arts too much is as fatal as too little. A suggestion is often better

than a statement. The imagination is always ready to be beckoned, but rebels against being drilled or driven." This is peculiarly true of verse. The luminous sweep, the broad sketch, nay, even the one word touch give poetic flavor. Long detailed descriptions of nature or anything else, however accurate or perfect, are almost sure to be prose. On this rock I have often seen the conscientious young poet go to wreck! He was afraid of his wings and in place of flying like a white gull, only paddled along on a carefully built raft. Yes, we are quite right in alluding to "the play of fancy," "the flight of imagination." In so doing we are not indulging in mere metaphor, but expressing an occult and very beautiful truth.

THE MUSICIAN.—There is a subtle charm in incompleteness, like that of an opening rosebud. It bewitches us with its promise of more, its suggestions of future blossoming. It lurks in the unfolding leafage of spring-time, in the flush of dawning womanhood, in the overture of a great musical creation.

"Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;
In that want their beauty lies; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing unward man's reluctant soul."

It is this rolling on towards some unknown depth that marks the Fugue. Its eternal unwindings and unfoldings breathe over us this delicious far-away sweetness of the Infinite. A law of natural development seems to have created it, a divine idea, which genius feels and obeys, of necessity, as the plant follows the spiral in its growth. The compositions of Bach express all imaginable emotions in this form, "being alike," says Rubinstein, "in one thing only, their beauty." Music, on its mathematical side, grows more and more wonderful as we learn to understand it and perceive in it a sweet and continuously-opening revelation of the Divine.

MAID MARION.—Please tell us, Herr Musician, in the composer's art, what are the sources of inspiration?

THE MUSICIAN.—Can you localize its sources in any other realm? We may approach the shrine from many points only to be baffled at last. The veil of Isis still swings before us. It is much like finding the sources of a brook,—you plunge into mossy dells of woodland, while the little silver thread recedes before you and yet tempts you on, lost among masses of fern and lilies, to re-appear as a mere trickle;—then the trickle even has vanished and its secret is a secret still. Yet what dainty visions of Nature's unaf-

fect freedom, her wild grace of swing and curve, have come to you in the search!

A partial answer to your question appears in Nature herself. She is an infinite source of inspiration to musician, painter and poet. The great composers, as a rule, have been wonderfully susceptible to her influences. Rubinstein says of the Ballad in F major, No. 2, of Chopin, "Is it possible that the interpreter does not feel the necessity of representing to his hearers a field flower caught by a gust of wind, and the entreaty of the flower, which at last lies broken there?" Here we have, in music, the same *motif* which stirred the genius of Robert Burns in his lines to a mountain daisy, turned down by the plough. The Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven is another case in point. It expresses in music the rustic, the merry,—as does also Schumann's "Country Farmer,"—the simple, the hardy, and imitates natural phenomena, as storm, thunder and lightning, also the note of the cuckoo and the twitter of small birds. In short, every sensitive musician is, similarly, the recipient from sky, sea and stars of direct impulses and inspirations.

MAID MARION.—Their great themes must also inspire the composers, as is true of poets and painters. A grand historic event, as with Handel's "Israel in Egypt," or a divine revealing, as in the "Messiah," has countless springs of inspiration within itself.

THE MUSICIAN.—Yes, indeed! Moreover, music has a special power of reproducing human passion, in its pathos and in its strength; while over and beyond all these traceable sources lie the hidden moods of that musician's soul, too intense for ordinary expression, "too fiery to weep." There are sharpnesses of violin-strings and sweetnesses of flute-notes which tell more of life and death and love eternal than any poet or artist can compass.

MAID MARION.—Ah, good master, you are, indeed, an enthusiast! Yet music is truly a divine art; in certain of its glorified forms, unapproached and ineffable! The love-language of cherubim and seraphim!

THE PHILOSOPHER.—For mere mortal needs, however, I think poetry and art do better, as general media of expression. Their sources of inspiration are, likewise, nature, humanity and the voices of Heaven. The latter, which the poet listens for in the depths of his soul, are powerful to vivify the rest. But he must hearken with reverence and receive with utter humility, else they will withdraw into silence and his work grow cold. They are not

his own, but graciously sent him; wherefore he should wait patiently for their coming, as the husbandman for the early and latter rain.

MAID MARION.—The Fra Angelico type of Christian art with its marvelous purity illustrates your idea; yet, to me, that seems more than inspiration, in its ordinary sense,—rather a transparency of divine illumination. Touches of this quality meet us in all great work. The poet, also, should have his background of pale gold or celestial blue. Rossetti compassed this in his exquisite vision of “the Blessed Damosel,” and Tennyson in his depicting of King Arthur.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—In both these cases the subject itself defines the mode of treatment. A sort of revelation to the poet-soul seems to be of its essence; since purity, as of the White Christ, here on earth, is one with that of the blessed. Both are Angelico themes.

MAID MARION.—I always wonder at the beautiful unconsciousness of genius. It seems to act by intuition and internal conviction, as a bird finds its path through the air. This is not conscious modesty, but the simple following of inspiration. When Turner described one of his greatest rock-studies, a masterly drawing, as “that litter of stones which I have endeavored to represent,”—we have modesty to be sure, marked by his use of the word “endeavor,” yet with it, also, an actual, honest unconsciousness of what he had done! He had studied nature and obeyed the inspirations of his art,—that was all. “What is it that makes your music Mozartish?” asked some one of that great composer.

“I know not,” he answered. “It is as it comes to me.”

Here we have the same trait in the musician. I dare say, neither knew or asked *how* the inspiration came! We all know something of the mysterious power of dawn. With the creamy pallor of the early sky comes the long-lost idea, the missing word, the vainly-sought vision.

THE PHILOSOPHER.—The powers of the brain have been invigorated by sleep; though,—mind!—I do not say that is all. Much of what you writers call the capriciousness of imagination comes of your own moods. You have but to banish superstition and seek them out. One writer will tell about the malicious little goblin that perches on his ink-pot and puts perverse ideas into his brain! Gilbert and Sullivan had a superstition that the letter

"P" in their titles brought them luck. Pinafore made the first great hit, and then came the "Pirates of Penzance" with two "Ps." Then followed "Patience," and then "Iolanthe," with the subtitle, the "Peer and the Peri." "Princess Ida" followed, but the "I" seemed to break the charm. Sardou, the great French playwright, has fallen into a similar way of thinking and believes that Fate blesses his "Doras"; so he has written "Dora," a success; "Fedora," a great success, and again "Theodora." I have heard musicians complain of "the mood of the instrument." In one case I remember, this vexation was caused simply by the dampness of rain outside, affecting a sensitive violin.

THE MUSICIAN.—I dare say! We musicians are much like our cousins, the poets. The moods of the soul, like those of the sea, are infinitely variant. Its inner tides, its own swing and swell, are one thing; its susceptibility to outer influences of earth or heaven is another. As the slightest breath of wind ruffles a sea-surface, so the viewless breathings we call inspiration, come and go, and the reflection of heaven is more or less clear. It is a song of the sea within us!

The whole management of art schools and conservatories hinges on this—that inspiration is the soul of creative work. We can require a lesson in arithmetic or grammar of any ordinary pupil; we cannot require a fresh rendition of music, or a good design from the draughtsman. Knowledge of harmony will not make a composer, nor rules of art an artist. These, indeed, assist; but creation remains a thing of royal freedom. You cannot fetter a bird and then expect him to fly. Art, like love, must act its own divine pleasure.

The capricious impulse, the beautiful ideal, come and go, like the viewless winds; and the recipient catches what he can of the vision. It is never fully embodied. The concrete result lags so far behind its brilliancy that the artist walks the earth a discouraged man. While public plaudits are ringing, he is, himself, bitterly depressed. He has caught but a glimmer of the glory that went flashing by.

MAID MARION.—I can understand the inspiration that comes in one clear-cut, exquisite conception; but not that of complexity. How, for instance, did the great symphonies come to the tone-masters? How, their mighty blendings of orchestral effects? their waves and swells of musical force? their tones of joy and

woe, love and rage, their swift voicing of all human emotion? How did the great tales of Dickens ever rise before him, in their multiplicity of characters and their interwoven plots, like steel cobwebs, both strong and geometrical? How did tragedy and comedy come to Shakespeare? In full vision, as Minerva sprang to life from the brain of Jupiter? or as partial conceptions, afterwards perfected or more fully evolved? How did Hugo vivify Notre Dame?

THE PHILOSOPHER.—I cannot answer. The vision comes not to us in our mediocrity—no, not even in that small measure which serves to hint at greater. But the theologians have a doctrine of correspondence to grace in spiritual realms, which may give us a clue.

MAID MARION.—Yes, the dew falls in vain on the desert. A prompt, humble acceptance of the new impulse is of first importance. It should find glad recognition, as if the soul ran to meet it. It is a revelation, in its own lower degree, a light shining out of the excellent gloiy; and what are we that it should come even to us?

THE MUSICIAN.—True greatness is reverent and patient. It repels the world, its show and its clamor, that it may honor the celestial message. The angel said to St. John, "Write!" and many qualities of sainthood went into his obedience as that word was written. To deaf Beethooven the angels sang!

MAID MARION.—The message, too, is our own; fitted to us individually with unerring perfection. Its wonderful accuracy terrifies us, when we think how we have mirrored ourselves in that sea of glass mingled with fire! For inspired work is characteristic, usually in exact ratio to its power! Beethoven's work is Beethoven's, never nondescript. Tennyson's is his, "not Lancelot's, nor another's." And the writer or musician, who caters to mere popular demand, sells his soul "for that which is not bread and his labor for that which satisfieth not."

THE PHILOSOPHER.—The theologians describe to us "the sensible sweetness of grace;" there is likewise a sensible joy of creation, both, equally, winged approaches of the Invisible, and eager, winged greetings of recipience. They who fall short of either, through mercenary or faithless lives, plant an eternal regret. Like the city of Jerusalem when the Divine itself came unto her, they lose the power of recognition and perception.

THE MUSICIAN.—Yes. How pitiful to hear them moan, amid their failures, that they “knew not the time of their Visitation!”

Gardiner, Me.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THE ACADIANS.

ACADIA. Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History.

Two volumes, octavo. By Edouard Richard, an Acadian, ex-member of the House of Commons of Canada. New York: Home Book Company.

As long the English language endures, Longfellow's beautiful poem of *Evangeline* will be read and read again, and wept over, not only by the more refined people of all English-speaking nations, but the touching story—so vivid that one ever feels it must have the heart and soul of truth in it—will be translated into all the languages of the world; and countless generations yet unborn, having read this story, will wonder who the Acadians were, where was Grand Pré and what cruel fate could have forced upon an exceptionally innocent people the sufferings and separations of which the story of Gabriel and *Evangeline* is but a beautiful type and symbol. It was long one of the unsolved wonders of my own earlier years, and I have never ceased to read any intelligent word that I could find on the subject.

In recent years it has been my good fortune to meet and to count among my personal friends some of the choicest descendants of those people, whose history is the one immortal *Idyl* of the higher life that fed the fountains of the earlier civilization of this Western hemisphere.

There were five distinctively pious impulses at the heart of our American history, viz: the Spanish Catholic discovery and settlements under Columbus; the English Catholic settlement in Maryland under Lord Baltimore; the Quaker settlement in Pennsylvania, Delaware and Jersey, especially under William Penn; the Puritan settlement of New England, especially of Massachusetts, under English Independents; and what has grown to be known as the Acadian settlement of Nova Scotia under French Catholics.

I have tried for many years to study the distinctive and peculiar

characteristics of each of these, our original sources of religious American life. The one most talked about and praised, but still very imperfectly understood, is the Puritan; next, the Quaker; next, the English Catholic; next, the Spanish Catholic; and, last and least of all, the Acadian. Nevertheless, with my present knowledge of our history, I do not hesitate to affirm that the Acadian settlement of Nova Scotia was not only the highest type of Christian colonization this continent has ever known, but that "by Providence divine" the very tragedy of their scattering over the face of the earth has, all things considered—Evangeline included—had a wider and a more beneficent influence for good on this whole American continent than any one of the other four pious settlements named. In truth, it is the old story of the crucifixion and apostolic martyrdom over again and a new rendition of the old eternal truth that only by suffering and martyrdom can the God of Eternal Justice, Wisdom and Charity become, even in small degree, the God of the human race. But woe unto him by whom the Son of Man is betrayed!

The man who steals my purse may be pardoned, he may need or deserve it more than I; the man who takes my life may be forgiven; I may have wronged him; he may be justified; but the man who destroys my home, robs me of my children and turns them adrift beyond my love and care, is an unpardonable demon, dyed to eternal blackness in all the blackest and deepest dyes of hell. Such were the Englishmen, who, for filthy lucre's sake, broke up the French Acadian settlement of Nova Scotia and peopled this world with hundreds of Gabriels and Evangelines weeping in sheer love for one another and searching all desert places for their own. God curse this English and American greed of gain that will trample heaven's loveliest angels under foot to accomplish its ribald, low, despicable, damnable and filthy ends.

It was my interest in the Acadians and the higher truths of history involved in their wreck that led me to accept and publish in THE GLOBE (No. XV) Bishop Howley's article, "*Latin versus Saxon Colonization*," one of the ablest and most important articles I have ever published in this Review; and I was amazed to find that, as far as I know, not one American Catholic newspaper or magazine noticed the article. Had I published a bombastic piece of gush by Pat Flannigan on the Catholic American patriotism of Phil Sheridan, every Catholic American publication in the country

would have praised it and quoted from it; but the Catholic heroism of the Acadians was worth more than all the American patriotism afloat on this continent to-day; and history has proven such an ingrate liar toward these people that I confess I was indignant to find that Bishop Howley's article received so little attention.

Gradually, however, I am learning that many exalted persons, editors and others, famed for piety and scholarship, seem to be far more interested in their own hasty sketches of ambition and revenge than they are in the eternal martyrdoms and truths of history. And again I tell you, that I am here, through the fear or favor of no man, to preach these truths for your eternal salvation. Of course, many of you will boycott me, but let us see what comes of it all.

The volumes named at the beginning of this paper have aroused this train of thought and comment; and, while I can not pretend to give a fair resumé of their invaluable contents, I wish to say enough of them to send thousands of readers to their pages for such enlightenment as is much needed in our day.

The honorable author has evidently given more time, more honesty and more historical ability to the study of the subject in hand than any of his predecessors; and, in consequence, has brought out more facts of importance than any of them; and, in some instances, notably in the cases of Parkman and the authorized compiler of the Nova Scotia archives, has shown that his predecessors were alike dishonest and incompetent.

Nova Scotia, then and through all time to be known as Acadia, was discovered by the French in 1604; and Port Royal, around which the future battles between Latin and Saxon colonizers were to rage, was founded in 1605. And though this whole region has now become an insignificant factor in the larger commercial history of America, I fully agree with Mr. Richard—Vol. I, p. 28 of his history—that “nothing is more captivating than the story of this province from 1604 to 1710.” During this one hundred years various settlements of French Catholics, presided over by priests of exceptional learning and piety, planted on the peninsula of Nova Scotia a civilization which, for piety, integrity of manhood, quiet and unplundering industry and charity—the soul of all virtue—has never been equalled on any portion of this continent. In truth, it was the pure and undemonstrative virtue of these people that led Parkman to misunderstand them, and that has led so many Eng-

lish and other Americans practically to despise them. But the Eternal ever guards his own.

In general, the wide world knows the fact that, after prospering for nearly a century and living a life of peace within themselves and with the Indians around them, these people were "deported"—packed on ships and scattered over the face of the earth, supposedly by English authority—the English having fallen in control of the Province by the "Treaty of Utrecht;" and as it was a dastardly piece of inhuman conduct, for which the Boston English and the London English, pure and simple, were about equally to blame, English and American historians have never ceased to palliate the crime and to pick all possible holes in the Acadian character. But our poets are made of finer stuff, and in our day these silent, trusting Acadian martyrs of righteousness are having their story properly told. So will always the fittest survive and the Judases that betray them find their places among the hissings and scornings of mankind.

In his article upon these people—see *THE GLOBE*, No. XV—Bishop Howley not only shows that they were exceptionally industrious, but that they were successful in their industry; and all slurs upon them as mere pietists without worldly ambition enough to manage their own good fortune, such as some modern Yankees, Windsor and others, have made, must be treated as simply hard-headed falsehoods.

Their one mistake was in treating this world as God's world and their own little portion of it as a garden-spot of human charity. They did not sufficiently appreciate the fact that this earth temporarily belongs to the Devil and his angels—that is, to such commercial and military and other thieves as may chance to envy any spot on the earth which their quieter neighbors may chance to enjoy; and their misfortune was in being subjects of a light-headed, vainglorious government that has never known how to protect any colony that its more heroic souls have discovered and settled.

It is true that, in one sense, the Acadians lost their prestige and their control and finally found their exodus for the same reason that the Quakers lost ground in Pennsylvania, viz., that they were not primarily fighting and thieving men. But was there not territory enough due west of Virginia? Was there not territory enough due west of Boston? And due west of the entire sea-line

between Virginia and Boston, to satisfy the greed of native English and of Yankee English, that they must, perforce, fit out ships of war and steer for the innocent and peaceful settlement of Port Royal, and shoot and sack it time and again? Must the English and Yankee English always be fattened dogs in the manger, too full to pick the bones they have and too greedy to let other and less favored hounds enjoy a quiet meal?

It is a great breed, this, John Bull and his Yankee pups! So it happened after Argall, Nicholson & Co., from various English settlements on this continent, had sacked and captured Port Royal over and over again, and after the war between England and France was brought to a close in 1713, that the whole of Acadia was ceded to the English and the future struggle for the Acadians was simply between their own consciences, which declared against their taking an unconditional oath of allegiance to the British crown, and the selfish, grasping, treacherous, inhuman governors of Acadia, who did not want the Acadians to quit the country and put everything in the way of their leaving until the time came when in sheer brutal and bestial baseness, Governor Lawrence hurried and huddled them aboard ships like pigs in a pen, and sent them adrift on the seas of everlasting cruelty.

By citing facts at first unknown to Parkman and later slurred and slighted by that very inaccurate historian, and by citing sources of information deliberately ignored by the compiler of the Nova Scotia archives, the author of the present volumes makes it out very clearly that the English government was never responsible for any of the injustices and deceptions perpetrated toward the Acadians and that its authority first and last, as well as the authority of the Lords of Trade, under whose supervision the management of the Province fell, was exercised directly against the final deportation, which has become one of the great scandals of the world.

I do not wish to add to any false lights already abroad on this subject; but just the contrary.

Toward Argall and Nicholson and other native English and Yankee English adventurers, who, in sheer wanton cruelty and selfish ambition inflicted wrong upon wrong and misery upon misery upon these people, I feel a very great bitterness and I despise those race-marks of my ancestors that have ever led them to this unjustifiable species of brutality; but toward the later

English governors of Acadia, even down to Phillips and Lawrence, I feel a palliating sympathy not found in Mr. Richard's volumes.

The aggressions of the adventurers were wanton and uncalled for; but after Acadia was ceded to England by France, the English governors of the Province were put in this dilemma, either to encourage the peaceable and honorable migration of the only people who were worth anything to the Province, or to allow aliens to remain practically in charge of an English province or to force them to take the oath of allegiance. And while I do not justify any single measure of theirs in solving this dilemma, I see clearly that it was not an easy matter to settle.

When Alsace and Lorraine once more became provinces of Germany, the French inhabitants had to take the oath of allegiance to their conquerors and foes. All this is one of the bitter and conscienceless tyrannies of what we call civilized warfare; and God pity the civilization that prides itself on such tyranny! It was practically the same with the Acadians from 1713 onward, and to this extent no extraordinary wrong was done them. It was not in the simple fact of take the oath or go that I find the deepest wrong of the English governors of the Acadians, but in the perpetual methods of official, misleading deception practised towards the Acadians.

If my friend tells me that he is true to me and means to be true to me, does not mean to desert me and does not wish me to quit his home or my own, and all the while said friend is plotting my ruin—say, perhaps, under the very roof I have provided for his shelter—said friend is a dastardly liar and a deceiver; and the nearer his blood or commercial relation to me, the deeper and darker is the nature of his crime. And this was the case of the English governors of Acadia toward the trusting Acadians.

Article XIV of the Treaty of Utrecht reads as follows:

"It is expressly provided that in all the said places and colonies to be yielded and restored by the Most Christian King in pursuance of this treaty, the subjects of the said King may have liberty to remove themselves within a year to any other place, as they shall think fit, with all their movable effects. But those who are willing to remain here and to be subjects to the kingdom of Great Britain are to enjoy the free exercise of their religion according to the usage of the Church of Rome as far as the laws of Great Britain do allow the same."

The better to define this situation, but, still more, to please the King of France, in return for some of the latter's acts of kindness to his Protestant subjects, Queen Anne agreed to relieve the Acadians from the rigor of the terms of the treaty. The new terms are contained in her letter to Governor Nicholson, dated June 23, 1713 :

"To our trusty and well-beloved Francis Nicholson, Governor of our Province of Nova Scotia or Acadia, etc.

"Whereas our good brother, the Most Christian King, hath, at our desire, released from imprisonment on board his galleys, such of his subjects as were detained there on account of their professing the Protestant religion; we, being willing to show by some mark of our favor towards his subjects, how kind we take his compliance therein, have therefore thought fit hereby to signify our will and pleasure to you, that you permit such of them as have any lands or tenements in the places under our government in Acadia and Newfoundland, that have been or are to be yielded to us by virtue of the late treaty of peace, and are willing to continue our subjects, to retain and enjoy their said lands and tenements without any molestation, as fully and freely as other our subjects do, or may possess their lands or estates, or to sell the same, if they shall rather choose to remove elsewhere. And for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

"By Her Majesty's command,

"DARTMOUTH."

It is thus clear that, from the time of the cession of the province to England, the English Government desired and directed that justice tempered with due charity should be administered toward the Acadians; but the reader who will follow Mr. Richard through his two volumes will find that, instead of this, pretty nearly all the English Governors of Acadia, from Nicholson to Lawrence, pursued toward these people a course of temporizing deception.

The Governors did not want the Acadians to leave, for the reasons we have named, and the Acadians did not want to go, if they could stay with honor and with loyalty to their own consciences. They had built there homes here; had become attached to the soil; in truth, next to God's own ownership of the land, they were the sole human owners of it; and any force of law, or any conduct on the part of any new *de jure* owners—kings, princes, queens or what not—that would either force them to violate their consciences in

order to hold their own, or that would oblige them to leave their own, was and will forever remain the devil's own law, no matter who are its apologists.

Now it is clear from these volumes, that while the Acadians were French they were human first of all, and as long as they were permitted to enjoy the practice of their religion—a right and consciousness deeper than all the patriotisms men have ever dreamed of—they were quite willing to take any oath of allegiance to the English Government that would not oblige them to take up arms against their brother French, on the one side, or against the Indians, who had been their friends from the start and with whom they had lived on terms of peace.

The importance of these reservations is found not alone in the Acadian qualms of conscience, though that alone would have been a sufficient motive for protest. There were, however, other and more practical reasons. It was unnatural to expect them to be willing to fight against their compatriots, but men have been obliged to do this, time and again; in fact, all civil wars are considered especially villainous, on this account. The objection to being obliged to fight against the Indians was still more practical, and it is in evidence that the Acadians, though trusting where any word of honor had been given, were shrewd and far-seeing in any bargains they really made.

The English hated the Indians and the noble red man returned the compliment with interest.

For the Acadians to become English subjects without exacting the condition that they should not be obliged to take up arms against the Indians, was, therefore, to make the Indians their bitter enemies; and, as the English were not yet numerous enough in Acadia to protect themselves against Indian attacks, much less to protect the Acadians from such attacks, an unreserved or unqualified oath of allegiance to England would have subjected them to probable annihilation from the Indian side of their habitations.

This, in general, was the situation; and, much as the Acadians loved their homes, there was not a time, as far as I can learn, when they were not willing to leave them rather than violate their consciences in their reserve on these points, provided they could leave on the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht. And herein the rascality of the English Governors of the Province is manifest. They

would not comply with these terms; took every opportunity to make the Acadians believe that some modification in the form of the oath might be made so that the exodus should not be necessary; and it is a well-known fact that Governor Phillips, either verbally or in writing,—and I think in writing, since destroyed,—did administer the oath to them with the condition demanded; see page 150, Vol. I. As a matter of fact, therefore, they were, from the time of this action by Governor Phillips, English subjects, and had an additional right and claim to be treated with all justice by future English Governors. Said English Governors, however, continued, on their own responsibility and frequently with base deception toward the Home Government, to treat the Acadians as French neutrals, as dangerous inhabitants by virtue of this fact, and to try to force them or cajole them into taking an unqualified oath of allegiance.

Thus the temporizing went on from one Governor after another until Phillips' conduct was said to have been disapproved by the British Crown, though there is no proof of this beyond the word of Governor Lawrence, and as Governor Lawrence was a base, untruthful, dishonorable, self-seeking, cold-blooded and brutal tyrant, his word on any subject is not especially worthy of belief.

By 1755, the year of the deportation of the Acadians, England and France were at war again, and as their colonial possessions were jealously guarded treasures, war was as sharp in them as elsewhere. I look upon this fact as the only palliating circumstance in the otherwise inhuman conduct of Governor Lawrence toward the Acadians, and I mention it in this connection to condition the otherwise unconditional and everlasting damnation due this despicable man.

Here is his own account of the transaction. In his letters to various Governors of the English-American colonies, Governor Lawrence said:

“The successes we have gained over the French at Beauséjour have put us in a position to exact from the Acadians either an unqualified oath or that they should quit the country. They have always stipulated for a restriction to the effect that they were not to bear arms against the French; Governor Phillips consented to grant it to them, but he was blamed for this by His Majesty. They have taken advantage of this neutrality to give information and provisions to the French and the Indians, and, at the evacuation of Beauséjour, 300 of them were found armed.

"Notwithstanding this bad conduct, I offered to leave those who dwelt in the peninsula in peaceable occupation of their lands, if they consented to take an unqualified oath. This offer was audaciously refused by the entire population.

"Under these circumstances, after consultation with Vice-Admiral Boscowen, my council came to the decision to deport them. We foresaw that their expulsion, with the privilege of going where they willed, would have considerably strengthened France; as, moreover, the latter country had no cleared lands to offer them, those who were able to bear arms would have been employed in harassing us; I have, therefore, deemed that the most effectual and expeditious means of getting rid of them, without inconvenience, was to distribute them throughout the colonies, so that they might not come together again. As this measure was absolutely indispensable to the safety of this colony, we hope you will have no hesitation to receive them, and that you will dispose of them in such a way as to meet our views, which are to prevent them from coming together again."

The lying sophistry of this statement will be apparent to any one who follows Mr. Richard through his history. In the first place, the three hundred found under arms "were pardoned by the articles of capitulation, because they had taken arms under pain of death." In the next place, there is no evidence that the remaining Acadians of the Province were engaged in any measures inimical to the English; and, in the third place, every condition of this arbitrary deportation was contrary to the conditions granted to these people by the treaty of Utrecht, and the added carefulness of Queen Anne on their account, and the whole proceeding entirely ignored the fact that Governor Phillips had previously administered to them the oath in the qualified form indicated. Moreover, it is perfectly clear from every reliable account of the deportation, that families were separated, purposely, and in cold blood, and that all told, it was one of the most dastardly undertakings ever perpetrated by mortal man.

In his history Mr. Richard makes it perfectly clear that Governor Lawrence's motives in this proceeding, so far from being patriotic, were the most selfish and grovelling known to mankind; in a word, that he deliberately undertook and executed this infamous business, decoyed these people from their homes, packed and crowded them aboard transport ships, in divided family groups,

sent them adrift as indicated, then burnt their homes before their eyes, while the ships that bore their bleeding hearts to sea were still in sight of land, so the Acadians might see the smoke of their burning dwellings, all in order to speculate in the vacated lands and to make immediate fortune out of the sale of their fine horses and cattle.

Mr. Richard also makes it clear that Mr. Parkman had as little appreciation of the true Christian genius of the Acadians as he had of the exact truths of history, and gives abundant evidence for every proposition that he advances.

I wish that he had made a different arrangement of his chapters, and that he had been more lavish in giving dates of years and months in which certain recorded events occurred; and I think too much space is given to the destruction of Parkman, who was only a third-class historic novelist anyway. But Mr. Richard's work has been painstaking and thorough, and all future students will gladly do him honor.

It is small consolation that Governor Lawrence died in disgrace before his crimes were fully investigated and punished by the Home Government; such Judases usually find speedy reward for their betrayals, but that in no way lessened the sufferings of between three and four thousand of the meekest and most trusting souls God ever made.

I have not thought it worth while to repeat the detail of those sufferings. I have no taste for that kind of writing. All the world knows the story—that these people, after suffering mortal agonies of bereavement, and after many had died on their lonely voyages, were in some instances refused a landing at the ports to which they were sent, and were finally scattered like lost sheep, among people in many cases alien to their faith, and then for years strove to find each other in all parts of this land.

My own belief is that the Acadians, thus pious and broken-hearted, were infinitely more needed throughout the worldly communities of the several colonies—later to become States of a still more worldly Union, called the United States—than they were needed on the poor peninsula of Nova Scotia; hence, as ever, the Eternal has made the wrath of man to praise Him, while restraining the remainder thereof.

My theory of the scattering of the Irish Catholics is precisely the same. They alone of all European peoples kept the faith

throughout that great rebellion of heresy known as the Reformation, and in the fact that heaven needed them more in the United States than they were needed in Ireland I see the Providential meaning of the persecution brought to bear upon them by Cromwell and the English Protestant governments from his day to ours.

Of course this argument has no weight with lawless libertines like Parnell, and Mr. Gladstone would probably question its correctness, but neither of these gentlemen ever had an idea that took hold upon the Providential world-cultures of the race, as far as I know.

At all events, I have long been impressed with a certain chaste, simple, sincere and beautiful Christian refinement in all the descendants of the Acadians that have come in my way, and while I do not presume to intimate that all their descendants are saints, I do say that, as far as I know, they are among the purest salt of the earth on this American continent to-day; and that what we are dying for as a nation is, first, the truthfulness of manhood that these people represent; and, furthermore, that while I have no doubt the good God is able to produce this kind of character in various ways, I have never known or heard of its having been produced in this world by any other methods than such silent and noble suffering for conscience's sake as the Acadians endured.

Indeed, if Bob Ingersoll would practice this sort of life for ten years I would guarantee to make a good Catholic out of him, spite of his Calvinistic birth and bringing up, and spite of his life-long enjoyment and expression of American independent impudence.

In conclusion I would commend the same sort of discipline to some eminent Catholics, who have trod their easy way to glory until they apparently forget the process by which all true heroes have ever been made or crowned.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

MODERN CONCEITS OF SCIENCE.

AN ALLEGORY.

It happened some time ago, how or in what manner it is not known, that an inhabitant of one of the far-distant planets arrived in one of our principal cities, creating, as may well be con-

ceived, the greatest wonder and amazement. People flocked from all sides to see him, but he was taken in charge at once by the principal and leading men of the city, the men of wealth, of note and of respectability. After eliciting from him information in regard to the far-distant world to which he belonged, its inhabitants, their institutions and civilization—information which excited in the highest degree their wonder and admiration—they, on their side, desirous of giving him a favorable impression of earthly courtesy and hospitality, and at the same time felicity, entertained him in the most sumptuous and royal manner. Desirous also, and more especially, of inspiring him with the most exalted notions of the greatness, the power, genius, knowledge, and skill of the earth's highest order of existences, they led him through the city so that he might behold its grandest and most imposing edifices, its palatial private residences, its magnificent banks, schoolhouses, colleges and churches. They conducted him through all the principal places of interest whose objects would be likely to attract his attention—objects of artistic skill and beauty; they showed him our telegraph and telephone inventions, taking care that he should see them in full operation; they led him to see our ponderous steamers ploughing the waves, and our steam cars dashing like fiery coursers through space, emitting unearthly sounds, in all the startling *eclat* of their tremendous power. They showed him these and other marvels too numerous to mention. Whilst the unique being paid the closest attention to everything toward which his observation was directed, it was noticeable that nothing in his looks indicated the least surprise or wonder at what he witnessed. On the other hand, it was something worthy the study of the artists to portray adequately the different shades of expression, of curiosity and anticipation, depicted upon the countenances of his entertainers as that latest and most marvelous of our nineteenth century inventions was being prepared to operate in his presence—was being prepared to deliver an oration pronounced by one whose voice had for some time ceased to be heard among the living. As every syllable and sentence was being pronounced by the machine in precisely the same tone, pitch and cadence of voice, as that of the deceased orator, every eye was fixed upon the countenance of the strange guest, expecting to discern upon it some marked expression of astonishment or to hear from his lips some rapturous exclamation of admiration at the

marvelous performance; but not a single movement of his countenance indicative of wonder was perceptible upon it, and not a word of astonishment or admiration escaped from his lips. Only the same immobility, the same serious and respectful expression of interest in all he witnessed was observable.

The far-distant planetary being was of noble mien and majestic bearing. There was stamped upon his countenance a nobility of character of a more elevated type than that of the human in its highest cast; and upon his brow a placid tranquillity and repose, the exterior reflection of internal peace—of a strong, self-possessed spirit in which there resided no element of agitation or disturbance, forming a strange and striking contrast with the facial expressions of the mundane mortals that surrounded him. And it is averred by those that had the good fortune of approaching close to his person, that there emanated from him a mysterious effluence producing a tranquil sense of internal peace such as they had never before experienced. The splendid apartment provided for his temporary abode contained one of the most valuable private libraries in the country, where, in complete seclusion, he spent a portion of each day in studying the constitution of man, and at the same time human history, but, as regards the latter, more especially the religious department as exemplified in those institutions and living facts which have left so deep an impress upon the face of the world. His superior intellectual powers and intuitional grasp of thought furnished him with the key to the solution of many problems which have always remained dark and insoluble mysteries to our greatest philosophers and historians. On the last day of his sojourn among us, and ere he took his departure, he was present at a literary and scientific exhibition given in his honor and at which were present the two celebrated philosophers and scientists, Dr. Creedless and Professor Matterman. The former merits a few passing words of notice. In natural ability and educational acquirements Dr. Creedless was no ordinary man. His studies abroad in some of the most celebrated institutions of learning had made him acquainted with, if not fully master of, the principal philosophical systems of ancient and modern times. He was well versed in Biblical knowledge and had the reputation of being an accomplished theologian. Although now an unbeliever in revealed religion, his unbelief never took an aggressive form.

Whatever may have been his secret and real motives he was never heard to speak disparagingly of Christianity. The new philosophy of nature—"evolution,"—which came so suddenly into vogue some thirty years ago, had a good deal to do with his present mental state in regard to religion. Previous to that period the term "progress," which signified the onward march of humanity, had only loosely attached to it the idea of illimitability; it was in some sense restricted to experience, but the new significant "evolution," which became, in accordance with the philosophy from which it sprung, the generic term expressive of advancement, has attached to it the idea of a positive law of the world. All things by virtue of this law are ceaselessly advancing toward higher ends: the idea of finality, as entering into the economy of nature, is consequently obscured, or rather completely obliterated.

The human race, in its onward course, may meet with contrary winds, storms and tempests, causing it oftentimes to recede instead of to advance; but the winds shift and the sky clears again, enabling the ship of humanity to recover and more than recover its lost ground, and thus, in spite of wind and wave, move gloriously onward on the ocean of time toward higher and higher states of existence. The acceptance of such a philosophy by a logical mind could not but have tended to crush out every sentiment and motive of belief in revealed and authoritative religion. According to this philosophy, the ameliorative progress of the race does not depend upon the determinations of the human will with respect to a positive standard of right and wrong; whatever these determinations may be, whether on the side of right or wrong, justice or injustice, the human race must advance, its progress and future well-being are insured. On these principles there is no place for authoritative religion as the highest exemplification of morality and the guide of conscience. Evolution underlies all; on these principles, religion becomes on its rational side, "Agnosticism," and on its emotional, "Altruism." In the former there is no room for faith as a divine virtue or principle of religious belief; in the latter, for charity as a divine and living principle of brotherhood. The doctor, moreover, was deeply impressed by some of the recent discoveries and inventions of modern science, which tended to confirm his belief in the self-progressive capacity of humanity. In fact, he had come to

hold views on the possibilities of human invention of the most fanciful nature. And he saw, too, or thought he saw, that those startling discoveries and inventions were being productive of new modes of thought in the popular mind with respect to the moral order, causing it to be regarded under new aspects, or aspects under which was being eliminated from it every idea and sense of the supernatural. A new light had come to dawn upon him—the clear and informing light of science, causing him to see things differently from what he did before. In the discerning glow of this new light he was led to hold that Nature is the great revelator; that all truths essential to man are to be sought not from above, but from beneath—that is to say, from within and not outside the order of visible nature. The earth is our mother, he would say; we came forth from her bosom; all knowledge essential to us is locked within it. As a kind mother, she will not refuse to reveal to us this knowledge if we seek it as we ought, that is, directly from her; to so seek it is the first law of our existence. And not only has she knowledge in store for us, but power, health, and long life—all to be gained on the same conditions. Since men, said he, have begun to act with an earnest zeal on this simple and natural principle, see the power they wield to-day, as well as the knowledge they have acquired, as the reward of their energy and perseverance. Is not the great Mother every day placing some one of her hidden forces and fresh supplies of her hidden treasures in the hands of man? Are they not her forces that move the engines that grind his corn; yea, that till his fields; that move the complex machines whereby are woven the fabrics wherewith he is clothed; that impel the huge chariots, conveying him with lightning speed, over lofty mountains, stormy and tempestuous seas? Is it not her precious gift, which he has extracted from her, that transmits his thoughts instantaneously through and around every quarter of the globe, beneath the storm-tossed waves of the broadest oceans? Is there not here something which looks like an approach on the part of man to the complete control of this planet? And as regards his condition since the great revival—*renaissance*—when civilized mankind were re-awakened to new intellectual life and activity by a fresh infusion of the old earthly spirit, how altered is his state! Is he not, day by day, ameliorating and bettering his condition; increasing and multi-

plying by his inventions and discoveries fresh sources of comfort and happiness? In holding and entertaining these views the distinguished scientist was not alone among his confrères; with the great majority of them, this scientific system of naturalism is, in a less exaggerated form perhaps, the sum and substance both of their philosophy and their religion.

With respect to Professor Matterman, he was in moral qualities the very opposite of Dr. Creedless; in regard to religion he had neither his candor nor sincerity. In the domain of physics he was justly distinguished, but it was from the gross elements of matter, primary rocks and reptiles, that he drew his highest inspiration, and not from their prime cause or principle. We will spend no more words upon him, but return at once to our proper subject.

Desirous of affording the visitor from a far-distant world a proof of human excellence in the field of dialectic as well as of inventive thought, as exemplified in an extemporaneous effort, and as illustrative of the sublime results produced by our higher education, a young man, a student in one of our most celebrated colleges, was selected for that purpose. To enhance the value of this mental trial, a subject was chosen of the very profoundest character, namely, "The Genesis of Human Thought." The young man upon whom this honor devolved was in years somewhere, perhaps, between eighteen and nineteen, but owing to his wearing spectacles, he appeared somewhat older. When called upon he instantly arose, and although the subject was made known to him for the first time, evinced not the slightest trepidation at the onerous task set before him. Having mounted a slightly elevated position and adjusted his glasses, he, after a few commonplace remarks about the gravity of the theme, and craving the indulgence of the audience, dived at once into his subject. Talented young man, he possessed the double gift of mental and verbal celerity, of spontaneity of thought and speech—happy faculty to go through the world with!—which enables its possessor, without a moment's preparation, to rise at any given moment and speak for any length of time upon any given subject. To enter here into any criticism of the manner in which this great subject was treated does not come within the province of this recital, further than to say that it was received with the utmost enthusiastic manifestations of appreciation proper to so cultured and select an

audience. And judging from this young orator's self-satisfied look, as he retook his seat, his finished task was not less equally satisfactory to himself. Seated at some distance on the right and slightly in advance of the honored guest, he turned his head slowly and timidly around, expecting, perhaps, some sign from him of the same admiring approval. But if such was his expectation, he was doomed to disappointment; the countenance of that personage indicated the same absence of wonder and admiration at this mental production in the field of philosophic thought, as on previous occasions at our other productions—our self-regarded marvelous inventions. The time being now close at hand when was about to terminate the longer stay among us of this extraordinary person, it was expected, ere he took his departure, that he would offer some expression of his thoughts and sentiments in regard to the earth's highest order of existences as a race of moral and rational beings; in regard to our civilization, our mental and material productions as exemplified in external facts and concrete institutions; and perhaps some slight recognition of our hospitality.

Amid the breathless silence produced by this expectation the unique being gravely arose and said: "Inhabitants of the earth, as a race of intelligent beings, you command my highest admiration. You are truly a wonderful race and wonderfully endowed. But perceiving during my brief stay in your midst that death reigns among you and that your sojourn on this planet is but of momentary duration, the evidence of which is but too plainly visible in the many whitened heads I see around me—evidences of decay and approaching dissolution—perceiving this, I say, which but further adds to my interest in you, I am led to inquire what is the purpose of your existence?"

Had the planetary being proposed for solution some abstruse question pertaining to celestial mathematics it could not have fallen upon those to whom it was proposed with greater surprise and bewilderment than did this question. Dr. Creedless looked at Professor Matterman, and Professor Matterman at Dr. Creedless, and the students and visitors at the Doctor and the Professor and then at each other in blank amazement. "The purpose of our existence!" slowly and half audibly ejaculated Professor Matterman, "The purpose of our existence!" After a lengthy pause Dr. Creedless made answer: "We have no certain knowledge in regard to our origin and the purpose of our existence, but they are matters

upon which we speculate much, and which have in all ages engrossed the attention of our greatest thinkers, and at no time perhaps more so than at the present. The common people, unenlightened by scientific knowledge, have, it is true, a precise formula of religious belief called a creed, the principles or articles of which profess to embody the answer to the question you propose; but the truth of those articles, owing to their nature, cannot be rigorously demonstrated by any scientific tests we can bring to bear upon them. We, therefore—that is, the more enlightened portion of our race—do not accept this creed, for there is nothing of which we have a greater abhorrence than superstition.”

For the first time, it was observed that a shade, in which were blended seriousness and sadness, passed over the countenance of the planetary visitor. “Earthly intelligences,” said he, “since I have been among you, you have made it your constant endeavor to lead me into the fullest knowledge of your various sciences, discoveries and inventions, but truth now compels me to say that none of these things have inspired me with any wonder. I have a knowledge superior to yours of those forces of nature which you have to some extent controlled and applied in your inventions; and not only a knowledge superior to yours have I of those forces, but a command over them which enables me, by a simple act of volition, to apply them to any purpose I may desire, or rather to use them as the direct mediums in effecting such purpose. Unlike your indirect and laborious methods in making those forces subservient to your will, I could by the command I have over them, and were it in accordance with the will of the Supreme Ruler, lay, in the twinkling of an eye, your beautiful city in ruins. (At this a visible thrill of sensation ran through the audience.) Moreover, my friends, there are surrounding you innumerable invisible beings who, in virtue of the constitution of their nature, have the same command over these forces—fallen evil spirits, whose constant and persistent purpose it is to draw you, by suggestion or temptation, down to their own evil state, and cause you to fail in the purpose of your existence. You will not fail to perceive, then, how little reason there is for any manifestation of wonder, on my part, at any of those productions on which you pride yourselves. But now truth compels me to tell you that the words I have just listened to cause me to wonder exceedingly. To hear intelligent and rational beings, such as

you, openly disclaim any certain knowledge in relation to their origin and destiny, is to me the greatest of all wonders. Why, my friends, such knowledge is for moral and rational beings the *primal* and *essential* science."

To this Dr. Creedless replied: "Most illustrious guest, as I have previously affirmed, men of science are not wholly indifferent to this matter; indeed, if you look closely into the works emanating from their pens you will not fail to perceive in them a latent consciousness and recognition of its gravity and importance; that they are not fully at ease with respect to it; that, no matter what their conclusions may be in regard to it, they all point to some solution of it, however different from that furnished by the popular creed. I may properly remark here that within a short period a conviction has been rapidly forcing itself upon the scientific mind—a conviction which, should it be verified, will, I have not the least doubt, throw a new and more certain light over all questions pertaining to the non-sensible and invisible order, and afford, perhaps, a true answer to the question to which you attach so paramount an importance. Men of science are being led, more and more every day, to believe that, after all, matter is mind; and not a few among them, one of the most distinguished of whom is my esteemed friend here present, Professor Matterman, think that the converse of the proposition is the more scientifically accurate. But be that as it may, we, as I have said, are rapidly coming to the conclusion that the universe is composed of but one substance called 'mind stuff,' and that all natural phenomena, physical and mental, are explicable from data furnished by the peculiar properties and combinations of what are regarded as the elements of this one universal substance. Arrived at this conclusion, the great question for science is how to combine these elements in such specific form, and when combined, to place the combination under such conditions as to engender mental modes and states of being. When science shall have succeeded in this, shall have succeeded in educing from the universal substance, in its seemingly lifeless state, mental phenomena, or intelligible responses to scientific inquiries, then, in truth, the key of knowledge will be in our hands; then all the mysteries will be solved, and man will become equal to himself—to his highest aspirations; for the knowledge thus gained will be power, power as mighty as the forces of nature and as boundless as the universe. Although, as a matter of

fact, intelligent and informing responses have been and are being constantly elicited from inanimate material objects, as in the so-called spirit manifestations, we do not deem it advisable to pursue our investigations on that line. We have proposed to ourselves a surer and more scientific method; it is to commence with, and direct our observation toward living organism rather than inanimate objects. We have discovered, from the most careful analysis, that there is no difference whatever as to the arrangement of the elements of the universal substance, between the brain of man and that of the brute, hence we are rationally led to conclude that——”

At this point of the Doctor's remarks the unique being gently interposing, gravely asked: “Have you no traditions, no annals, embracing knowledge of your original status as a race, and of the conditions under which you were immediately established in existence, and have you, in regard to these matters, no concrete authoritative exponent of them standing between you and the invisible order? I ask these questions because they denote, it seems to me, fundamental needs of your twofold corporeal and spiritual nature.”

It took the Doctor some little time to recover his equanimity slightly ruffled by the unexpected check to the flow of his remarks and their sudden diversion into an entirely different channel. Quickly recomposing himself, however, he continued: “I will say in answer to these questions, that we have traditions and annals purporting to be co-eval with the first period of our existence as a race, and to embrace knowledge in relation to the purpose for which we were placed on this planet; but we have at this late day no means of verifying them—that is scientifically. And with respect to an authoritative exponent of divinely revealed knowledge, the existence of which among us the constitution of our nature has also led you to surmise, we have such an institution in our midst, and although it accredits itself by its constant living presence and its authoritative voice, we have the same difficulty in regard to it as in that of the other attestors, the traditions and annals. This concrete exponent of revealed, or religious truths, claims to have grown out of supernatural facts that occurred two thousand years ago, and although we admit the main facts of its origin, in so far as they are natural facts, we are obliged to disclaim the supernatural character attached to them, simply because we have no

means of scientifically verifying them as bearing such character. It also claims to be, through an older institution, the continuation of the authoritative exponent of religious truths established at the beginning, namely, the Patriarchal. This religious institution, or Church, in our midst, being undoubtedly sprung from the older system referred to—the Mosaic, dating nearly two thousand years further back. It is difficult on historical grounds to dispute the claim; for at its origin, the Mosaic actually touched the primal system—in truth, it sprung from it, hence these three phases of authoritative religion, regarded as three distinct religious dispensations—the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, and the Christian, or Messianic, may be accepted as facts, but their explication is so blended with the miraculous that they lose for the scientific minds even their historical value and significance. I think it proper also to state that outside of these three genetically related systems, there have been and there are at present others too numerous to mention.”

U. B.—“Then it is allowed that there has existed on the earth, since the advent of your race upon it, a continuous exponent or teaching medium of religious truths?”

Dr. C.—“Yes, I think this must be admitted.”

U. B.—“But these truths, in virtue of their nature as religious truths, must embrace knowledge of your origin and destiny. How then is it that you disclaim all such knowledge?”

Dr. C.—“Most enlightened personage, it is the certainty of this knowledge that we question, coming to us, as it does, resting upon no motives of credibility, having in themselves the intrinsic form of compelling our assent.”

U. B.—“Certain knowledge in relation to your origin and destiny, my friend, can be derived only from the Being to whom you owe your origin and who has appointed your destiny. The derivation of this knowledge, therefore, does not belong primarily to the order of natural, but of divine facts. And as divinely communicated for a purpose vitally concerning your welfare as moral beings, you must hold that it was communicated with reference to the whole human race, and that consequently it is as true and real at this moment as when first communicated. Have you not, then, in these indubitable inferences of reason, motives of credibility as to the certainty of this knowledge, which have in themselves the intrinsic force of compelling your assent?”

Dr. C.—“I acknowledge, most discerning intelligence, that there is

much force in your reasoning, but as these inferences are not of such a nature as I deem sufficient for absolute conviction, and realizing as I do, that a serious responsibility rests upon us in this matter, should the claim urged by this exponent of religious truth constantly present to us, be a valid claim, I do not hesitate to assert that we are free from such responsibility, and for the additional reason that we have no means of ascertaining to which of the numerous contradictory systems of religion this knowledge in its integrity and completeness belongs; and that therefore, notwithstanding the seeming impossibility of our attaining to this knowledge by any other than by supernatural means, it is in reality a problem to be solved only by the natural powers of our moral and rational constitution. Moreover, I think it right to add that contradiction in respect of doctrine is not the only thing predicable of these systems, but, as regards not a few of them, fearful inhumanity and immorality."

U. B.—"My dear friend, there being involved in this matter, as you truly say, a serious responsibility on your part, it behooves you in reasoning upon it to be governed solely by valid motives of inference. Permit me to say that there is a fallacy in your reasoning which I am sure you do not perceive, and that is that the evidence you demand for conviction is of the nature of sensible media constantly manifested. A little reflection will cause you to see the incompatibility of such evidence in matters pertaining to the invisible or non-sensible order. And, as to the other motive you assign, the asserted impossibility of knowing to which of the several contradictory systems of religion the true revelation belongs, permit me also to say that this is not a valid principle of denial. You admit as historical facts that included in the numerous forms of religion which have prevailed on the earth, there have been three which, aside from all the others, bear toward each other a peculiar relation—an orderly relation of sequence in respect of first principles, doctrine and worship; and as the present system, the Christian, is the fulfilment of the two preceding, it needs to be shown, in order to make your assertion good, that the Christian religion is in contradiction not only with other systems of religion, but in contradiction with itself. Can this be shown?"

Dr. C.—(Somewhat hesitatingly.) "I dare not assert that the fundamental principles of Christianity, in so far as they are in opposition to those of other religions, do not exemplify divine truths, and

that those others are not exemplificative of error and falsehood. Nor can I justly assert that the Christian religion does not rigorously enforce the strictest observance of the laws of morality ; but what I do assert is that these principles, or dogmas, embrace mysteries incomprehensible to us ; and herein lies, in my belief, our freedom from responsibility in withholding assent to these dogmas."

U. B.—"The incomprehensibility of mysteries, my good friend, does not absolve you from this responsibility. You are surrounded by, or rather immersed in, mysteries. The universe is a mystery ; your very existence is a mystery ; there is not a single object of your senses, even, but what ultimately is conceptionally involved in mystery, owing to the limitations of your nature ; nevertheless, in their existential aspects, as sensibly perceived, you have the absolute certainty of the reality of these objects. What you may reasonably demand as the condition of yielding assent to the truth of these mysteries, is a reasonable surety that the medium presenting them does so under the sanction of Divine authority. This surety the just Lawgiver and Author of your being has not left wanting to you in the frequent manifestations of Divine Power confirmatory of this authority."

Dr. C.—"This surety, most enlightened guest, is the very thing that we—that is the learned and enlightened portion of our race—demand, but which, with all deference, I feel constrained to say is wanting to us as the condition of our credence. Certainly these manifestations of Divine power which constitute, as you say, this surety, can have no accrediting force for us inasmuch as they are never witnessed by us."

U. B.—"My earthly friend, in meeting the objections brought forward by you in extenuation of a grave responsibility, I might, were I not strongly impressed with the conviction of your sincerity, be led to attribute your course to a predisposition inimical to religious belief and authority. This surety which you claim for every individual member of your race, namely, extraordinary occurrences, or miracles, is, according to your previous statement, the very thing that causes the fact of the three genetically related religious systems to lose its historic value and significance for the scientific mind."

Dr. C.—"In so far as the miraculous character of these occurrences is not attested to each individual by the indubitable evidence of the senses. Moreover, our enlightened scientists, at least

many of them, I think it proper to say, deny the possibility of these facts on the ground that they contravene the laws of nature; although, for my own part, I freely confess that I am not among the number."

U. B.—"My dear friend, sensible attestation to the truths of revelation would have no force whatever on the method indicated by you. The attesting force of the miraculous lies in its extraordinary character. Here is the explanation of my statement made a moment ago—the incompatibility, as a motive force of religious belief, of evidence derived through sensible media constantly manifested. Were occurrences regarded by you as miraculous to become common, they would, just in proportion as they did so, lose their attesting force. If you refuse to believe the teaching medium in its self-accrediting capacity, as having grown of, or as the embodiment of, miraculous facts, neither would you believe if one rose from the dead, that is, on the strength of such a phenomenon successively repeated. And, as to miracles contravening the laws of nature, there is nothing in the nature of things that justifies such a doctrine. On the other hand, what more reasonable inference, as being in accordance with the fitness of things, then that those extraordinary manifestations of Divine power may, in the eternal forethought of God, constitute a distinct order of phenomena in themselves with reference to your twofold constitution as composed of sense and intellect. You, or rather man, acts and is receptive of action in the unity and completeness of his manhood. What more fitting, then, than that the senses, as the realizing media of all your intellections, should take their part in witnessing to the truths of religion at its foundation and establishment?"

Dr. C. was for a moment silent, when his friendly disputant continued: "And as to those acts of inhumanity you speak of, as associated with all your religious systems except the three already specified, what is the character of those acts?"

At this the Doctor waxed warm and eloquent: "Of a character," said he, "the most unnatural, atrocious and abominable, acts which violated the deepest instincts and affections of human nature—the worship of irrational creatures and figments of the imagination, consisting of the most odious and filthy orgies; the murderous sacrificing of offspring; the mother casting her child down the fiery throat of an idolatrous shrine; the zealot, as we

have seen in our own day, casting himself before the crushing wheels of Juggernaut's lofty car, attended with obscene songs and gestures, a mangled self-immolated victim to some imaginary object of supernatural dread; the devouring of human flesh, and other unnatural acts, not confined within particular geographical limits, but which extended over the whole habitable globe, in the West as in the East. But nowhere, perhaps, did these irrational and inhuman forms of worship and idiotic obscenities prevail more than here, on our own continent, before the arrival of the Europeans. Only four centuries ago, in 1487, at the dedication of the great temple of Mexico, sixty thousand human beings were slaughtered for the sacrificial offering to one of their numerous false divinities, the massacre lasting several days and flooding the streets with torrents of human blood. Even did time permit, it would be too revolting and horrifying to enter into any detail of these barbarities."

U. B.—"My dear earthly friend, your fearful statement implies an eclipse of the human reason, that it has been overcast by a dark cloud of falsehood and depravity, thereby placing you upon a plane below that of your normal human nature. How do you account for this? The elementary and most sacred instincts of your nature never could have been violated in this manner unless it had been vitiated at its very source by some essentially irrational and immoral act on the part of the being from whom it sprung—on his part as a free moral agent—an act violative of a fundamental law of his being, namely, conformity with the will of his Creator. Has this view any embodiment in the teaching of the Institution, or Church, which commands your religious belief?"

Dr. C.—"Yes, both in its teaching and in our earliest annals and traditions, according to each of which the primal progenitor of our race, at the suggestion of an evil spirit, broke the commandment of his Maker, and thereby fell from his primal state of innocence and happiness."

U. B.—"Here is explained the dark mystery of idolatry. Man-kind, in the person of their progenitor, fell under and became subject to the law of temptation, that is, of preternatural evil suggestion. In obeying the tempter he yielded to him the allegiance of the worship due to his Creator, thereby placing himself in opposition to his supreme Good, and opening the door of his nature to the invasion of evil influences from without. Belief in God—belief in his word and obedience to his commandment—constitute the

first elements of religious homage and worship. In the violation of these primary elements of morality and religion was laid the foundation of idolatry. Hence it is that the evil consequences of the original transgression have had so extensive and frightful an exemplification in false systems of religion. A portentous fact, my friend, which you should consider and weigh well, for in it you see the close and intimate connection between religion and your spiritual nature. Understand well, my friend, that religion implies *debt* or *obligation* with respect to value received—value, greater than which cannot be conceived or imagined, namely, being and life. The sense of obligation, springing from that of conscious dependency, to render homage and worship in return for existence and life, is an indestructible and irradicable property of your moral nature, founded as it is in the eternal reason and justness of things. Religion, then, as you must see, lies at the very root of your spiritual being, and consequently that its falsification, primarily, must necessarily have subjected your moral nature to perverse influences—to deep moral disorder. In truth, my friend, the inauspicious state of things portrayed by you, as arising from false religions, ought to convince you that religion in its truth and integrity is a prime condition of your moral and rational life—ought to so convince you in the very fact that its falsification bears so disastrously upon the deepest elements of your spiritual nature, and instead of furnishing you with a reason for rejecting the teaching of the Christian Church, ought to serve as a powerful argument disposing you to accept it. In the light of a truer and purer knowledge of your First Cause, and under the subduing influence of a divine religion, you look back now with wonder and amazement at the irrational and immoral character of pagan idolatry; you wonder how it was possible that rational beings could have been brought to worship the work of their own hands and be led into the fearful excesses involved in such worship. The almost universal prevalence of this revolt against reason and morality is regarded by you now as a condition of life attributable alone to inexperience and ignorance, as though reason and morality were not elementary attributes of being. Take care, my friends, that in matters of the gravest importance to you as rational beings, you are not at this moment on a lower plane of rationality than the Pagans ever reached in their darkest wanderings in the mazes of religious error. In the deepest obscurity of these wanderings, they never lost the

conception of the ideal; on the contrary, a deep sense of the divine underlaid all their religious systems, however irrational. I hear a great deal about the conflict between science and religion. I look into this science, and what do I find? Any recognition of the divine as being identical with the first principle of things? No, but its identification with the elements of pagan worship in its grossest forms—inanimate and irrational existences! That which can be apprehended in the relations of its constituent parts only under an ideal aspect, or as involving ideal elements—forethought, purpose, plan, adaptation, means to ends, must necessarily be the production of a mortal and rational principle,—in regard of its origin, mind or reason, is primary. Tell me, enlightened earthly intelligences, which offers the greater violence to reason, to attribute, with the poor benighted fetish worshipper, a supernatural efficacy to certain inanimate substances, or to hold with the most distinguished of your scientists that the intellectual and rational being who defines the constitution and determines the relations of these things, owes his origin to them—to a certain combination of their elements, weak material substances, essentially devoid of every element of order, as springing from mental formative energy; that this non-intelligent principle is primary, the source from which is derived the mind that reasons upon and formulates conclusions in regard to it; also that from the same protoplasmic combination has sprung the moral sense of justice and injustice—the free volitional principle which has the sublime power of choice in the determinations of human action as regards right and wrong; that the innate sense of moral obligation is but a developmental product of experience—an accidental outcome of the search to discover ‘the laws of comfort’? Has paganism furnished a deeper falsification and debasement of reason and morality than this? And be not over-confident, esteemed friends, that you are not actually lapsing into paganism. In rejecting the solution of the problem—the why and wherefore of your existence, as vouchsafed to you in revealed religion, and in your rash resort to occult and forbidden ways to attain, as you foolishly imagine, more certain knowledge in regard to this all-important matter, you have placed yourselves under the most effectual condition of pagan superstition. What are those so-called spirit seances, so prevalent among you, but the very soul of the old pagan cult? I hear much mention of the words, ‘hypnotic suggestion;’ what do these

words import but the initial step—the very door of entrance to the whole phantasmagoria of pagan necromancy or illicit commerce with the powers of darkness. Not at a single step is the goal reached, where are displayed the dark realities of hypnotic sorcery, as old as human history, hailed by you as a new element of progress in the evolution of humanity. The extreme boundary separating the natural from the subnatural or infernal is unknown to you, meanwhile you are taken with the natural, or simply abnormal effects produced in the incipient stages of this unhallowed business, with no seeming suspicion as to where it is conducting.”

As Dr. C. seemed to be in a thinking, rather than a speaking mood, the planetary being resumed. “My dear earthly friends, before the sun, now fast declining in the western heavens, shall have fully sunk below the horizon, millions of miles will be the measure of our separation. Before severing my intercourse with you, however, which I may truly say has been on my side of the most interesting and agreeable nature, I think it fitting to address you a few parting words. I wish in the first place to thank you for your generous hospitality, of which I shall ever retain the most grateful remembrance, and in the next, to say that my plainness of speech in addressing you has been dictated solely by the esteem and affection I bear toward you, and not through any want of appreciation of your high intelligence and moral qualities, but let me say it, to an earnest desire to awaken attention to a phase of your moral and intellectual life which concerns vitally your present and future welfare—the overlooking and ignoring of the end for which you were created. My parting words are these: The first law of order is fulfilment of purpose in conformity with the will of the Creator. The existence and stability of things depend upon the fulfilment of the end for which they were created, either in virtue of a positive and inevitable law of their nature as unfree existences or in virtue of their action as free moral beings. But such action implies knowledge, imparted, not self-acquired knowledge. The knowledge—*actual* knowledge—of your first cause and of the purpose for which you were caused does not belong to the category of those objects which come within the range of your natural acquisitive powers, as being derived solely through the senses, but, primarily, is as objective to you as your first cause itself. It is a primary endowment absolutely essential to the completion and perfection of your manhood, to your constitution

as moral and rational beings; and as being a Divine Revelation applicable to the whole human race, its availability demands conditions preservative of it in its truth and integrity, that is to say, demands a living concrete institution as the medium of its application—an institution capable of accrediting—historically accrediting—itself as the recipient of a Divine message to mankind; an institution whose office it is to keep constantly before your eyes the will of the Creator in your regard, in the fulfilment alone of which lies the salvation of your threatened society. Such an institution you have in your midst, and my earnest advice to you is that you heed its message and accept its teaching; that you recognize in it a special design of Providence, in the divine economy of human life, as the one great means by which you may attain the end of your creation and fulfil the purpose of your existence.”

Adjoining the corridor leading to the main entrance of the building, and at but a short distance from the speaker's position, was an arched window through which streamed a flood of golden light, shed from the parting rays of the setting sun. At the conclusion of his remarks the planetary being, having gracefully saluted the audience, withdrew, with dignified step, toward the corridor, and although closely followed by several of the audience, became, in passing through the effulgent glow, instantly lost to view, nor could he be discerned in the obscurity beyond. He had disappeared as unaccountably and mysteriously as he came.

Boston.

JAMES FINN.

RAILROADING AND AFTER.

MANY people, East and West, knowing that I have traveled a good deal, have asked my opinion as to the best railroads in the country, and it has seemed to me worth while to jot down a few thoughts and facts on this subject.

By railroading and after I do not mean the financial or other manipulation of railroads and the consequences of such management. That matter is all too high and deep for me. When well done it seems to me one of the greatest master accomplishments of the age. When badly done, so that railroads are constantly

going into the hands of receivers and the stockholders losing not only their dividends, but their principal, it seems to me one of the gigantic robberies of the age. But I am simply to speak of my experience as a traveler on railroads and the after-effects of such travel upon the human body and the human mind.

The smoothest and loveliest bit of railroad I have ever ridden over runs between Yovil and Bristol, in Southern England. But it passes over my native heath—it was on that railroad I first saw a locomotive, dragging its cars without horses, only about a mile from old Ilchester, where Roger Bacon, a thousand years ago, prophecied that the thing would be done. All along the tracks I have heard the blackbirds whistle and the thrushes and goldfinches and the linnets sing, and even while the trains were passing have watched wide-eyed and listened to the ascending skylark as it sang itself to glory unseen in the cloudless skies.

No other railroad will ever be like that to me.

The roughest and most uncomfortable standard railroads I have ever ridden over are the New York and Harlem, between New York and New Haven; the Old Colony system, between Fall River and Boston; the Boston and Maine system, between Boston and Bar Harbor; and the Baltimore and Ohio, between Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

The smoothest, best laid, broadest, easiest, most comfortable railroad I have ever ridden over in this country is the Pennsylvania system, between New York, Philadelphia and Harrisburg; and by all odds the most perfect piece of mountain railroading I have traveled is the same Pennsylvania system, from Harrisburg to Pittsburg.

While climbing the sides and flying the tops of mountains you are as comfortable as sitting at home in your own easy chair; and the same elements of ease and perfect travel are realized on this same system, between Pittsburg and Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. In a word, I believe the Pennsylvania to be the best piece of railroading in the United States.

West, south and north of Chicago, the Illinois Central, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and the Chicago and Northwestern, are all first-class railroads, with good road-beds and running gear, with every convenience of the best Eastern railroads, and in my judgment they are easier and more comfortable roads to ride on than any of our Eastern roads, except the Pennsylvania system.

For many years I have wondered why it was that New England, which is supposed to be the concentration of all the culture of the universe and the ages, could not get and manage a decent railroad system.

They seem to me always to be doing the thing as a sort of huge joke, just to see how much jolting and shaking and steaming and cindering and smoking they can give their passengers without murdering them, all the while exacting the largest fees from their victims. New England is great every way, but above all it is great in its conceit. Even the strong-minded women of Boston think they are beautiful and of lady-like manners. This same conceit runs their railroads. The managers are conceited; the conductors are conceited; the very brakemen are conceited, and the engineers always look to me as if they would like awfully to turn the steam on and over the unoffending passengers just for a laugh; and perhaps it will be discovered eventually that the whole New England history is largely a horseplay for its own amusement.

The other evening I was going up to Bridgeport, Conn., over the New York and Harlem Road. Before we were ten miles out of the depot the car, a very long and showy affair, filled with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, was simply stifling with smoke and cinders, the refuse of the locomotive.

I will not stop to discuss the general waste and vulgarity of our modern civilization in allowing these eternal clouds of smoke and steam and cinders to escape in open air or in the faces of those in the neighborhood. Somebody always gets the refuse, I suppose, and this evening we were getting it to such an extent that when the conductor came through to "punch our tickets," I very politely asked if something was not wrong in the arrangement of the ventilators; said the car was full of cinders, and that something ought to be done.

At first he looked at me with proud and imperial bearing, to see if I were a countryman, a crank or a maniac, and finding my gaze as steady as his own, changed his tactics and remarked in a superior sort of way, winking wisely to some of the passengers who seemed to be his friends, that "we had to get about so many cinders," and he really seemed to think he had said a smart and a just thing, and there was an end of it.

Upon which I told him that I had been in the habit of riding in

civilized railroad cars, and that if he did not see that the quantity of cinders entering that car were diminished he and his company would both hear from me on the subject. Soon, a very aristocratic brakeman came through the car, looking indignant, as if trying to find and kill the complainant, but he did manage to fix one or two of the ventilators, and on my return to New York I found that all the ventilators seemed to have been fixed; but the depot at Bridgeport, one of the oldest and most famous towns on the road, is barely fit for a good cowshed.

I have noticed this same sort of superior insolence among the conductors of other railroad systems, but in all the thirty years that I have been traveling over the Pennsylvania Railroad systems I have never experienced an uncivil or an impolite word from one of its conductors, brakemen or employees, and have never heard or seen one of them impolite to any other passenger.

Some months ago I was on my way from Philadelphia to New York, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, when, after passing Trenton, I was much annoyed by one of those loud-talking, profane gentlemen so often to be found on the Western roads, and as there were ladies in the car they also were much annoyed, but neither I nor any one of the other gentlemen passengers seemed inclined to tackle the half-drunk and loud-mouthed passenger.

In a moment, however, the conductor came through for tickets, and he had reached my seat near the middle of the car, and still no one had complained, though all had been annoyed; meanwhile the swearer had subsided. But I knew he would break out again as soon as the conductor had gone. Hence I very gently and politely told the conductor that a certain man, in a seat indicated, had been using vile language, much to the annoyance of the ladies and the rest of us.

"I thank you very much, sir," he said, "for calling my attention to the matter," then passed on as if nothing had transpired between us; but in three minutes the profane wretch was out of that car; no sound was made—no fuss; the man was simply invited to go elsewhere, in a manner that he knew meant business, and he went.

And, as far as I can see, this is about the way the Pennsylvania Railroad does everything in the line of railroading. Its roadways are perfect, it adopts or adapts every new improvement looking to increase of speed or safety. It used to take five hours by rail to go from Philadelphia to New York. Now the Pennsylvania road

makes the journey easily in two hours, and plainly could do it in one hundred minutes. Its cars are invariably clean and free of dust, soot or cinders. Its employees are invariably polite and attentive; its record shows a minimum of losses; if it fights it fights in the same quiet but speedy way, and wins, of course.

It could not have hired me for \$500 to write this praise of its work; but as I am no longer using its advertisement, and shall neither ask nor expect to receive a dollar for this commendation, I can give it all the more conscientiously, and do give it, unasked, in recognition of the comforts and pleasures I have derived from riding over its various roads during the last generation.

In a word, the Pennsylvania Railroad seems to me to be the best built, the best run, the best managed, the safest, the most comfortable, and hence the most enjoyable railroad system in this country, if not in the world.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

AIDS TO THE STUDY OF TENNYSON.

ROLFE'S ANNOTATED EDITION OF "IN MEMORIAM." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

EARLY in Alfred Tennyson's career, the charge of obscurity was laid at his door. This hindered and delayed the popular appreciation of his little books of poems published in 1830 and 1832. He was not so diffuse as were Scott, Moore and Byron. His more subtle and refined thought was not so readily comprehended. His poetry was in a different vein from that which had been in vogue for a quarter of a century in Great Britain. In keeping with the new spirit of the age, it dealt much with the things of the mind rather than with the world of action. As in Wordsworth and Coleridge, there was a "preponderance of the subjective over the "objective" in his verse. In 1845, Henry Crabb Robinson wrote of Tennyson: "His poems are full of genius, but he is fond of the enigmatical, and many of his most celebrated pieces are really poetic riddles." Without doubt, this refers to the metaphysical poems, such as "The Palace of Art," "The Two Voices," and "The Vision of Sin," which mingle closely-reasoned reflection

with allegory—to say nothing of the occasional note of mysticism.

While it is true that "In Memoriam" was welcomed by many with unfeigned admiration at the time of its publication in 1850, some complained of its obscurities. The musings and questionings of a meditative soul that found expression in these elegiac strains made unusual demands on the reader. Roden Noel says: "I recollect that when I was at Cambridge, though 'In Memoriam' was our favorite reading, it was by the general public pronounced very obscure. There are, indeed, difficult allusions in it to details likely to be familiar only to learned and cultured people, while no footnotes are provided. But the main difficulty lay in the fact that the thoughts were then comparatively unfamiliar, and were expressed in the poet's own original style." Time was needed for the ideas to become familiar, then the drift of the writer's thinking was apparent. Even now the meaning of numerous passages does not lie on the surface. It goes without saying that a vast deal of unsuspected wealth is scattered over its pages—beauties wasted on the careless reader. Though some of the lines have been characterized as "abstruse to a fault," Tennyson's thought is generally transparent, often admirably lucid. There are difficulties in the poem, but they are rather to be called subtleties than obscurities.

After the lapse of more than half a century, Shelley remains more or less unintelligible. His meaning, where he had any, being too often impenetrable, at least to the average intellect. "Shelley is to this day," says Robert Buchanan, "a secret rather than a mighty force." But Tennyson is fairly well understood by the present generation of readers. It was not his wont needlessly to vex them with word-puzzles. He is both concise and clear. What strikes one most, even the casual reader, is his complete mastery of his material, the result of long pondering and of frequent, painstaking revision. He successfully carried out his plan, and added to the treasures of English song a masterpiece of inestimable value.

"In Memoriam" has never been popular, like "Enoch Arden," for its appeal is to cultured people. To appreciate the best things in it implies a familiarity with the writings of the great poets, ancient and modern. To understand it requires an acquaintance with the history of philosophy and religion, also a considerable knowl-

edge of Victorian England. Thus to read "In Memoriam" is a liberal education. But few other books so richly repay careful study.

The generation that followed Dante found difficulties in the "Divina Commedia," and a public lectureship was established at Florence in 1373, for the explanation of the perplexing illusions and the sybolic expressions in this wondrous poem—Boccaccio being the first incumbent. Since then great has been the flood of Dante literature. The masterpieces of other authors have brought into being no end of commentaries and annotated editions. Fortunately, Tennyson left so large a body of excellent poetry that it is not likely to be swamped with the mass of bibliographies and critiques for a long period to come.

"In Memoriam" found its interpreters among Tennyson's contemporaries. F. W. Robertson, whose notes on the cantos of the earlier editions of the poem are terse and suggestive; Alford Gatty, whose *Key* is an admirable specimen of expository comment, enriched with some explanations by the poet himself; J. F. Genung, whose sympathetic *Study* is a careful piece of work; Thomas Davidson, whose beautiful and scholarly *Prolegomena* is made still more useful to the student by the addition of Moxon's Index to "In Memoriam;" Elizabeth R. Chapman, whose *Companion* won the Laureate's warm commendation; and Joseph Jacobs, whose analytical and comparative survey of the contents of "In Memoriam," belongs to the new school of inductive criticism.

These commentators afford much help for understanding and appreciating "In Memoriam," each supplementing the information of the others by independent research. And other writers have given the world the results of thorough and enthusiastic study of the poem. Noteworthy among such attempts is Brimley's noble treatment of this great elegy in the essay that has now become a classic. A book that deserves special mention as the work of an earnest, thoughtful man is *A Study of Tennyson*, by E. C. Tainsh, who devotes a long chapter to "tracing the mental and spiritual history set forth in the poem," and, in the "Verbal Commentary" (pp. 189-200), grapples with many words and phrases needing elucidation. If Dr. Tainsh's interpretations are sometimes commonplace and not always adequate, they usually have the merit of brevity and of honesty. An exceedingly readable, yet instructive, study is that by the late brilliant and learned Brother

Azarias (*Phases of Thought and Criticism*), in which he gives a tolerably full summary of the chief contents of "In Memoriam," in the main sound and safe. The chapters treating of "In Memoriam" in J. C. Walter's *Tennyson* and W. J. Dawson's *Makers of Modern English*, while not especially profound, are helpful and give the cursory reader a favorable impression of its merits. Morton Luce, in his excellent *Handbook to Tennyson's Works*, and Hugh Walker, in his *Greater Victorian Poets*, give the fruits of long study and discriminative suggestion. The few pages on "In Memoriam" in Arthur Jenkinson's little volume on *Alfred Tennyson* are reverent and appreciative. No literary student can afford to miss the decidedly critical and original remarks of Arthur Waugh and Stopford Brooke on the nature and structure of this elegy in their interesting and valuable works on the late Laureate. Students are also indebted to James Knowles for printing in the *Nineteenth Century* (January, 1893,) some of the Laureate's colloquial utterances which throw light on various matters in his favorite production.

But with all the assistance implied by this formidable array of books and essays, it still remains true that much was unsaid. There were things in the poem which needed explaining, and readers were left to guess the solutions of many word-puzzles or to search far and wide for the desired information. Lovers of Tennyson have long felt the need of an annotated edition of "In Memoriam," and this want is now for the first time adequately supplied by Dr. W. J. Rolfe*, whose Students' Series of standard English poems already included four volumes of Tennyson's selected writings. Students will find it an easier task to read the poem with his intelligent guidance. The veteran editor was peculiarly fitted for this task, having enjoyed the advantage of personal acquaintance and correspondence with Lord Tennyson and his son Hallam for several years. Not all the difficulties have been cleared up, but the reader is put in possession of a wealth of comment and explanatory matter collected from various sources with skill and judgment. While Dr. Rolfe has lavished a vast amount of study on the poem himself, he has profited by the labors of Genung, Davidson, Gatty, Collins and others. One feature calls for unstinted praise. He carefully

* Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D. Square 16mo, cloth, 75 cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

collated the "various readings" in the first and later editions of "In Memoriam," finding a number of changes in the text entirely overlooked by Shepherd in his *Tennysonianana*. A single slip may be noted here. On p. 201, the full line—"The dear, dear voice that I have known"—should have been quoted. Two typographical errors are to be found on p. 167, "O sorrow" for "O Sorrow," and 1829 for 1828, and two more on p. 182.

The brief memoir of Arthur Hallam (pp. 167-172), contains biographical details indispensable to the reader without a copy of A. H. Hallam's *Remains in Verse and Prose*, a book that would be now unread and forgotten if Tennyson's immortal eulogy of his lost friend had never been written. Arthur's memory is forever enshrined in the lovely lyrics of "In Memoriam." No other monument that human hands might rear could be so enduring. And the gifted young man, snatched away by sudden death, was worthy of the richest tribute that surviving affection could bestow. Rarely does this world see such a beautiful friendship commemorated in such noble verse. Surely the genius of the poet was well employed in commemorating this "fair companionship."

It is something to Dr. Rolfe's credit to have straightened out a number of tangled and uncertain dates. As a result of his investigations, he has been enabled to fix the date of the first publication of Canto xxxix, in 1869. Genung says it "first appeared in the edition of 1872-73;" Luce says in 1872, and Waugh, 1870. Davidson gives 1832 as the date of the first visit to the Pyrenees, and others have supposed that the second journey was made in 1862. On p. 188 is this interesting note:

"One might infer from the 'two and thirty' that the journey with Arthur was in 1829, instead of 1830, but the dates of both journeys are fixed by other evidence. Arthur Hugh Clough, who was in the Pyrenees in 1861 and met Tennyson there, refers to the poet's former visit as 'thirty-one years ago.' He doubtless got the information at the time from Tennyson himself. It is probable that the latter changed it in the verses for the sake of euphony."

A common mistake is in regard to the three Christmases mentioned in the poem. Says Wace in his *Life and Works of Tennyson*, p. 70: "Before the third Christmas the Tennyson family quit their native Lincolnshire, and their departure affords suggestions for several beautiful lyrics. The third Christmas, then, is passed in a new land." Stopford Brooke falls into the same error when he

says, "The poem is the tale of two years and a half." The first Christmas, as Rolfe thinks, is that of 1833, and the second is probably in 1834. Then there is a break of two years (1835-6), for the Tennysons left Somersby for their new home in the spring of 1837—not in 1835, as some have imagined. The Christmas celebrated at High Beech and referred to in Canto civ. must have been in 1837. Miss Chapman incorrectly speaks of it as "the third Christmas Eve since Arthur's death."

Jacobs is often sadly at fault in his dates and reckonings. On page 92 of his *Study* is this sentence: "The allusions in cxxvii. 6, 7, to the three French Revolutions place its date between 1848 and 1849." As to this Rolfe writes, "The poet informed Gatty that it was probably written long before '48."

An amusing blunder is made by Brainerd Kellogg in commenting on Canto xlv: "But he forgets the days before God shut the doorways of the head." Here the sense, according to Andrew Lang, "is as plain as a pike-staff"—the *doorways* being the sutures of the skull in infancy, not the dulled senses in old age.

A luminous explanation is given by Wace of two lines in Canto lxxxix, st. 12: "Before the crimson-circled star had fallen into her father's grave" (he says) "means before the planet Venus had sunk into the sea. Venus sprang from the foam of the ocean, into which her father was thrown." Here our perplexity is relieved by Dr. Rolfe's remark that "Venus had sunk into the sea, where her father, the Sun, had already disappeared"—the planets being evolved from the Sun, according to the Nebular Theory of La Place.

Chicago, Ill.

EUGENE PARSONS.

GLOBE NOTES.

SINCE the last issue of THE GLOBE I have been amazed and grieved to learn that certain priests had refused to subscribe for it or to recommend it to Catholic laymen because its editor said such severe things concerning priests. I am amazed at this, because it is not true, and I am grieved at it because it is so contrary to all the sacredest feelings of my soul.

From Maine to Texas, to California, and over all the broad area

of country embraced within the imaginary lines of this triangle, priests are my most appreciative readers and my nearest friends. Ever since I was received into the Catholic Church, and made the announcement in this review that henceforth, when it dealt with religious problems, it would be loyal to the Catholic Church, I have lived very much in the company of priests; was for two years domiciled with them in St. Viateur's College; have visited many of them in their homes, and, with pride and gratitude, I can say that many of them have given me cordial and standing invitations to make their homes my own any time, and as long as I choose to stay; and, though hurt by this unjust criticism, I am almost glad of the hurt because it gives me the opportunity of saying, in fact almost forces me to say, that without one exception I have found these men the most devoted, self-sacrificing, learned and companionable gentlemen I have ever met, or ever expect to meet in this world; and, with one exception, they have not only dealt honorably but generously with me. That one exception, I believe, was the result of a misunderstanding, and in our mutual pride and foolishness we have never approached each other or made any effort to correct the misunderstanding.

It is true I have criticised very severely the outside, non-priestly, quasi-idiotic and would-be reform positions, attitudes and posings of certain clerics who—clear as the sun in heaven to my mind—are degrading their priestly vocation—the highest vocation vouchsafed to man—in order to proclaim the absurd and worse than Graham-cracker panaceas of “Single Tax,” the “American Sabbath,” and “Prohibition.”

Let me be more explicit. In the first place, when men like McGlynn, Cleary and Doyle, practically, for the time being at least, abandon their exalted and exclusive position as priests to pose and palaver on secular platforms concerning subjects that, to my mind, at all events, they never have deeply studied or understood—they lay themselves open for the time being to be treated, not as priests, but as Parkhurst parsons or common laymen; and, from my point of view, they deserve far severer criticism than I would be inclined to give laymen attempting the same absurdities; *first*, because they have had a careful training in preparation for the one high and holy and exclusive work of the priesthood, and ought to know—without my telling them—that if they cannot save men through the true work of that high vocation, they cer-

tainly cannot save them by single tax nonsense, or exploded Sabatarianism, or by Neal Dow, back-door gutterism, known as Maine law, or Prohibition.

Second, because, in each of these positions, those gentlemen and any other priests or prelates given to similar methods, are presuming to be wiser and holier and more exalted and more devoted to the good of the human race than the Church of the Living God, that has baptized them, educated them, consecrated them and set them, alike in their persons, lives and vocation, apart from and above ordinary mankind.

The Church made the Christian Sunday and has clearly defined the duties of its priests and its children as to the method and manner of keeping it, and any priest from New York or the wild West, who thinks that he knows better than the Church regarding this observance, or is inclined to pose as a moral reformer of the Church and of mankind by other methods, or by severer laws and regulations than the Church has imposed upon her children, had better go to his barber for a thorough shampooing and get all such nonsense washed out of his head; and if that is not enough, let him take Turkish baths, electric sun baths, massage or any rough and heroic rubbing or drubbing till he is clean washed of all such cranky vanity and stuffiness.

Puritan Protestant cant, ignorance and pig-headedness made the "American Sabbath" and enacted its blue laws—black and tyrannical as Satan himself—but Puritanism has never kept that Sabbath or the laws made regarding it.

If any priest or prelate feels called upon, for special purposes of sanctity or the correction of earlier vices, to pray all day Sunday, to fast all day Sunday, or to preach all day Sunday, provided he preaches the gospel, the Church would be the last to condemn such high and martyr-like devotion to an impossible ideal; but the moment said priest or prelate browbeats his fellowmen, saloon-keepers or others, because they do not feel moved to follow his would-be saintly example, that moment said priest becomes an unendurable presumptuous crank and a nuisance, and that moment I treat him as he deserves, and tell him simply to "mind his own business." Precisely the same line of thought applies with equal severity to all priestly Prohibitionists.

I will not go into the despicable literature of Prohibition. It is too silly and sophomoric for anything but the first stages of kin-

dergartens. I will not take time to argue that Prohibition is un-American, for anything is American that any fool American chooses to advocate. I will not linger over the arguments that Prohibition is tyrannical, involving, admitting, and legislating on a principle which, carried out, is destructive of all human liberty. Any man worth arguing with, knows this instinctively, in advance. I will not dwell upon the evidence going to show that Prohibition has been an unutterable failure in the states where it has been tried. If Father Doyle would put on laymen's clothes, and spend as many months in Maine as I have spent, using his eyes instead of his tongue, he would reach the conclusion I reached years ago, namely, that there is more drunkenness, and a lower kind of drunkenness, in the state of Maine than in any other community in this country embracing the same number of inhabitants; hence, why enact such infernal and contemptible laws elsewhere?

I will not either go into the arguments showing the absurd and immoral inconsistency of such legislation. To make a law that citizens may not and must not sell liquor, but that the Government itself and its employees may sell liquor, and make their profits on it, is simply to put a premium on every kind of contradictory idiocy and knavery; just exactly what ninety per cent. of our American legislation has done for the last one hundred years.

Neither will I dwell upon the despicable and immoral hypocrisy that has always attended, and that, in fact, is inevitably attendant upon every form of prohibitory legislation. Ninety per cent. of the American people, yes, of the white races on the earth to-day, feel the need of, and, in fact, use stimulants, in one form or another, in response to this need, not to speak of the enjoyment derived from their use at all; and until by some process yet unknown you have changed this natural need and craving, you may as well legislate the sun out of the heavens as attempt to legislate stimulants out of modern civilization. Everybody knows the result. Men are allowed by law to manufacture stimulants; the Government derives vast incomes from such manufacture; every man feels that he has a right to purchase and use stimulants if he chooses; hence the result, that in Prohibition states and communities, men sell liquor by stealth and drink liquor by stealth; the law is defied, despised, defrauded; all true principles of morality are, from force of nature, violated simply as an inevitable result of

an inconsistent, despicable, tyrannical and unlawful piece of crank-headed and stupid, so-called reform legislation. I am not arguing for or against liquor drinking, I am simply stating a few facts which prove the impossible absurdity of prohibitory legislation.

Were I arguing in favor of stimulants I should first insist upon the use of that word instead of intoxicants, as stimulants do not intoxicate any more than beef or coffee, except as they are used to excess by weak-headed fools. I should next prove their legitimate and almost universal use among the ablest races of mankind for all ages of the world. I should next show the incalculable good they have done; the joy they have given; the scriptural authority for their use; that the ablest men, the healthiest men, the most upright and noble men in the world use them to-day; that the longest-lived men have always used them; that the number of drunkards compared with the number of men who use stimulants and are not drunkards, but whose health and lives are improved by such use, is so small that it would be far more reasonable to prohibit the manufacture or use in any shape of firearms, because some wretches use revolvers to commit murder, etc.;—but I am not arguing for or against the use of stimulants. I am not debating the liquor question. I am simply hinting to so-called reform priests that the laws some of them are advocating are sillier than the wild war-whoop of the Indian, or Secretary Olney's recent utterances about the United States being "sovereign in this Western Hemisphere."

In truth, were Prohibition a rational and a working hypothesis, my position is that priests under existing circumstances have no business to touch or meddle with it; in fact, that it ought to be beneath their contempt, as I consider it beneath mine.

What do I mean? In the first place, I have shown that the whole business is despicable and unlawful. But were it otherwise, the Church has never made total abstinence, much less prohibition, as a means of reaching it, an article of its faith, morals or discipline. The Church is too wise, at once too divine and too human, to enact any such absurdity; and the priest who thinks himself wiser or better than the Church on this question, had better follow the priest who thinks himself wiser than the Church on the Sabbath question. In a word, let him wash and be clean. Were it worth while to touch the salient absurdities of the single tax

schemes in the same way, Dr. McGlynn would see that he had better join the other would-be-reformers in a dead earnest hunt for a moral massagist to rub these salient traits out of his skin.

One argument, however, I will use with all these priestly reformers, that is, a moral and spiritual argument, which, I think, they and they alone of all men may or ought fully to comprehend.

I think it was St. Paul who remarked that what the law could not do, in that it was weak (inapplicable), God in his mercy, sending His own Son in the likeness of weak and sinful flesh, to die for our humanity in love, in the eternal heroism of love, condemning sin in the flesh and giving birth to a new hope, a better inspiration, a loftier impulse than man or law had ever known before, did accomplish, or in the coming ages, our ages, would accomplish for the salvation, the rectitude, the reform, the new birth and the new life of mankind.

And these priests are His vicegerents; clothed with the panoply of immortal glory, saturated with this new spirit of redemption; official and miraculous imparters of this new and divine grace and blessing, at whose touch any human soul capable of being reformed will be reformed; and yet they feel unable to help men, to save men by this sunspark from the bleeding heart of God, and must tote around as cheap reformers of Maine laws, Sunday laws and single tax laws! GOD FORBID!!

In a word, they practically reverse St. Paul and say: What the Gospel cannot do, in that it is weak, Neal Dow and Henry George and Roosevelt will do—in less time than you can say Jack Robinson. Shame and contempt on such renegade, recreant deserters of the ideal martyrdom of eternal love!! Set it down as a deathless law of God—print it on your hearts, burn it into your souls, that what you cannot do to make men pious on Sunday, temperate always, and just always, *by means of God's grace in His Church*, you cannot do by Utopian abuse of saloonkeepers, by lying about the liquor business, crying up the American Sabbath, preaching single tax, dancing attendance on termagant women's so-called social purity conventions, and hiring the Associated Press agents to puff you every time you neglect your own duties to gad about the country as the mouthpiece of this or that Protestant cant and absurdity. Pardon me! were I not awfully sure of my ground, I would not dare to write thus.

There is not a priest in the world that ought not to sustain me, and love me for the position here taken; and when I am dead and gone, many that oppose me now will regret their action, and do such penance as they are inclined. But, surely, this is not being severe on priests. On the contrary, I have the testimony of many hundreds of them that it is just what the Church needs in this land to-day; and I could, and will, if necessary, make these discriminations and denunciations a thousand times sharper and severer than they really are. Fight me—underhanded or overhanded if you will—you cannot prevent the truth from gaining ground.

Before leaving this theme I ought to say that I have carefully and conscientiously watched the rise and fall of all the so-called Temperance and Prohibition movements in the United States during these last forty years. My own pastor in Philadelphia, forty years ago, was known as the war-horse of temperance. I have practised total abstinence ten years at a stretch, and I have practised moderate drinking of stimulants, precisely as I practise moderate eating, because I find that total abstinence, in either line, does not agree with me; and more than a quarter of a century ago I reached my final conclusion on this theme—precisely in the language of the pastor referred to, viz: "I am convinced that nothing but the grace of God can keep men from intemperance;" and it is because of this conclusion, tested in many ways, that I am grieved to see priests, whose special privilege and glory it is to be the ministers of this grace, making mere mountebanks of themselves as Prohibition screamers and abusers of their fellow-men. Tens of thousands of saloonkeepers and bartenders, and liquor dealers and liquor manufacturers are quite as respectable and honorable and gentlemanly in all their methods and lives as other business men, and sometimes far more so than the crack-brained reformers who abuse them.

It goes without saying, that I am more interested in keeping men from all excesses than are the clerics or other cranks who profess to be making sacrifices in the cause of Prohibition. All my labors are given to find and utter the truth regarding men's salvation in every line; but I never preach a gospel that I do not practise, and I do not parade as a temperance lecturer in public and enjoy my wine in private. A pox upon your wretched, useless amateur methods of saving men by insufferably foolish laws. Save yourselves first and learn how to save others. Cease to be liars, and you will know the value of truth.

I have no back steps to take in this line. I am sorry if my words offend any man, but I cannot substitute his ignorance for the knowledge God has given me, and write as if I knew no better than the gentlemen who boycott me because I speak the truth.

As a Catholic, however, I feel it my duty to say that were I in need of strictly spiritual advice regarding any duty of mine to the Church, or any phase of faith or morals required by the Church, or were I in need of a confessor, I would as readily seek any one of the priests named, or any humblest priest on earth, as I would His Grace the Archbishop of New York—to whom I am personally devoted and whose whole career I deeply admire. Moreover, I have no doubt—not the slightest dream of a doubt—that any one of them, in his own sphere and vocation, would give true guidance for my soul.

In a word, as priests I honor and love them, but as upstart reformers, with notions of reform better than the Church itself, and coming from the confounded humbuggeries of this raw and presumptuous age of reform, I despise them as so far inferior to myself that I have scarcely patience to mention their names.

* * * * *

Again, I have been surprised and grieved to find in a pamphlet by Charles F. St. Laurent, the following statement of grievances touching the treatment of French Canadian priests and parishes in the United States, especially in the New England dioceses; and as the author seems very much in earnest, is evidently a true Catholic, and holds himself ready to furnish proof of the statements he makes, I am moved to give space to so much of his pamphlet as follows:

First.—Some Bishops retain, in the vicariate field, young Canadian priests from three to six years, when, *coeteris paribus*, young Irish priests are promoted to pastoral duties after one year's service, and sometimes less.

Second.—Some Bishops prefer and do intrust to some Irish priests, knowing very little French, congregations sometimes exclusively French, and most always mixed congregations, when the large majority is French. This proposition is emphasized by New England Bishops.

Third.—Some Bishops have sworn allegiance to the policy of never appointing French priests (knowing thoroughly the English language) over parishes equally divided with reference to nation-

ality. This proposition is emphasized in the New England States, to the detriment of Canadian priests who have had more service in the diocese than their lucky *confrères*. Some Bishops, despite the vote of the clergy to the contrary, keep the same Canadian Councilors, whose tendency inclines toward National Apostasy.

Fourth.—Some Bishops compel Canadian priests, knowing little or no English, to attend Diocesan Retreats, at which French is carefully eliminated. This state of things prevails in dioceses where the French clergy predominates in number.

Fifth.—Some Bishops surround themselves with priests hostile to Canadian priests; and as a necessary conclusion, the French Canadian clergy is habitually handicapped in their work of building, plans, and borrowing money, from which complications follow. This interference dampens the zeal of the clergy, and religion suffers.

Sixth.—Some Bishops are more exacting and imperative, etc., when they visit French parishes than when they are among their own people.

Seventh.—Some Bishops, on Episcopal visitation, content themselves with addressing very few words of French to exclusively Canadian congregations, making long addresses in English when understood by but a few.

Eighth.—Some Bishops commit to French priests the ungrateful task of building up parishes, which later on become the legacy of Irish priests. This is quite general in the New England States. A retrospect view proves the point.

Ninth.—Some Bishops have little sympathy for Canadian priests and laity. Priests, at Ecclesiastical Conferences, are requested to speak Latin, when their mother tongue is not English. This discrimination is unjust, and shows a despotic spirit on the part of the Ordinary.

Tenth.—Some Bishops, abetted by their clergy, are determined to exterminate the French language. To bring to a successful issue their repressive policy, mixed parishes are invariably given to Irish priests, who refuse to have French taught in the parochial schools. Sometimes these schools cost French priests their very lives. Catechism is also taught in English, and to my knowledge several priests reject, for first communion, French children who cannot answer catechism in English. This is contrary to all laws of the Church.

Eleventh.—Some Bishops, to pacify irritated Canadians demanding redress of grievances, send them a French priest to their Irish pastor. This yoking together of a young French priest with an old Irishman, is often a torture for the former. (Counterpart of St. Lawrence, A.D. 258.)

Twelfth.—Some Bishops apply seminary collections to send Irish students to Europe for theological training, to the detriment of French Canadian subjects, who are not given a chance to learn English. They invariably receive their theological training in Canada, where no English is spoken. This discrimination is unfair.

Thirteenth.—Some Bishops discriminate against Canadian Colleges by refusing to recognize the efficiency of the teaching staff, and by compelling students to renew their course of philosophy in an institution of their choosing. It is a sad pretext for retarding their ordination.

Fourteenth.—Most of the Bishops of the Boston Province have resolved to Americanize the Canadians, cost what it may, and to supplant French priests by religious orders. Cold facts speak! Lowell, Haverhill, Lawrence, Boston, Lewiston, Fall River, etc., are truth-bearing. These are the largest French parishes in the United States.

Readers of THE GLOBE know very well that I am in favor of advancing the English language by every lawful means. Indeed, I hope for the time when the philosophy and theology of the Church will be taught in English in all English-speaking countries; and I do not agree with Mr. Laurent that the case of the French-Canadians in America, in Canada or the United States is at all analogous to the case of the various race nationalities under the Roman Empire, or to the cases of Alsace and Lorraine, either under French capture and tyranny in the first instance, or under German capture and tyranny in the second instance; and I think he weakens his facts and his argument by making such comparisons. Ancient Rome had no religion worth naming, and, therefore, could well afford to be tolerant of all forms of religion; and in Alsace-Lorraine it was not, as indeed it was not in old Rome, a question of religion or supernatural direction, but a question of temporal and very undivine *laissez faire* in old Rome, and a question of Prussian life or death in Alsace-Lorraine. Nevertheless, I perfectly agree with Mr. Laurent's general position, that the Church in her splendid universality does not aim at unity of

speech or exact form, much less at tyrannical and forced unity of speech or national formulas, and that she can not only afford, but is bound by her very nature to accept and foster all the languages and all the radical national peculiarities of all races of the world. Therefore, that a *laissez faire* policy, as to non-essentials, carried out in honest equity to all peoples, nations and tongues, is the only true and Catholic policy for prelates, not only in America, but in all nations of the world.

Nevertheless, God pity the man—English, Irish, French, Canadian, German, Italian or what not, priest or layman—who expects *laissez faire* or calm equity from any authorities in New England.

I have no doubt that the New England bishops mean to do right, but the New England air is inimical to *laissez faire* or equity. The air itself is full of tyranny.

The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. In New England, as I read the destinies, men must either be tyrants, rebels or slaves for some ages to come. My chapters on the "Genius of New England" will explain what I mean.

Of course, on entering the Catholic Church, I did not dream that Catholic bishops, even in New England, were tyrannical, under any provocation. I felt sure that the spirit of divine justice and charity guided all *their* lives and rulings; but I have learned that even in response to the whims of mere gossips, some of them can be tyrants toward and against their own consciences and their dearest friends. What, therefore, can French-Canadians expect? What can I expect?

My association, however, with French-Canadian priests—and I think I have met personally over a hundred of them—has proven to me that they are, as a rule, such exceptionally gifted, learned and pious gentlemen, that I did not dream any New England bishops could find an excuse for being unjust to them.

I am very thankful not to know of the details that have provoked Mr. Laurent's pamphlet, otherwise I might be charged with personal bias in these remarks.

The only cure, as seems to me, is not in any appeal to a secular *laissez faire* or to common law, but to the common heritage of the justice and charity of the Gospel, which is surely as binding upon bishops in their official action toward their priests and parishes as the same principles are binding upon Mr. Laurent and

the editor of THE GLOBE REVIEW. Authority, however, is a dangerous thing, especially in the hands of *second, third, fourth, fifth* and *sixth-rate* men, even though they be bishops in the Catholic Church. Before leaving this subject, however, it is but just to myself and to the head of the archdiocese in which I lived, in the midst of a community of French-Canadian priests for two years, to say, that so far as my knowledge goes, not only were all the rulings of the Archbishop touching the French-Canadian priests of that archdiocese during those two years, eminently kind and considerate and thoughtful, but eminently wise, discriminating, just and beneficial; and, perhaps, Mr. Laurent may have over-emphasized the real evils pointed out as existing in New England.

Indeed when one remembers that from Brazil to Nova Scotia to Alaska, all over this western hemisphere, French-speaking priests, these last three hundred years, have been the pioneers of Catholic truth, martyrs to Catholic faith and leaders in Catholic scholarship, it is difficult to believe that any English, Irish or American-born Catholic bishop could, under any pretence or provocation, treat the French speaking priests of our day with anything but the most just and loving appreciation and consideration.

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Again I have been surprised and grieved as well as very much gratified by the following notice from the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati:

"THE GLOBE QUARTERLY REVIEW has been happily resumed. Mr. William Henry Thorne, the learned editor and eminent critic, has been prevailed upon by his many admirers to continue the REVIEW in the interest of higher criticism in the lines of literature, society, religion, art and politics. With February, the first number appears since the announcement of its suspension in October last. Its shibboleth declares the same bold and fearless warfare as of old. It will absolutely show no quarter to pretentious falsehood in any line of thought and life. It is published in New York City at \$2.00 a year."

Of course I appreciate and am grateful for the very kind references to myself in this notice, but must express my regret that the impression had gone abroad that the GLOBE REVIEW had suspended. It was simply a question whether the parties who proposed to purchase and make a better and a *monthly* GLOBE REVIEW, had the financial and other stuff in them to do that, or, in case of their failure, whether I would continue—out of nothing—to make

a *GLOBE* of my own, as of old. The boys had not the stuff in them and so after waiting four months for their final word, I went on as usual, that is all. There never has been any suspension of the *GLOBE* from the first day it was started until now; and this office has been open from the first day I rented it until now. I am very weary of the work, and of the opposition of mere clap-trap persons, in and out of the Church; but I know what the *GLOBE* stands for; that no other magazine or Review in the country stands for the truth to anything like the same extent, or on the same grounds; and I simply cannot stop while so many noble souls encourage me to go on, or as long as I am able to do what is demanded and expected of me. The delay of the January, 1896, issue, till February, was caused simply by the facts named.

In this connection it may be well to say that the *GLOBE* is sent as usual, regularly to all subscribers who have not ordered it discontinued, and, of course, they are responsible for their subscriptions, past and present, till such orders to discontinue reach us. However, I want all subscribers and readers to remit for the *GLOBE*, not because they are in honor bound to do so, but because they love it so well that they cannot help doing so.

I know it is very independent, and that I say dreadful things sometimes; and when dear friends urge me to write poetry rather than prose, because the poetry is more beautiful and sweeter, and more like myself, as they are good enough to say—heaven only knows how I try to write lovely things alone—but in face of a pamphlet like Laurent's; in face of a book like Richard's; in face of men like Cleveland, and Olney, and Quay, and Platt, and Roosevelt, and McKinley, and Wanamaker, and the Raines Bill, not to speak of Cleary, Doyle & Co., and of the fact that such gentlemen are in control of our politics and our reform religious movements, in God's name, how can a sane, sober man write sweet things?

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While in this vein of surprise and regret I am moved to print here the following letter, which speaks for itself:

DEAR SIR:—Allow me to direct your attention to a great evil, which by the public press and your magazine ought to be remedied. The firms of church goods and religious articles are, with few exceptions, if any, I do not know, exorbitant in their prices. The cheapest yet are the Jews who deal in religious articles of Catholics. Is it not a shame that many priests rather buy of Jews

than of Catholics the articles they want for their churches; and yet it is not the fault of the priests, but of the Catholic dealers in those articles. Whatever is destined to be sold for the Church is screwed up fifty and even a hundred per cent. and more than what it is worth. For example: Roman collars, or again clappers for Holy Week are quoted at twenty to thirty cents, whilst the things could be sold with profit for five cents. A look in the different catalogues of the firms will convince you of the enormous prices which the Catholic firms exact for their articles. All the priests complain of it; from East to West, and from South to North I have heard the same complaint and there seems to be no remedy. I would suggest that some co-operative society should start, and have the profits for the parishes which invest in it.

Respectfully yours, —.

Of course, nothing could induce me to give the name of this priest. He has long been a subscriber to and a reader of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and I have no doubt as to his sincerity and integrity.

I have no personal knowledge regarding the prices of the goods to which attention is called, and I do not want any such knowledge; but I have, time and again, felt indignation, as I have seen cheaply manufactured books crowded with sickly pictures hawked from door to door of Catholic people by persistent canvassers; the books bearing the imprimatur of some living or dead prelate, and the canvasser bearing the commendation of some living or dead priest, hence wielding an unjustifiable influence upon the credulous Catholic, who, under such influences, is persuaded to buy. There seems to be no doubt that many Catholics use their faith as a foil to fool the faithful and serve the devil for their own purpose; and perhaps the time is coming when the axe is to be laid at the root of these various Upas trees, and when Catholics as well as Protestants will all have to learn that faith, the most orthodox, or piety the most zealous, will not take the place of truth and honor and charity.

Perhaps a higher order of Catholic literature and a greater justice in the various quarters named, and less duplicity and posing autocracy in high places, would prove a great help toward a much desired and manifold reform. You cannot make wheat out of timothy, spite of Mr. Darwin, and you cannot make honest and charitable Christians by imposing mere authority upon trusting slaves.

If I may be pardoned for speaking freely here of the business needs of the GLOBE REVIEW, I would say that it needs a good business man with a capital of from \$10,000 to \$20,000; that such a man can find good business and good investment for his money; that I do not want, and cannot tolerate irresponsible and unreliable business men of the sort that have applied to me so far; and that I do not want the capital without a good and responsible business man, as I cannot hold myself responsible for the management of any man's capital but my own, the latter being almost exclusively and simply my thought and my life's blood, which I have freely given, for more than thirty years, to truth and to such human souls as have had any claim upon me. Capital to the extent of \$100,000, and two or three good business men, would suit me still better, and with this equipment I could make a monthly GLOBE worthy the living Catholic thought of the age.

I would like, however, even without extra capital, about ten thousand more paying subscribers than I have, and these the friends of truth and culture in the Catholic Church alone could readily secure for me, if they only knew the opportunity that is given them, and were so inclined.

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P. S. After this entire magazine was in type, up to this paragraph, I received an editorial from the *Colorado Catholic*, of April 25th, charging me, among other things, with an "ill-tempered, ill-mannered attack upon the colored people," and with "ill-mannered inuendoes and slurs upon members of the Catholic hierarchy, from Cardinal Satolli down," and at this date, May 4th, a letter from one of the Paulist Fathers reaches me with information, that in the May number of the *Catholic World*, Very Rev. Father Slattery attacks the GLOBE and its editor; calls this REVIEW "*irresponsible*," etc., etc.

There is not space, and I have not time to reply to these attacks in this number of my magazine. If I am spared to issue the September GLOBE REVIEW, I will reply to their articles in full. Meanwhile, as regards the adjectives and the direct charges, as quoted, I reply that these writers state what is not true, and I hold myself "responsible" to Almighty God, and to the proper authority of the Church, to prove the truth of this and all other utterances of mine in this REVIEW.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

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SYCOPHANT CRITICS OF THE GLOBE REVIEW.

THAT I may do no injustice to the gentlemen included in the above title I here give their criticisms in full, as far as they make any mention of me or of my work in this REVIEW, and I will answer them separately in the order which follows.

The first criticism is an editorial from the *Colorado Catholic* of April 29th, the writer of it unknown to me. The second is made up of quotations from an article which appeared in the May issue of the *Catholic World*, published by the Paulists of New York, the article written by Rev. John R. Slattery, of Baltimore, Md. The third is a letter written to me by one of the Paulists, announcing said article, after it had appeared; and I publish this letter and my reply to it, because, while appearing to be far more respectful toward me than the wretched effusions of Slattery and the unknown Colorado man, Fr. Smith falls into their errors, first of assuming that I am to blame for certain foolish ragings of the negroes and their admirers, second, in presuming to advise, if not to dictate, what my answer should be, and, moreover, urges upon me the plea of a "*mea culpa*" or a confession of wrong.

Before quoting and answering these critics let me say that they have given me a great deal of pain and regret; and that I shall make my reply as thorough as possible, not that I take any pleasure in grinding small potatoes, but because the questions at issue involve alike the deathless rights, liberties, limitations, and responsibilities of all Catholic souls, whether they be clerics or laymen.

Here is the editorial of the *Colorado Catholic*, which begs the question by its title of

“JUST INDIGNATION.—Our contemporary, the *Colorado Statesman*, a journal published in this city in the interest of the colored people, is justly indignant at an article which it is said recently appeared in a magazine published in Chicago, of which William Henry Thorne is manager. The article in question is an ill-tempered, ill-mannered and baseless attack on the colored people. We do not wonder at the indignation of our contemporary, for it is indeed just.

“We wish, however, to call the *Statesman’s* attention to a mistake into which it has fallen. Mr. Thorne’s magazine is not and does not purport to be a Catholic publication. He prides himself, that for the publication of his opinion in the columns of his journal he is responsible to no man. The attacks on the colored people which have appeared in his magazine, and presumably with his sanction and approval, are no worse scarcely than some of his ill-mannered innuendoes and slurs upon members of the Catholic hierarchy, from Cardinal Satolli down.

“We beg to assure our contemporary that the objectionable utterances referred to in no sense voice the sentiments or opinions of the Catholic press of this country, all of whom, without exception, continually express the kindest opinions for the colored man.”

The first and very characteristic blunder of this writer is to assume that the editor of the *GLOBE* is in the wrong and that the negro *Colorado Statesman* is in the right. This is the sort of moral tyranny that a certain variety of clerics presume to exercise toward all laymen on all subjects, whether the morals of said subjects have been defined by the Church or no; and this, to begin with, is the sort of tyranny that I am moved, in this instance, to denounce as sycophant cowardice and impudence.

If the person who wrote this false and unmanly editorial had brains enough or conscience enough or moral theology enough to prove the falsehood of my position in the *GLOBE*, hence the justice of the negro indignation, why did he not use his head and his conscience and his moral training to prove these points? He simply had neither the brain nor the moral power to even dare to attempt the task; hence, in cowardly, presumptuous anonymousness paraded his official asininity, as if that were enough to down me and the eternal truth for which this magazine has ever stood. I dislike to say these sharp things of any man, but I will make the truth of them so clear that it can not be mistaken.

The second characteristic and thoroughly hypocritical blunder

of the author of this editorial is in assuming to be as ignorant of the *GLOBE*, its place of publication, etc., as the stupid negroes who have been foaming with anger because this magazine has told them some unwelcome truths.

I do not know or care to know who the writer of this editorial was. He is simply a diplomatic boor, who thought that he could serve the cause of the Church by being a hypocrite, and who took it for granted that his falsehood and folly would not be detected. But he is dealing with the wrong man when he plays false with me. I am here to detect and expose falsehoods, and if they wear priestly or prelatical robes so much the worse for them.

To show that I am not mistaken in the hypocrisy of this writer I refer the reader to his own words.

At first he assumes not to know much about the *GLOBE*, of which "William Henry Thorne is manager," or whether it is published in New York or Chicago; but immediately, in the second paragraph of his editorial, he assumes to know all about it;—that Mr. Thorne's magazine is not and does not purport to be a Catholic publication, etc., etc. Read the stuff again. I am here speaking only of the hypocrisy of this gentleman: in one breath he pretends not to know where the *GLOBE* is or what it is,—and in the next breath presumes to know all about it and to instruct the universe as to what it is and who I am. In a word, he is a hypocrite, an utterer of falsehood, and as such I pity and despise him.

The third error of the writer of this editorial is in presuming and assuming that he is the mouthpiece of the sentiment of the Catholic Church as regards its opinions of the present status and character of the negro, and that I am in no sense entitled to voice the thought of the Church on this subject.

To the extent that I am not so entitled this writer is correct. I have never presumed to be so entitled. I wish with all my heart that the Church should have all credit for the good things I say and that I alone should bear the obloquy of any unpopular things that I may say. For that very reason I have never claimed to speak for the Church. Too many wiseacres are doing that, already. But, in God's name, by what process of reasoning or authority does the sycophant, anonymous writer of the editorial in question presume to speak for the whole Church on this subject? Do commonplace mediocrity, mendacity, hypocrisy and unutterable cowardice constitute the right of a man to speak for the Catholic Church? If so, Heaven deliver me from that authority.

I will be more explicit on this point when I come to Slattery's criticism. For the present I wish to keep close to the writer of the Colorado editorial. The animus of his effusion is plain, viz.:—hatred of and disrespect for me, and a cringing desire to stand well with the prelates and the negroes. Very laudable motives these, no doubt, but I can not allow the owner of them to misrepresent me on that account. When he speaks of my articles, or the articles I have admitted to the *GLOBE*, in regard to the negro, as "ill-tempered, ill-mannered and baseless," he simply proves himself an ignorant booby, and I wish him to take these words as if they were uttered with all the coolness of a gentleman speaking directly to the ears of the sort of person this Colorado writer is.

If he had taken the trouble to inform himself as to my manner of life, he would have found that, while I can be and often am bitterly indignant, as now, in my denunciations of falsehood and every form of wrong, I am neither "ill-tempered nor ill-mannered" in those denunciations; but what does such a person as the writer of this Colorado editorial know of manners? For more than forty years I have studiously tried to consider the rights and feelings of others before my own; and as to temper, if you live in a glass house it is well not to throw stones. I lost my temper many years ago and have suffered for it, but do not lose it now. My attacks are upon falsehoods, verdancies and wrongs, not upon individuals or the natural failings they may have derived from their Celtic or Saxon ancestors. And if this writer had read the entire series of negro articles that I published in the July and October issues of the *GLOBE REVIEW* for 1895, and that of February, 1896, stultified though he may be, he would have found that every assertion made in the *GLOBE* concerning the negro was based upon incontrovertible facts of history; hence, I say that his declarations are impudent and sycophant falsehoods. Precisely the same is true of what he calls my "ill-mannered slurs and innuendoes upon members of the Catholic hierarchy, from Cardinal Satolli down."

When Mgr. Satolli, now Cardinal, made a very injudicious speech before the Gridiron Club at Washington a year ago, I criticised his speech as I would that of any other public man presuming to speak in public on a subject that he plainly did not understand. Before doing this, however, I very carefully and respectfully communicated with the Rev. Secretary of Mgr. Satolli and assured myself by such correspondence that the newspaper reports of the latter's

speech were full and accurate; telling him at the same time that I intended to handle that speech without gloves. I did so. I have the voluntary testimony of many scholarly and saintly priests that my position was the true one—and further, that in such criticisms of outside prelatical utterances I was within the bounds and protection of canon law and was doing infinite and untold good.

It is time to call a halt upon many Catholics who in their august majesty presume not only to speak with authority the voice of the Church, but the voice of God and the universe—which, indeed, the voice of the Church is, when it speaks *ex-cathedra* on dogma and morals as embodied in the scriptures and traditions of the Church. But in the name of all that is sane and divine in this Church, are we to take all the amateur utterances of its excited priests, when speaking on all sorts of subjects, as the voice of the Church and the voice of God? A pox upon such humbuggery!

Whatever I say in this REVIEW I say straight from the shoulder, and the man that charges me with making “ill-mannered innuendoes and slurs” upon any one is simply an utterer of slanderous falsehoods. As I intend to speak more particularly of the catholicity of this magazine and of my own experience and recognition in that line when I come to consider Slattery’s diatribes on the GLOBE and its editor, I will not at this point refer more fully to the Colorado editorial as it bears upon this phase of our subject.

Here are Slattery’s comments upon the GLOBE and its editor, as regards the negro, etc.:

“There is an irresponsible quarterly review published in New York City, and edited by one who claims to be a Catholic, and is, we believe, a convert. In the number for July, 1895, Mr. Eugene L. Didier, of Baltimore, has an article entitled ‘The Negro in Fact and Fiction.’

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“Rev. General T. J. Morgan, an official of the Indian Bureau during Harrison’s administration, is now corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and an editor of its organ, *The Baptist Home Mission Monthly*. Morgan has taken extracts from Didier’s article, and with them the comment of Mr. Thorne, editor of *The Globe*, and with *conscious duplicity* has made them appear as the teaching of representative Catholics.

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“This leaflet of Dr. Morgan’s should serve as a warning to Catholics; especially to those who, like Messrs. Thorne and Didier, seem to have their eyes in the back of their heads, and forget that

the war is over and that the past can never be recalled. It is painful to find one of the unreconstructed, and he a Catholic, calling a halt to the forward march of the negro; just as if any one listened to him, or cared a snap for his wail.

"What, however, is the chief purpose of our article? It has been to *authoritatively* repudiate the statements of Thorne and Didier and to expose Morgan's mendacious methods. We would that it were in our power to go further. We wish to issue a leaflet in answer to Morgan's 'Man or Baboon?' We will not quote any Baptist, Thorne or Didier; no, but we propose to send out a leaflet on what the Catholic Church believes in regard to the negro. Our authorities will be the Encyclical of Leo XIII on Slavery."

Slattery's article is headed, "The Negroes and the Baptists," but the primal purpose of it is plainly to misrepresent and belittle the GLOBE REVIEW and its editor. To show how very much importance the New York Paulists attached to this wail of a weakling, I have but to name the fact that the article was reproduced in pamphlet form, two copies of which, besides a copy of the May *Catholic World*, were promptly forwarded to me, and doubtless hundreds of other editors were favored in like manner; all going to show how lavish the Paulists can be of their money and their witlessness when they wish to discredit a man and a magazine that have until recently desired to be friendly with them.

While on this point I may add that though the GLOBE REVIEW has been repeatedly sent to the editor of the *Catholic World*, and though the Paulists of New York know it perfectly and what recognition it has received from the more intelligent Catholics throughout the world, this copy of the *Catholic World* containing a deliberate insult to the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW is the first copy of their magazine with which they have ever honored me; and my advice to them just here is that, while giving their missions on Sabbath-keeping and how to denounce saloonkeepers and convert negroes by easy methods, they start a mission among themselves for self-examination, accusation and condemnation. After that they may see more clearly how to be truthful and honorable toward their fellow-Catholics and fellow-beings.

As regards the paragraphs quoted from Slattery's article I have to say: first, that the first paragraph contains a vulgar and low-bred falsehood regarding myself and this REVIEW. In the first place, though claiming none of the pap and patronage of the prelates of the Catholic Church, and never pandering to their vanity, this REVIEW has more than three-fourths of them among its sub-

scribers, and is far more responsible to proper Catholic authority and to the eternal justice of heaven than the *Catholic World* has ever been or than Slaterry knows how to be.

When I was received into the Catholic Church, in the year 1892, my faith and peace and humility were such, and my trust in all Catholics such, that I was willing gladly to give up the honorable career I had already won in this magazine, as I had given up the ministry, and to take any humblest position that Catholic journalism had to offer me;—and I made propositions of this sort to Western Catholics that I will not here name. Again, on coming East in the summer of 1892, I went, at the urgent request of a priest who had known me personally and in the *GLOBE*—went to these same Paulists in New York—still uncertain as to my future vocation, and offered to merge the *GLOBE* in the *Catholic World*—anything, to show my modest intention and my willingness to serve the Church! In this last instance I was met with the statement that the *Catholic World* was the organ of the Paulist Fraternity, run to aid in their own specific and peculiar work, and that any union with another magazine or editor was practically impossible. Moreover, after consulting with archbishops, monks and priests who had already grown interested in the *GLOBE* even previous to my reception into the Church, they all, to a man, earnestly advised me to continue the *GLOBE* on its old lines of independent and higher criticism, only—as I had voluntarily resolved—that henceforth, when it treated of religious problems, it would be loyal to the Catholic Church; but that did not and does not mean loyalty to the cranks who misrepresent it.

Here, again, I refrain from giving names, because I do not want to mix other people up with any of my own vexations. But these were the Catholic grounds and the understanding—all voluntary on my part—on which I continued the *GLOBE* after becoming a member of the Catholic Church. And I here defy any priest alive to prove that I have been false to these resolves. Moreover, as this position was distinctly stated in the *GLOBE*, and commented on in the secular and religious press, there was nothing mean or underhanded about it. During the last four years articles of mine published in this magazine on “Prayers to the Virgin and the Saints,” “Mother of God,” “Public and Parochial Schools,” etc., and finally my article in the *GLOBE* for February, 1896, “Why I Became a Catholic”—not to mention scores of minor papers and

utterances in the *GLOBE NOTES*—have been more widely copied and commented on and praised by Catholic editors and priests, as bound to serve the cause of Catholic truth, than have any other articles published in any other Catholic magazine in the United States during these last four years.

From well-known Catholic archbishops and bishops this *REVIEW* has received the most unqualified praise as the best review in the country; from Catholic magazines and newspapers—run not wholly to advance the interests of some peculiar clique of clerics—this *REVIEW* has been praised without stint as the ablest word now being published. Very recently the *Catholic Fireside*, published in London, and one of the most widely circulated Catholic papers in the world, has declared that “the *GLOBE* is far and away the ablest review published in America.” From many hundreds of priests, whose letters are now in this office, I have received the same sort of commendation, and yet this contemptible nobody with the beautiful name of Slattery, of Baltimore, with unblushing, yet hypocritic sycophant sophistry, opens his attack by speaking of this magazine as “an irresponsible quarterly review * * * edited by one who claims to be a Catholic,” etc. Has he read the papers these last four years, or is he blind with rage?

Before I was received into the Catholic Church this magazine, as my own personal creation, had won world-wide fame, had been noticed generously by the secular press, here and abroad, and though many of my critics and friends did not agree with me in all things, they all admitted the power and the importance of the work the *GLOBE* was doing.

When received into the Church, the Catholic press and the secular press throughout the country very generally noticed the fact, and I supposed it was generally understood among intelligent Catholics—at least among Catholic priests—that more Catholic good would be accomplished by the *GLOBE* if it did not print the word Catholic on its cover. In truth, the *GLOBE* has simply gone on as of old. Slattery, however, in his utter obscurity in Baltimore, seems to have been ignorant of all this, and now, with provincial greenhornness, speaks of me as “one who claims to be a Catholic”—the despicable sophist! What does he expect to gain by such Catholic, or devilish hypocrisy? I have never in my life claimed to be or to hold anything that I had not a perfect right

to claim. Had I been a convert of the Paulists they would have published it in red, white and blue all over the land.

I claim nothing—not even bread, much less saintliness or infallibility. Long ago I learned from Carlyle to pitch my deserts at zero, and so found that I had the world under my feet. Long ago I learned from a greater than Carlyle that if they had called the Master of the house Beelzebub, what could his servants expect but disdain? I “claim” nothing. If the Church wishes to disown me because I have spoken the truth, I shall try to bear my excommunication with Christian fortitude. But Slattery and the Paulists cannot excommunicate me.

Anything that the Church may command me to do I shall do in humble obedience; but while I have my freedom, and know what it has cost me, I cannot yield to sophists like Slattery.

I do not quote further or notice what he says of Rev. Baptist General T. J. Morgan, D.D., LL.D., because I do not consider the sayings of all the white and black Baptists of the United States worthy one page of notice in this REVIEW. Morgan’s pamphlet was duly sent to me and as duly thrown into my waste-basket. Slattery himself, I believe, wrote to me about Morgan’s pamphlet, and practically asserted that my articles on the negro, in the GLOBE REVIEW, had prevented the Paulists from making black converts on their mission in Washington, D. C. I simply returned his letter, assuring him that I could not help it, that I did not know nor care whether Eugene Didier were a priest or no; and, in effect, that if the Paulists were in earnest they had better tell the blacks to repent, first of all, of their conceited, proud and stupid opposition to me, and then seek religion as only humble souls know how; and this slight done to his pugnacious and impertinent interference seems to have fired his soul with rage against me, as seen.

Many of the intelligent priests of Baltimore have long known of the GLOBE, and have been proud of it. The GLOBE has been read time and again in their refectories to the students of certain colleges in Baltimore. The shouts for Thorne’s articles have gone around their academic halls. Dr. Gilliam, and Mr. Didier, and Father Lucien Johnston, of Baltimore, have been among its contributors during the last three years; all the secular papers of Baltimore have been generous, though incisive, in their notices of the GLOBE these last six years; and yet this back-kitchen parson, Slat-

tery, speaks of it and of me as entities hardly worthy of his notice, as "irresponsible," etc. Now, let us see what comes of all this. Having made the *GLOBE*, and sustained it for years out of my own broken heart and poverty, I have felt obliged to be modest, and I have been modest, regarding its world-wide recognition. But when an insignificant person like Slattery is given a place in the supposed representative Catholic organ of this great metropolis, and for the avowed purpose of insulting me, and when the Paulists seem inclined to set him forth as the champion of Catholic world-truth, I must show the world "what fools these mortals be," and call their attention to the fact that some slight respect is due a person in my position. Do they expect to convert the negroes by machinery? A little more of Paul and a little less of Paulistic Yankeeism might help them to do the real work. The easiest way might be to hire a lot of Edison talking-machines and turn down the lights.

Again; I do not quote what Slattery writes against Didier; do not quote the passages from the Popes that he flings at me, simply because, in the first place, the articles published in the October, 1895, and the February, 1896, *GLOBE REVIEW*, in reply to Didier, and in response to my own previous words on the negro, were much abler and more to the point than anything Slattery says, or is able to say; and secondly, because the declarations of the Popes, touching the slaves and slavery in Brazil, have no more to do with the question concerning the average moral status of the American negro in the United States during the last generation of freedom, than the philosophy of Aristotle has to do with Darwinism or the sphere of the press in the nineteenth century.

When the American negro was in slavery, I wrote, preached, lived and suffered—in more than one instance, within an inch of my life—for defending him, pleading his cause, and claiming liberty for him. In a word, when he needed sympathy and kindness, I gave him sympathy and kindness. And now, when, in my judgment, he needs criticism and rebuke, I have given him criticism and rebuke.

And, were it prudent, I could give Slattery the names of many Catholics, more intelligent than himself, who heartily approve of my criticisms.

In all probability, if Slattery and the Colorado man were alive and out of their cowboyship from thirty-five to forty years ago,

when I was living as indicated, they were of that unenviable species of serpents known as "copperheads," and to my thinking they are not much changed at heart to this hour.

Have Slattery and the Colorado man, or the Pope himself, kinder opinions of, or more Christian-like feelings toward the negro than I have? Never. Has the Colorado man, or any of his ilk, more reverent feelings for the Pope, or for Cardinal Satolli, than I have? Never. What will any one of them do to prove this kindness or reverence that I will not do? Let my sanctified critics name a test of our mutual kindness and reverence, a test that may cost us our lives, and let us see who is kindest to the black man in our day, and who most obedient to proper Catholic authority.

I do not know anything about the Oblate sisters. My reverence for all sisters, white or black, is akin to worship. I honor and love the Church supremely for the fact that it looks after human souls, regardless of wealth or color lines. I have always been a Catholic in this sense, and never knew a racial prejudice in my life; and now that this, that, or the other reformed, or would-be reformed, old-fashioned, negro-hating "copperhead" should preach to me as if I had ever been of his kind, is rather exasperating.

I rejoice in all the good work the Church has done for the Indian and the negro, so brutally wronged by this great and glorious republic of liberty. Every well-informed Catholic, however, knows that if one-quarter of the money and the missionary lives that have been sacrificed to convert and civilize the American Indian and the American negro had been spent to put a little more intelligence, loyalty and truthfulness of character into the six millions of white Catholics that have gone astray in this glorious land of liberty, the results would have been, must have been, more satisfactory to God and man, and more helpful of our future civilization. But because I tell you this broad truth, that you might grit your teeth at it and at me, am I, therefore, a hater of the Indian or the negro? Or any the less a Catholic?

The New York *Independent*, the Allentown daily and weekly papers, and the Wilmington, Del., daily papers, of thirty-two and thirty-three years ago, bear record of my loyalty to the black man, and I have never known any feelings but those of tender kindness toward the Indian. My article in No. 7 of the *GLOBE*, on "The New Orleans Murders, and After," bears evidence of the breadth of charity with which I have always viewed and treated their case;

yet this yelping pup, called Slattery, intimates that "Didier and Thorne have their eyes in the backs of their heads," and that Thorne "claims to be" something which presumably he is not.

Is it not rather true that the priest who quotes the Pope's sayings regarding the slaves of Brazil as applicable to the free blacks of America, has his eyes in the back of his head? And squint eyes, at that, always looking to the main chance—catering to the negro, etc.

I accepted Didier's article because I believed then, as I believe now, that, in the main, it contained truth that the negroes and whites of this generation needed very much to hear. The results have proven, to me at least, that I judged rightly. At all events, I am responsible for that article, as I am for my own utterances on the negro question, and I have received very many tokens of the approval of Catholic and other men and women on account of the same.

Touching the question as to what the GLOBE has really said about the negro, Slattery, the Colorado man, Morgan and the negro blusterers themselves, seem still to be in the dark, even though Slattery did quote a few lines from Didier's article, and then put his hands to his eyes, as if ashamed to quote further. I wonder why he did not muffle his mouth and wipe his pen before perpetrating the falsehood of the first paragraph of his article regarding myself and the GLOBE REVIEW? But I will come to the question of responsibility directly. I am now to clear the negro stuff a little.

I do not propose to go over again the ground already well covered in the numbers of the GLOBE REVIEW just named, but simply to put Slattery's eyes in the front of his head, that he and the Colorado man, *et al.*, may know of what we are discoursing.

In the first place, no writer in this REVIEW has ever presumed to discuss the question as to whether the negro was "Man or Baboon." That wording of the question was simply a part of "Morgan's mendacious methods," as Slattery justly calls them; but why not apply the same adjectives to his own proceedings? The "Man or Baboon" question may yet be great one of these days, if Darwin's missing link should be found; for the present the GLOBE refuses to be mixed up on it. No philosopher and no Pope has yet explained it, and if Slattery can not, let him apply to the New York Paulists. They know it all. They have recently

instructed the learned Professor Zahm on this theme. Their conceit is magnificent.

In the second place, there is no proper field for discussion as to Didier's or Slattery's ill-temper or ill-manners, or of mine. These are questions difficult to determine, especially when and where excited parsons are to be the judges.

In the third place, there is no proper ground for discussion as to whether Slattery and the Colorado man, and the "Catholic press of America" have kinder feelings toward or kinder opinions of the negro than I have. I have a stainless record of forty years, showing that I have never offered him anything but kindness. If Slattery & Co. can do better than that, God bless them and give them their just reward. I have no anxiety regarding my rewards. In this world they are sure to come in the shape of Slatterys.

In the fourth place, there has been no discussion in the *GLOBE* as to the Oblate sisters, nor has any one denied in its pages the fact, palpable to everybody, that there are exceptional negroes—usually tainted with white blood—who have shown marked intellectual and moral qualities. Some time I will explain that word "tainted"; not now.

The real questions discussed in this *REVIEW* have been the general moral and mental status of the Negro as compared with the white races of the world, and the comparative moral status of the American negro before and since our civil war. On the first question Mr. Didier took the extreme view of literal and critical fact as compared with the poetic and pious optimism of many of the negro's friends. On the same question Dr. Gilliam, also of Baltimore, took a more scientific view, based on history and not favorable to the negro; both are Catholics, I believe, and quite as competent to hold and express Catholic views as Slattery. Other papers, bearing on the same subject, were more favorable in their estimate of the negro, but without much basis of fact.

In my editorial and other comment I frankly approved, in the main, of Didier's and of Gilliam's positions, and freely expressed my own opinion that in morals and manners the American negro, under freedom, had not improved but had retrograded. And not as expressing my own desires at all, I predicted that the South under existing conditions would be obliged to re-enslave, kill or export the bulk of its negro population within the next generation.

As I explained clearly in the October GLOBE, this was not saying what I, in my own heart and mind, would do with the American negro, but what the South would probably be obliged to do, in some form or another. I still hold to every opinion expressed in the GLOBE on this subject.

As to what I would do, of my own heart and choice, with the negro population of America, I have time and again expressed that in private conversation, but never yet in the GLOBE REVIEW. Here it is: Had I the power, I would place the entire negro population of the United States directly and absolutely under the tutelage, direction and unquestioned and absolute control of the Catholic Church in America—make them wards of and amenable to the properly constituted authorities of said Catholic Church; so that their obedience, first of all, should be to Catholic authority, as absolute as the obedience of the orphans, white and black, now under Catholic control. As a class I do not consider them fit for citizenship, and I would give the rights of citizenship only to those approved by the authorities of the Catholic Church in each diocese, parish or locality, etc., etc. I am perfectly aware that this scheme is utterly impracticable under the existing order of things; in fact, I do not think any scheme of real justice for black or white men is possible under the existing order of things in the United States; but this opinion, freely expressed, regarding the negro and the Church, ought to show Catholics what reverence I have for them when they deserve it,—as it will plainly show Baptists like Morgan, that I despise all their methods as sure to make the negro a viler and a lower human being than he is to-day.

I think I need not write further on this phase of the subject. But I must speak more fully on the question of *responsibility*, and then come to the Paulist letter, which touches a still more delicate question of Catholic right and wrong.

I have already intimated that the recognition given to this MAGAZINE and its editor, alike by Catholic and Protestant scholars and critics, should be enough to indicate that it has a certain status and a certain general responsibility to all that is high and pure and good and true in human thought and human history; and to any but the utterly blind, like Slattery and the Colorado critic, this recognition alone, even if they had not brains or character enough themselves to appreciate the qualities of truth this REVIEW stands for, should have impelled them to treat it and myself with more respect than they have treated us.

It is my duty, still further, to suggest and claim that on all and every variety of subjects—not ruled upon by the *ex-cathedra* conclusions of the Church—every Catholic has equal freedom of thought with every other Catholic; that the expression of one intelligent Catholic on any such subjects is as responsible as the opinion of any other Catholic of equal intelligence and morality; and that for Slattery or any other man, cleric or layman, to presume to declare what is the position or view or holding of the Church on a subject on which the Church has not declared itself, is a piece of unblushing and unpardonable presumption and impudence. And as the Church has not declared her dogma on the comparative mentality of the black man and the white man, or on the comparative manners and morals of the American negro before and since our civil war, it is a piece of insufferable impudence for Slattery & Co. to presume to declare “with authority” what the Church holds or declares on that question.

For my own part, while I have given abundant evidence of my own loyalty and of the loyalty of this REVIEW to the interests of the Catholic Church, and have suffered severe losses on that account, as well as met with blessed help and encouragement, I have never presumed to voice the position of the Church on any subject, and for the reasons here given—not that I revere the Church less than Slattery, but that I revere it more.

Now for the Paulist's letter and a few final thoughts regarding Catholic liberty. Here is the letter:

NEW YORK, May 2, 1896.

WM. H. THORNE, ESQ.,

Editor of THE GLOBE.

Dear Sir:—In the May number of the *Catholic World* there is an article by Very Rev. Father Slattery, entitled “Baptists and Negroes.” As it is quite certain that you will read and highly probable that you will give it some answer, permit me to ask you to consider well what that answer shall be.

Fr. Slattery calls your REVIEW “irresponsible”; I am convinced, however, that you have a high sense of responsibility both as an editor and as a Catholic—and I ask you to manifest it in your reply, for I assume that a reply will be forthcoming.

Leaving Fr. Slattery to argue out with Mr. Didier the truth of the latter's charges, I want to let you know that the article in your REVIEW has done harm.

In a mission given in St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C.,

in February of this year, I was waited on by a delegation of three or four of the most intelligent parishioners (colored) and Morgan's pamphlet was shown me, and I was told with great indignation and sorrow of the harm done by it, and of the feeling of injustice felt by them on account of such utterances by their Catholic brethren.

Surely you are not without responsibility for such pain, for having helped to put such a weapon in the hands of an enemy to beat down the "little ones" of Christ's flock; nor can I believe in the knowledge of this, your answer will be aught else than a "*mea culpa*."

Yours truly

REV. M. P. SMITH,
C. S. P.

I have read the foregoing letter many times, in order not to misinterpret a motive, a thought or a word of it. My conclusion is that Fr. Smith's motives were kindly throughout; but, in the first place, like the previous critics, he falls into the error of assuming that I am all wrong and that Slattery, the Colorado man, and the negroes are all right on the negro question; that I am to blame—not the Washington and other negroes for their upstart and ignorant impertinence, protests to the Paulists, etc.; that because the utterance of the truth in the GLOBE had stirred the devil in them, the utterer of the truth, not the negroes or the devil, was to blame. Beautiful philosophy, this, but quite the reverse of all the teachings of our Lord and Master, to whom and to whose teachings bearing on the results generally to be expected from the preaching of any concrete truth I have the honor of referring Fr. Smith and the critics he espouses. A more careful study of St. Paul would not hurt him either.

In the second place Fr. Smith falls into the error, so common among the presumptuous youngsters, lay and clerical, of this generation, of volunteering unsought advice upon a subject not fully comprehended by him, and without proper regard for the years, the experience and labors of the person to whom he volunteers this advice. He may be a much older man than I am, but I doubt it. I do not know him personally. He may be a very great man, a genius and a saint, but I have no evidence of this. His letter gives no signs of superior wisdom or superior sainthood; and, as I have given at least forty out of my fifty-eight years to learn the truth and know my duty, I am at a loss to know why he should presume to volunteer unasked advice to me. He

will observe that I am not on the defensive, but rather on the offensive—very offensive, I fear—in all that I am saying of him and of his letter.

If he should complain that I am making public use of a private letter, my reply is, that as he is one of a syndicate of clerics who allowed Slattery's impudent paper regarding me to appear in their magazine, and as his letter is quite as good, logical and philosophical as the things usually to be found in that magazine, I felt justified in using his letter as typical of the very best that any of his syndicate may have to say to me. In a word, Fr. Smith's letter is too important for private use, and the facts justify me in making it public. If you do not like this interpretation, give us your objections. They will not hurt anybody, not "even me."

The third error of Fr. Smith's letter is in the assumption that I do not always "consider well" what I write in this REVIEW, and in supposing for one moment, that I needed him or any other outsider to advise me to "consider well" what I should write about Fr. Slattery or any other man.

If Fr. Smith had given one millionth part of the conscientious carefulness to the reading and study of the GLOBE REVIEW that I have given to its creation and sustenance, he would not only be aware that there was no need of his advice, but he would blush for shame, and apologize for having volunteered to give that advice. I always "consider well" what I say in this REVIEW, every way; ten times over, back and forth; and am always ready to defend my utterances before any man or men, or to suffer and die for the same, if need be. But did the Paulist editor of the *Catholic World* "consider well" what he was doing when he accepted and published Slattery's contemptible and unmanly spleen? And who is "responsible" for that article? The editor? The superior of the Paulist clerics? The Archbishop of New York? Was it submitted to His Grace before being published? Or to His Grace's scholarly censor? I fear not. In my judgment the devil alone was responsible for it, and as I have sworn enmity toward that gentleman, I am not inclined to sugar-coat this medium.

In all this article I am keeping back many facts that would beautifully illustrate the story, simply because I wish to keep to the argument, and not mix other names in the affair. As yet I have not named the sorest point in Fr. Smith's letter; that is, the main point that has led to this public reply. It is the last part of

the letter, wherein, with apparent adroitness, I am advised—cornered, as it were—to make the plea of “guilty.”

Imagine the younger Timothy sidling up to St. Paul, when the hellish idiots of his day were pelting him with filthy vituperation and naïvely saying to the old hero—You had better plead “guilty;” your words have stirred up much strife, and the devils may “crush” or kill you. I think I feel about as Paul would have felt under the circumstances, only I have no especial cause for loving Smith as Paul loved Timothy.

This, however, is only one phase of the mischief involved in Fr. Smith’s final cuteness. So far I have only spoken of the possible relation and effect of this advice upon myself; but it represents a vital spark of Catholic liberty or Catholic tyranny.

In God’s name, who appointed Fr. Smith as judge or censor of my conscience? I have never chosen him as my confessor or adviser, and one thing, among many others, that have commended and endeared the Catholic priesthood to me is this, that, as a rule, they mind their own business. As a rule, they are hard enough worked in looking after the consciences and conduct of the souls who have chosen them as their moral guides, and do not presume to be the moral guides of others.

Need I say here that from the day I was received into the Catholic Church I have, as the Church prescribes, selected my own private confessor in each locality where I have resided? Must I tear my heart out and say how often I go to confession and communion? Never. It is the business of no man on earth, except the priest who is my confessor, and I very respectfully request Fr. Smith and all other officious moral meddlers to mind his and their own business as far as my answers, my morals or my pleas of guilty or not guilty are concerned.

“Speak for yourself, John!” Who art thou that judgest another man? Wherein thou condemnest thou art guilty. To his own master, which is God, he standeth or falleth.

The divine wisdom of the Church is beautifully manifest in this exclusiveness of the sphere of moral judgment. No man or priest can honestly or intelligently advise another man, on moral grounds, who is not fully and intimately acquainted with the facts, motives and workings of that man’s conscience and life. In a word, no man or priest, but said man’s chosen confessor. Need I add that the priests who have been my confessors, have, from the first, been

perfectly familiar with my work in the *GLOBE REVIEW*? And will Fr. Smith, or any other presumptuous meddler, presume for a moment that said priests are less capable of advising me than he is? I am not here speaking of my own rights as a Catholic, but of the rights and dignity of those who have been my confessors. Shall I give Fr. Smith their names? Shall I tell him what my penances have been? Shame on the officious meddler that would dream of such revelations, or force me to such methods of reply.

The Paulist clerics may be excellent priests and saintly men for aught I know. I am too busy looking after my own life to meddle with theirs; but it is certain that they know no more how to edit a respectably intellectual magazine than a lot of old hens know how to swim in deep or shallow water, and their spasms of flutter are exceedingly amusing.

To my knowledge a prominent and wide-awake member of the Catholic Club in New York recently remarked that "the *GLOBE* was the only Catholic magazine worth a d——!" Many of the others are too dull for any but saints and angels—still Slattery must abuse it! In truth the editor of the *GLOBE* *has* to have his eyes in the back of his head at times.

Any set of amateurs can spend other people's money in the publication business; and as for writers, in these days they are more numerous than bubbles in the sea-foam. "Philosophy of Literature!" Gad! but the boys love stilts, as of old!

I understand that a similar effusion of self-righteous spleen in criticism of me appeared in the *Boston Pilot* last April, quoting the Popes, etc., as if I were in opposition to any Pope or any other Catholic authority. Every intelligent reader of the *GLOBE* knows that I am not in opposition to any Catholic authority, and most of them are quite aware that I am most earnestly advocating every established Catholic truth. But when editors—even though they be priests and good priests—grow envious and autocratic and hot and fiery and struttish, they say many things that will not stand the test of cooler reasoning.

If these wretched proclamations of Catholic sophistry had been published after the issue of the May *GLOBE REVIEW* I might have been more inclined to leniency, for in that number there were sharp and cutting utterances, which at first sight might have provoked unkind replies; but they all appeared after the February issue, which contained my article, "Why I Became a Catholic,"—

an article into which I had poured my heart in grateful recognition of the rest that had come to me, and which article had been copied almost entire into at least five Catholic journals, translated and published in German and French papers, and after which, it would seem that even the Paulists might have been glad to welcome and praise my modest efforts. As it is, I see no way of compromise. They must either plead a "*mea culpa*," or I must place the X-rays upon their work till the real Catholic world has learned the difference between mere gush and literature. I long for peace with all these people; but if I must fight, I shall fight in the open, with truth and honor only for my guides.

I do not object to being criticised or to having faults or fallacies pointed out in my work. The pages of this REVIEW are always open to any priest, prelate or other gentleman who wishes to answer any of the articles published therein. I receive lots of legitimate criticism and never complain; lots of mere Bohemian, illegitimate, devil's criticism, and never notice it; but to lie about me; to misrepresent and try to belittle this magazine, out of low envy, and on the lines for which I have suffered so much and so gladly—and to do this, as if by "authority" of the Church,—that is simply the work of sycophant and cowardly slaves, utterly incapable of truth or honor, and is a disgrace even to the writers themselves.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

NEW VIEWS OF TENNYSON.

A HANDBOOK TO TENNYSON'S WORKS. By MORTON LUCE. London: George Bell & Sons.

A TENNYSON PRIMER. By W. M. DIXON. New York: Dodd Mead & Company.

There are two views of Tennyson. Among some of his admirers it has long been the fashion to praise him lavishly and indiscriminately. They have called him the greatest poet of the century—which is equivalent to placing him next to Shakespeare and Milton in the poetic hierarchy of England. By others he is under-rated. They regard him as a mere literary artist. Accord-

ing to their view he is a thinker of very mediocre ability, and unworthy to be ranked with the great singers.

The time has come for critics to form a truer conception of Tennyson's worth as a poet, and to recognize his defects and limitations as well as his excellences. The day has passed for such an absurd proposition as was put forth by Alfred Austin, who maintained in his "Poetry of the Period" (1869), that Tennyson "is not a great poet, unquestionably not a poet of the first rank, all but unquestionably not a poet of the second rank, and probably—though no contemporary perhaps can settle that—not even at the head of poets of the third rank, among whom he must ultimately take his place." Equally wide of the mark is the dogmatic assertion of a reviewer in the *Independent* (June 4, 1891): "Tennyson is the greatest English poet since Shakespeare and no school-teacher ought to be ignorant of the fact."

For many years before his death, Alfred Tennyson was extolled as the leading poet of the Victorian reign. Here and there a dissenting voice was heard, awarding the palm to Robert Browning, but this was unmistakably the verdict of only a few, for Browning was never a general favorite. This was evident from the universal chorus of praise that went up at the time of Tennyson's death. The dead laureate was almost everywhere proclaimed one of the kings of literature, and it must be confessed that the numerous "tributes" and "appreciations" then penned and spoken fairly reflected the love and admiration of countless readers of his poetry in England and America.

On the continent a soberer judgment prevailed, and less extravagant estimates of Tennyson were made by the critics of other nations who are supposed to represent the criterion of posterity. In the main they shared the high opinion of the poet's contemporaries at home, but the note of panegyric was less pronounced. The scholarly critics of France and Germany—those who are really equipped for their work—direct their efforts to the task of examining thoroughly the character of a writer's productions. His subject-matter chiefly occupies their attention, and his success is measured by the degree of excellence attained by others in the same field; they not only have a better intellectual equipment than English and American critics usually have—they seem to have a different aim. It is to analyze and discuss a writer's work impartially and without irritability. With them the desire for knowl-

edge is uppermost. With us the critic's chief business is to say cutting things for the benefit of his enemies and to manufacture puffs for his friends. Investigation is necessary for intelligent judgment, and this is too often slighted by the average newspaper reviewer of England and the United States.

Fortunately, the true function of criticism is becoming better understood. At last, there is manifest a disposition to discriminate more sharply, and to praise or condemn more guardedly. In some quarters, at least, the criticism of the present day is characterized more by a judicial tone. It indulges less in vague, sweeping statements. It is becoming more and more interpretative and instructive. It may be true that Tennyson, for a full half century, as one of his eulogists declared, "held undisputed rank as the first English poet of his time;" but one wishes to learn something more than this. It affords but little satisfaction to be told that he is "incomparably the greatest man of letters of the Victorian age," etc. It is to be hoped that the literary criticism of the future will deal less in generalities of this sort, and give us more facts.

One cares very little for the prediction of a writer in *London Truth* that "a hundred years hence Tennyson will probably be deemed a minor poet." It is, comparatively speaking, a fruitless inquiry whether Tennyson's place be third or sixth among the chief bards of Britain. Enough that he left a body of verse that is exceedingly precious to lovers of poetry. The student is not much edified by the dictum that the "Idylls of the King" "is without doubt the greatest poem of the century." He is not especially grateful to learn that in the opinion of Swinburne "In Memoriam" is "Lord Tennyson's great monumental work." These things interest him merely as curiosities of criticism.

Two noteworthy books have recently been added to Tennysonian literature, and it is significant of the changed methods of literary study that one is called a *Primer* and the other a *Handbook*. Literature has become to many a serious study. For instance, the thoughtful reader of "In Memoriam" wants information on many points in order to understand and appreciate the poem. He wishes to know something about the history of its composition, about its meter and structure. The friendship of Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson claims his attention, along with various matters relating to the Tennyson household. He is occupied with tracing the spiritual development of the poet through the period when the

poem was written. He is curious to see how the characteristics of the age are reflected in the poem, and wherein the poet favored or opposed the temper of the time. The philosophy and religious teaching of the poem are also subjects of investigation. To do this is to study with profit, and the student has a right to look for help along these lines in books on Tennyson. A good example of helpful criticism is found in Dawson's "Study of the Princess." A contribution of solid value, imbued with the new scientific spirit in the domain of letters, is "The Growth of the Idylls of the King," by Dr. Richard Jones, of Swarthmore College, whose good taste and learning appear on every page.

When examined from this point of view, the "Tennyson Primer," and the "Handbook," by Mr. Luce, are both found to be of much service to the specialist and to the general reader, yet they are not in all respects satisfactory. In Professor Dixon's little volume are some things open to criticism; a second edition will doubtless see many slips corrected. Mr. Luce is unusually painstaking, nevertheless too many inaccuracies have crept into the text. The make-up of his work is such that it can hardly be called an ideal handbook. However, it represents the results of long and loving study, and is indispensable to the careful student of Tennyson.

Professor Dixon's book is misnamed. It is not, properly speaking, a Primer, but an extended biographical and critical essay, with an appendix giving an excellent Tennyson bibliography. This valuable feature is lacking in Mr. Luce's volume, and it is a serious omission. Some of his frequent footnotes and appendices, containing matter more or less irrelevant, might be sacrificed to advantage and room gained for bibliographical details relating to the dates of poems and changes in the text, also for references to books and reviews on Tennyson. To be sure, Tennyson literature is too often disappointing reading, still it is desirable to know what the reviewers and others said of his poems as they appeared from time to time. Thus it is possible to trace the progress of his fame and to follow his literary history.

If the "Tennyson Primer" be not so exhaustive as the works of the German professor Dry-as-dust, it at least has the merit of being interesting. The author's is a well-stored mind, given to brilliant characterizations. His book is an agreeable mingling of biography and criticism, abounding in the well-turned reflections

of a man well-read in literature. It is both gossipy and readable, but sometimes at the cost of being superficial. Such is not the terse, severe style of a Primer.

The design of Mr. Luce's thick volume is best explained in his own words:

"The above handbook, which serves also as a Tennyson cyclopædia, is the only treatise extant that deals with the whole of the published writings of the late poet laureate; and it further includes a notice of some of his unpublished poems. The first chapter contains a biography of Tennyson, an estimate of his position in the history of English poetry, and short essays on the characteristics of the poet. There is added a complete chronology of his works, together with other biographical information."

The book is a commentary on all the poems in Macmillan's one-volume edition of Tennyson's complete works.

The preliminary chapter—on "Tennyson's Life, Times, and Characteristics"—touches on so many points that its treatment of them is too brief to be adequate. Especially is this the case in considering Tennyson as a thinker. His relation to the thought-movements of his age is dwelt on much more fully by Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. Here Dixon's book is deficient; he has some fine sentences on Tennyson's metaphysical poems, but he leaves us in the dark as to what was Tennyson's attitude toward the problems discussed in them. Likely it was not the purpose of either to do more than touch incidentally on the teaching of Tennyson, or to discuss the influences of the evolutionary theory on his thought, but to deal with the poet chiefly on the literary side. However, Professor Dixon should not have overlooked one point. Love is the keynote of Tennyson's philosophy. Love nourishes in his bosom the hope of personal immortality. It is through love that he looks for the uplift of the race, for love makes the struggle of life worth while if its goal be a "height that is higher."

According to Mr. Luce, Tennyson, though living a life "sequestered and contemplative," felt the impress of the age and responded to the stirring events of the thirties and forties. His earlier books, indeed, tell us little of the storm and stress of the epoch of reform in England, but the poems of 1842 and later years reflect the unrest and change of a transition period—his thought being colored and shaped by the "new religious inquiry and the doctrines of

evolution." It was a critical age, and Tennyson had early in life developed the critical mood. While a student at Cambridge, he was troubled with doubt and questioned some things that the average churchman accepts without hesitation. After the death of Hallam, in 1833, this skeptical habit or disposition increased. His religious views meanwhile underwent some change, but his faith never suffered complete shipwreck. He retained to the last his belief in God and the life everlasting. His love and reverence for the Bible were undoubted, and his trust and dependence in Christ he expressed again and again. Much as he rejoiced in the progress of science, he saw that knowledge and intellectual culture are insufficient to meet the highest needs of man. The religious craving of the soul must be satisfied as well as the longing for the beautiful. He was greatly disturbed by the degrading materialistic influence of latter-day science and art, and lifted his voice in righteous protest against the spread of unfaith in its various forms and masks. To the end he waged effective warfare against the hide-bound narrowness and intolerance of Englishmen. His creed was short and simple. His sympathies were with the Broad Church movement, and he contributed no little to deepening the liberal impulses of the age.

In politics, Tennyson was less liberal than in religion. He looked with distrust on the democratic trend of the time. He was by nature and training inclined to be "cautious and temperate." He abhorred the Celtic revolutionary temper. His hope for the future lay in preserving the good that the past has brought us, not in destroying,—his idea being gradually to eliminate objectionable features in the social system. However, he was only a moderate Conservative, and his aristocratic leanings have perhaps been exaggerated. It was to the common sense of the majority that he looked for the betterment of the race. He considered the problem of self-government as by no means hopeless, and he gave his countrymen much good advice through a long life. The services that a great poet renders in preserving and enriching national ideals is something hard to estimate. For this, England will always remember Alfred Tennyson with gratitude. Other bards have, indeed, got closer to the people, and apparently sympathized more deeply with "the poor and the oppressed," yet he recognized that there is a community of interests between the classes. His patriotism, like Shakespeare's, "was insular," says Mr. Luce. It is true that Ten-

nyson was intensely English, but his outlook was not limited to the boundaries of the British empire. He traveled enough, and mingled with foreigners enough to have his vision extended beyond the English pale. The poet who wrote "Locksley Hall" and "The Golden Year" had the welfare of humanity at heart. "The Parliament of Man" and "The Federation of the World" meant something to him. And long afterward, in the sonnet "To Victor Hugo," he wrote:

"England, France, all men to be,
Will make one people ere man's race be run."

In his last years, the poet did not despair of the realization of a universal people on this globe of ours, a "crowning race" with "one law," but he saw the need of time for "the making of man."

No extravagant claims are made for Tennyson in these two volumes. The critic's judgment is not blinded by enthusiasm. At least, Tennyson is not exalted above all the other poets of the nineteenth century by Professor Dixon, who indicates plainly enough his preference for Browning. In the last chapter of his "Primer" he gives an admirable summing-up of Tennyson's poetic achievement, taking into account his weakness as well as his strength. He says:

"Tennyson resumed in himself as its highest type the civilization of the Victorian era. And summing as he did in his own person and in his work the gains of the English race throughout its long and splendid history of a thousand years, he must stand for us, as he will assuredly stand for all the future, as the poetic heir of England's aristocratic, intellectual and heroic traditions. No such inheritance remains for his successors. The new is the age of democracy, and its poets must quarry their marbles from the virgin rock; Tennyson built with material that was already shaped, and lay ready to his hand. His inspiration came from the past; upon the past the eye of his poetic imagination was fixed; in the traditions of the old masters he exercised himself, and in their schools he learned the secrets of his art. He was of the order of poets who sum up, who bring to an end, while his friend and contemporary, Browning, was of another order—a pioneer poet, an explorer of new lands, the first adventurer in untilled, poetic territory."

Again he says, and truly:

"Tennyson kept with the main body of English opinion, and

was its champion. Thus only in a minor sense was he a shaping or compelling power in social or intellectual development, in the enfranchisement of mind. We may speak more truly of him as a poetic chronicler of the mental life of his time . . . but we must add, a chronicler who was a consummate artist. And success in poetry of this kind, though far indeed from success in the highest kind, is neither easy nor the product of every generation."

In Tennyson there was indeed a rare combination of judgment and feeling well balanced. This was the secret of his artistic success. Like Matthew Arnold, he knew how to avoid excess, and the art of omitting the superfluous was neglected by some of his eminent contemporaries—Browning, Swinburne, Morris, and others—to their disadvantage. By ceaseless revision Tennyson obtained many of his best effects in poetry. Other poets have been more spontaneous and less finished. "The greatness of his work," says Dixon, "must be looked for elsewhere than in its scope or imaginative power. The large comprehensiveness, the wide-eyed vision that takes in the spectacle of human life in the complexity of its parts, this did not belong to him, nor did he share in all the joys and sorrows of mankind. Tennyson's lyrics sing the joys and sorrows of English folk; he was above and before all the poet of England, the best lover among her poet-sons." Tennyson's range is not, then, that of a cosmopolitan poet. He is not universal like Homer, or Dante, or Shakespeare.

Tennyson's shortcomings are undeniable in the higher walks of poetry—the drama and epic. Says Dixon, and rightly :

"You will seek in vain in Tennyson for the larger elements, the far horizons of thought, the wide and gracious spaces, the unimagined depths, the austere yet tranquillizing sadness, the severe unbroken calm, the magnanimities of the greatest poetry. You will seek in vain for the presence of the higher imagination." Granting this, one yet feels inclined to protest against his low estimate of the best of the late laureate's plays. Professor Dixon is wide of the mark in declaring that in "Becket" and "Queen Mary" Tennyson "attains no dramatic success." Those who saw Mr. Irving's capital presentation of the splendid tragedy of "Becket" will hardly agree with him here. Mr. Arthur Waugh is much nearer the truth when he says: "Both 'Harold' and 'Becket' have a strong dramatic motive, and scenes of unusual strength. Even as they are, they are rich additions to a dramatic literature which is unrivalled by that of any other country."

Mr. Luce asserts that "we English possess two poets of the very first class, and only two—Shakespeare and Milton." Between them and Tennyson there yawns a wide gulf. Their genius is of a different order. As to the quality of the best work of Shakespeare and Milton he says: "It is on the largest, the grandest scale.

. . . To create on this great scale is often the highest effort and the highest achievement of genius. . . . Stupendous was the genius that created 'King Lear' and 'Paradise Lost.'"

According to Mr. Luce, Tennyson's failure as a dramatist was inevitable. The difficulties were simply insuperable. The wonder is that he succeeded so well. After setting forth the requirements of a good play, Mr. Luce, in his interesting chapter on the dramas of Tennyson, shows his deficiencies as a playwright:

"Tennyson certainly began too late. He had scarcely freed himself from Shakespeare when death overtook him. He has left us plays which are often very good reading, but he had not quite learnt to write with his eye on the stage, to allow his characters to create themselves, to make the dramatic end, and that alone, justify and energize even the minutest dramatic development. His knowledge of plays was in excess of his experience as a playwright, and that is one reason why he did not better adapt his genius to the conditions of his own day. . . . His life, though long and fortunate, was only long enough to make him eminent as a lyric and a narrative poet, and praiseworthy as a dramatic poet."

Mr. Luce has bestowed generous praise on the many merits of the "Idylls of the King," but he is fully aware of its defects as an epic:

"The defence set up by reviewers, that we must consider the 'Idylls' as a modern 'Faerie Queene,' serves finally to establish my conclusion, that if the chief test of a poet's greatness be greatness, the production, we will say, of at least one very great and perfect work, then Tennyson fails to rank as a poet of the very first order; we may not concede to him superlative grandeur, unfaltering strength, nor, as in Shakespeare's case, the freshness also of unconscious genius."

Chicago, Ill.

EUGENE PARSONS.

GOD'S GARDEN.

THERE is a fenceless garden overgrown
 With buds and blossoms and all sorts of leaves;
 And once, among the roses and the sheaves,
 The Gardener and I were there alone.
 He led me to the plot where I had thrown
 The fennel of my days on wasted ground,
 And in that riot of sad weeds I found
 The fruitage of a life that was my own.

My life! Ah yes, there was my life, indeed!
 And there were all the lives of human kind;
 And they were like a book that I could read,
 Whose every leaf, miraculously signed,
 Outrolled itself from Thought's eternal seed,
 Love-rooted in God's garden of the Mind.

Gardiner, Me.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

WERE I to follow my instincts and preferences, I should, of course, put the Catholic before the Protestant churches; and when the Protestant Church fully understands the Catholic Church, it will say as St. John the Baptist said of our Lord: "It is preferred before me, because it was before me." In truth, the only reason Protestants have for preferring their own church or churches to the Catholic Church or churches is the insufferable conceit to be found in all new and modern beings and things. It is the aristocracy of the mushroom.

The old church building in my native village, in Southern England, is said to be over twelve hundred years old; it is within sight of the famous Glastonbury Abbey, which, thank Heaven, has recently again passed into the hands of Catholic ownership. The Anglican persuasion has inhabited the aforesaid church—since Henry VIII married a new wife every year, and pretended, meanwhile, to be The Defender of the Faith. But Catholic Saints built the dear old temple, and Catholic Saints worshipped in it, and the Blessed Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up there nine hundred

years before that red-headed debauchee was born out of the incipient rebellions and bastardy of his generation. In truth, the Protestant is a recreant, unrepented rebel, and is proud of it.

Like George Washington, the Catholic Church is not only first in war, first in peace, but first in the hearts of all nations that understands its meaning and history ; but how few people, in this land, and in this century of boasted piety and liberty, really understand it? And, alas! how many thousands of Catholics are an eternal disgrace to it! Protestants are perfectly sincere when they think and say that their own churches are really and as truly Christian as Catholic churches, and, unfortunately, many Catholic liberals, so called, in our day, are too ready to admit that Protestantism and Protestant churches are really very much like Catholicism and Catholic churches, and Protestants generally, and many Catholics, often wonder why it is that Catholic discipline will not allow the faithful to enter Protestant churches or to assist in any of their services or affairs. In truth, it would be much as if a deserted husband should attend the new and adulterous wedding of his deserting, self-disowned and unfaithful wife.

The object of these meditations is to point out at least one of the real differences between Catholic and Protestant churches, and to make the explanation so plain that even a New York or a Chicago Protestant editor may understand our meaning. For many, even of the mature, years of my life, I was a Protestant, and did not understand this difference myself, and no Catholic ever attempted to explain it to me. I have learned it, however, as I have learned many other blessed truths since the gift of Catholic faith was vouchsafed to me. Perhaps I can best explain this by relating certain personal experiences.

After becoming a Catholic, I found that though I had been for many years a Protestant minister, and, notwithstanding the fact that being an editor and a writer, I was at liberty to go to any Protestant church for such information as I might seek there, I not only had no inclination to enter a Protestant church, but found in my own feelings an inward disinclination to enter therein. For a time I thought that, perhaps, it was merely Catholic bigotry, in which I had become a sharer with Catholics throughout the world. On the other hand I found myself always inclined not only to attend Catholic churches on Sundays, but, like other supposed bigoted Catholics, I was inclined, of my own volition, to go to Mass

as frequently as possible in the early mornings during the week—and never failed of being happy and never failed of a consciousness of blessing in such attendance. In a word, long before I *fully* appreciated the fact of the real and substantial presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the consecrated sacrifice, I felt in my heart and soul that I was in the presence of His dear life and love, and martyrdom, in a way that I had never felt it in any Protestant church; and, gradually, through my heart and through many blessed experiences, I knew that the difference was as real and beautiful and eternal as the difference between night and day.

So I kept away from Protestant churches, being more than satisfied with the new gift of God that had come to me through Catholic Faith. Finally, however, while visiting friends in New England last year, I one day entered an old Protestant Episcopal church actually to see some repairs that had been made in the interior but ready as always to remove my hat, and to kneel in prayer should the spirit move me to do so. To my amazement, however I found that the interior improvements, though by no means, impressive, and the general worldliness and plutocracy and fashionableness and showiness of the place were its sole attractions; in a word, that the divine and mystic presence of the Lord was not there, and my heart sank within me, as I turned from the so-called altar to the door, and sought the clearer temple of God's own cloudless sky; and were it again a choice in my life between Protestant churches and the woods, I think I should take to the woods.

Again, during last year, a Protestant Episcopal friend from Philadelphia was visiting me in New York, and I suggested that we visit the Catholic Cathedral, as one of the noblest and purest specimens of Gothic architecture to be found on this side of the Atlantic ocean. So we went, and not from a feeling of obedience, but from sheer irresistible devotion to the divine presence I felt to be there, I knelt and offered a brief prayer. My friend remained standing, and, doubtless, interpreted my act of devotion as a sign of Catholic superstition—which said friend never expected to find in me. After admiring the beautiful windows of the Cathedral and viewing the general structure we passed out into Fifth Avenue, and I felt that I had passed out of the gates of heaven, again into the every-day world.

Not to be bigoted, however, I suggested that we visit the famous

Grace Episcopal Church at Broadway and Eleventh Street. We did so, and this time, in spite of my previous New England experience, I really thought that I should have some consciousness of the divine presence in Grace Church. It is so beautiful in its exterior and interior, so much like a real church, that I was prepared to be devout within its walls. To my amazement this was not so. On the contrary, the entire structure chilled my devotion to the marrow of my soul. The bronze tablets in the doorway, in memory of this man and the other, the stained glass windows, the rich appointments of the pews, the expensive carpetings, the gaudy and elaborate trappings in adornment of the so-called altar, were all impressive; that is, impressive of a certain lavish expenditure of money to please the eyes and the tastes of the average wealthy *habités* of the place, but there was not a sign or a thought of a sign to indicate that all this was done to honor and glorify the real presence of our Lord, which ought to be—nay is—in every truly Christian church. Then my imagination transferred me immediately into scores of Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist and Unitarian churches which I had known in years gone by, and I found that the same barrenness of the divine presence—and the same gaudy show of comfort and luxury for the pewholders were all that they had.

I do not deny that many Protestant Christians have, in their hearts, feelings of true devotion in many of their services. I am too familiar with my own past experience of such feelings to intimate such a thought, and I am too familiar with the devoutness and true goodness of scores and hundreds of Protestants to intimate such a thought. But I do declare that such thoughts and devotions, when pure and born of Divine grace, never have been aroused and never can be aroused by the same blessed fact that awakes these sentiments in every Catholic heart the moment said Catholic enters a Catholic church.

It is well known that, long ago, Queen Elizabeth of England tried to ride both fences at the same time; tried to make her Episcopal parsons priests, and yet in her sinfulness and wilfulness of heart ruled the blessed sacrifice of the Mass—that is, the actual Divine Presence—out of her stolen and degraded Anglican churches. It is the same to this day. Not only do Protestants not believe in the Real Presence—they are inclined to ridicule and denounce it. Their churches are not built, and their quasi pulpits

and quasi altars are not constructed with the idea of holding or sanctifying and glorifying the tabernacle of the Holy of Holies which ought to be enshrined and really is enshrined in every actual Christian—that is, Catholic—House of God. In a word, Protestant churches have neither altar, nor sanctuary, nor tabernacle, nor Real Presence of the Lord in them; and this is the rational and eternal reason why Protestant churches are not like Catholic churches, in fact, are not churches at all; and this is the purely rational and eternal ground of the Catholic discipline which forbids the faithful to frequent such Protestant and so-called churches.

There is nothing new in this, certainly not. I think it was King Solomon—himself noted as a wise man, or an original thinker, as we should say in these days—who remarked that there was nothing new under the sun. But in this age of promiscuous liberalism, it may be well, now and then, to point out the rational grounds of the eternal difference between Protestant and Catholic churches. God is in the one and He is not in the other, except as in some dim and far-off way He is borne there in the devout heart of some worshipper who does not go to vent his rhetorical utterances, or show his or her fine clothes.

There are many other differences between Catholic and Protestant churches, but this single point, well remembered, will meet and conquer a multitude of Protestant objections, in these so-called liberal and rationalistic times.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

CATHOLICISM UNDER ELIZABETH.

It must be a matter of extreme surprise to a superficial observer, that a Protestant monarch should have been allowed without a murmur to have ascended the throne and to impose, under the shadow of a packed* Parliament, a religion distasteful to the great majority of the people; and of this no fact of history can be more assured. On this point the extant papers of Cecil and Cardinal

* Cecil secured the majority by sending to the sheriffs a list of court candidates out of whom the members were to be chosen. Lingard, Strype, "Clarendon Papers."

Allen are in exact accord, and no two men had studied the question more deeply from its different standpoints, and though both were fervid partisans, their intellects were too high, their minds too practical to be led astray by enthusiasm. Both were in touch with the most authentic sources of information as to the feeling of every part of the kingdom, and their unanimity of opinion, each having conducted the inquiry from his own side of the question, gives an almost certain guarantee to the correctness of their conclusions. The general idea that the advent of Elizabeth was welcomed without reserve by the great mass of her people amidst outbursts of popular applause, is one of the many instances in which historical truth has been prostituted to the interests of party and the blackening of political and religious opponents.

The fickle temper of the capricious London mob* can hardly be appealed to as representing the sober sense of the grave and responsible English people. The old chronicler, Sir John Hayward, speaking of the vile abuse with which the lowest rabble of the metropolis insulted the clergy, sharply remarks:

“Men’s tongues being always prone to Taunt their superiors; and the worst speaking worst, hoping to shadow themselves under the Blemishes of their Betters.”† And of the ruthless vandalism with which the statues of the saints, etc., were desecrated in some of the London churches, he says, “Walls were rased, windows were dashed down, because some Images (little regarding what) were painted on them. And not only Images, But Rood Loftes, relics, sepulcres, Books, Banners, copes, altar cloths, Vestments were in divers places committed to the fire, and that with such shouting and applause of the vulgar sort, as if it had been the sacking of a Hostile City.”‡

That the succession of Elizabeth was practically unopposed was due to an unpropitious combination of circumstances, the purport of which has been adroitly concealed, in the works of the Protestant historians, by a separation of the sequence of events, in the year of Mary Tudor’s death, 1558, all in different degrees unfortunate and disastrous to the Catholic cause.

It is not generally known that the very highest authority on the

* *Civicum ardor prava jubentium*—Horace’s “Odes.”

† *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Camden Society.

‡ *Ibid.*

period (Camden*) has recorded that Mary often declared to Elizabeth, that the daughter of James V of Scotland was her undoubted heir.† Yet it is equally certain that during her last illness the Queen entertained other views as to the succession. To satisfactorily explain this, it will be necessary to briefly refer to the political changes of the preceding ten months.

For over two hundred years the ancient town of Calais, which in those days sent two members to Parliament, had been regarded as one of the most precious jewels of the English crown, the very gate of France. Taking advantage of insufficient supplies and a garrison reduced to under 800 men, badly handled by Lord Wentworth, and not without suspicion of disaffection and treason,‡ the Duke of Guise, with an army of 30,000 men, collected to divert suspicion at Compiègne as if intended to operate towards St. Quentin, appeared on New Year's day§ in the vicinity of Calais, and within a week the French flag was unfurled on its walls. The shame and anger of the whole nation may be inferred from the remark of the Queen, on her death-bed: "If my breast is opened, you will find the name of Calais written on my heart." Even then she showed a flash of her father's stern temper in declaring "That if her ambassadors at Cercamp should conclude a peace without procuring the restoration of Calais, they should pay for the concession with their heads."

On the following 24th of April, the great-granddaughter of Henry VII, Mary, Queen of Scots, whom the Queen and the Catholic party generally favored for the succession, had married the Dauphin of France. It was agreed on the part of Scotland that her husband should have the title of King of Scots, while Mary also bound herself by a deed, that, if she died childless, both the Scot-

* William Camden, historian, scholar and antiquary, was born in London May 2, 1551. Of his great work, "*Britannia*," Bishop Nicholson said, it was "the common sun, whereat our modern writers have all lighted their little torches." In 1597 he was made Clarencieux king of arms. He died at his house at Chiselmhurst on November 9, 1623. (Napoleon III died in the same house, January 9, 1873.) Camden endowed a professorship of history at Oxford. The Camden Society, founded in his honor in 1838, has already issued more than 150 historical volumes.

† Camden, quoted by Burke.

‡ Lingard.

§ 1558.

tish realm and her right of succession to the English crown was conveyed to France.*

The disastrous consequences to the Catholic interest of this alliance are transparent. The hands of the Catholic leaders were tied, their best energies paralyzed; the cause of the young Queen of Scots became hopeless; no Englishman worthy of the name could consent to deliver his country into the hands of her two ancient enemies. A prince of the house of Valois on the throne, England a province, Canterbury suffragan to Gaul, would have been Crecy and Poitiers, Agincourt and Guinegate avenged—the red cross of St. George eclipsed by the golden lilies of France. Taking all the surroundings of the period into consideration, the want of unity between the Catholic leaders, the impossibility of agreeing on any definite scheme, the, comparatively speaking, difficulty and delay in communication, the timidity of the southern and western Catholics already crushed and severely punished in the preceding rebellions, all conduced to the adoption of a policy of inaction by the conservative party; at the same time leaning on Philip of Spain and trusting to him to secure at least toleration for the ancient faith.

To Philip the union of England and France would have been disastrous, a wedge which would have cleft his mighty empire in twain. A learned Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Stephenson, who has most ably and impartially edited many of the state papers of the period, judiciously remarks :

“In enumerating the influences which tended to secure the throne to Elizabeth, we must not fail to specify the assistance which she derived from her brother-in-law, Philip of Spain. It was probably more valuable to her than all the others united. We have so long accustomed ourselves to identify Philip’s name with everything that is hateful and hostile to England, that it has become difficult for us to believe, without an effort, that at any time he entertained kindly feelings towards our nation. Yet such was the case at the time of which I am writing, and no one knew this better than Elizabeth herself. True, the object which he had in view was neither dignified nor disinterested; but we are stating facts, not analyzing motives. When Mary died, Philip did for her sister what no one but himself could have done. The reformers

* Lingard.

were afraid of him and kept quiet. He held in check the great Catholic party, which, but for his controlling power would certainly have opposed her accession, and possibly would have succeeded. But for him the more influential of the nobility, the clergy with very few exceptions, and the majority of the landed gentry would have declared against Elizabeth on religious grounds. The Pope, urged on by France, would have pronounced her illegitimate, and therefore incapable of succeeding to the throne; but Philip was now all-powerful at Rome, and the Bull of Deprivation was suspended. Of his intervention in favor of Elizabeth we have the fullest and most authentic evidence in his own correspondence, preserved at Simancas, and from it we derive the following account of the state of parties in England immediately upon the death of Mary. Alarmed at the repeated accounts of the dangerous illness of his wife, and anxious to direct the nation in a choice of her successor, Philip dispatched to the Court of London his favorite minister, the Count de Feria.

The choice was a judicious one, for of all his agents, Feria was the least likely to alarm the prejudices of the English. He had already spent some time in this country, and having married one of the Queen's Maids of Honor (Jane Dormer), was regarded as half an Englishman. He understood the manners and prejudices of the country, and had fathomed the intrigues of the several political parties into which the Court was divided. He possessed Philip's entire confidence, and brought with him for his guidance a paper of instructions which the king, with his usual minute attention to business, had drawn up and copied out with his own hand.

When Feria reached London on the 9th of November (1558), Mary's case was hopeless, and she had been informed by her physicians—both English and Spanish—that her days were numbered. The Count was at once admitted to her presence, and found her perfectly conscious, calm, collected, and resigned. She was unable to read her husband's letters, but she listened with attention and interest to the message which accompanied it. Feria had ascertained that a few days previous a deputation from the Parliament had waited upon the Queen, and had reminded her that the great question of the succession to the throne was yet undecided. They had gone a step further, and had recommended the claims of the Princess Elizabeth. Mary had offered no objection, but contented herself with expressing the hope that when

her sister was upon the throne she would pay such debts as still remained undischarged, and preserve the olden religion of the realm. Under these circumstances, and anticipating the result which was so near at hand, Feria summoned the Privy Council, and he declared to them his royal master's anxiety for the quick succession of the Princess Elizabeth. The French, he said, had designs of their own at this juncture, to which Philip would never lend himself; they had tried hard to separate him from England, but he would not violate his promises. If Elizabeth were the choice of the English nation, as Philip hoped she would be, he would gladly give her his support, and would join with her in insisting upon the restoration of Calais to the English crown. Feria's address was so favorably received by the Councillors, that, as soon as the conference had broken up, he informed his master that Elizabeth's accession might now be regarded as a certainty."

The extraordinary contention of Dean Hook, "that the secular clergy were nearly all in favor of the Reformation and that 9,800 of them out of 10,000 took the oath of supremacy to Elizabeth," sustained, as Mr. Burke remarks, "by no authority," can hardly be considered worthy, in the present day, of serious consideration. As a matter of fact, in 1559, only 806 clergy conformed. Mr. Froude says of the remainder "they evaded the visitation or protected themselves in the house or behind the authority of some Catholic neighbor too powerful for the Commissioners to meddle with.* They absented themselves altogether from their parishes; they closed their churches rather than consent to read there what they considered heretical; and Elizabeth, except in the towns where the Protestants were strong, was compelled to bear with them till she sat more firmly on the throne.

No doubt during the next few years some of these were forced

* This visitation was in the summer of 1559. The commission for visiting the dioceses of Bristol, Exeter, Salisbury, Bath and Wells and Gloucester was dated July 19, 1559. It was addressed to William, Earl of Pembroke; John Jewell, S.T.P.; Henry Parry, licentiate in laws, and William Lovelace, lawyer. Sir John Cheyne was apparently substituted for the Earl of Pembroke. William Alley, S.T.P., afterwards intruded into the See of Exeter, and another violent partisan of the Reformation, Anthony Dalabans, of St. Albans Hall, Oxford, were subsequently joined to the commission. See "Narratives of the Reformation," Camden Society, and Strypes' "Annals."

to conform, but their temporary outward submission, as the same historian lucidly remarks, "is not to be construed into a real or even pretended approval of the changes which were then re-introduced. They hoped for the time that the liturgy* would have received the sanction of the Pope, and had England consented to submit to the Holy See, that sanction might" (?) "have been the price of the compromise. But many of them, when the hope passed away, reconciled themselves to the Catholic communion and sued for absolution for their unwilling apostasy. Noblemen who at first had attended the parish churches no longer appeared there."

The Spanish ambassador, De Quadra, writing to Philip, from London, in July, 1559, says: "The northern counties refuse the new Prayer Book."

In 1560 and 1561, the hopes of the Catholics were raised by the increasing influence with the Queen of the Spanish ambassador. The *Simancas MSS.*, translated by Mr. Froude, reveal the extraordinary fact that the Queen endeavored to secure the Spanish interest and concomitant support of the adherents of the English Catholic party to further her marriage with her favorite, Lord Robert Dudley, who was prepared to enter the lists as a champion of Catholicity if his royal mistress thought proper to become reconciled to the Court of Rome. Mr. Froude observes:

"Stung by the reproaches of the Protestant preachers, which in her heart she knew to be deserved, she was tempted to forsake a cause to which, in its theological aspect, she never was devoted. If Philip would secure her the support of his friends in making a husband . . . she was half ready to undo her work and throw the weight of the crown once more on the Catholic side." And it appears more than probable "that had the Queen persisted in her wretched passion an attempt would have been made by the Protestant party to place Lord Huntingdon on the throne. In September, 1560, Cecil, then in semi-disgrace, told De Quadra "that he was the true heir to the crown, Henry VII having usurped it from the house of York." † In another interview he announced his intention of withdrawing from the Queen's service. "It was a

* It must be remembered that the Calvinistic articles were not imposed for many years after this.

† Froude.

bad sailor," he said, "who did not make for the port when he saw a storm coming. . . . He was therefore determined to retire into the country, although he supposed they would send him to the Tower before they would let him go."*

Later, Cecil, writing to Throgmorton, deplored the credit with the Queen of De Quadra. "There were secrets between them which he could not penetrate. . . . Matters were so perilous that he scarcely dared write about them. Happy they that live *extra tali jacturam*." But in the end the indecision of the Queen, the consummate diplomacy of the Secretary and the threats of the Protestant party prevailed. Elizabeth changed her mind, and the brother-in-law of Leicester, Sir Henry Sydney, who had been in constant communication with De Quadra, suddenly received orders from the government to repair to his Presidency in Wales. Cecil now breathed again and at once commenced his acts of repression, "considering it necessary," he wrote to Throgmorton, "to check the Papists by at once punishing the Mass-mongers." For having Mass celebrated in his house, Sir Edward Waldegrave, one of the late Queen's Council, was sent with his wife, the priest and the congregation to the Tower.

Throughout the country the state of religion generally was deplorable. The Protestant establishment, erected on the ruins of the Catholic temporalities, was in utter confusion. In 1560, in the Diocese of Ely, out of 152 cures only 52 were served. Mr. Froude remarks: "The bishops and the higher clergy were the first to set an example of evil. The friends of the Church of England must acknowledge with sorrow that within two years of its establishment the prelates were alienating the estates in which they possessed but a life interest, granting long leases and taking fines for their own advantage. The Council had to inflict on them a rebuke for neglecting the duties of common probity. The church dignitaries, in spite of the Royal injunction of 1560, forbidding deans and canons to have their wives residing with them within the cathedral close, defied Elizabeth's orders. Those among them who had married broke up into their separate houses, where, in spite of Elizabeth, they maintained their families. The unmarried tabled abroad at the ale-houses. The singing men of the choirs became the prebend's private servants, having the church stipend for their wages.

* Ibid.

The cathedral plate adorned the prebendal sideboards and dinner tables. The organ pipes were melted into dishes for their kitchens, and the organ frames carved into bedsteads, where the wives reposed beside their reverend lords, while the copes and vestments were coveted for their gilded embroidery, and were slit into gowns and bodices. By her dress and her gait in the streets the priest's wife was known from a hundred other women, while in the congregations and in the cathedral they were distinguished by placing themselves above all others, the most ancient and honorable in their cities, being the church, as the priest's wives termed it, their own church. And the said wives did call and take all things belonging to their church and corporation as their own, as *their* houses, *their* gates, *their* porters, *their* servants, *their* tenants, *their* manors, *their* lordships, *their* woods, *their* corn.*

Church property again began to pass into private hands. "Having children to provide for and only a life interest in their revenues, the chapters, like the bishops, cut down their woods and worked their fines, their leases, their escheats and wardships for the benefit of their own generation. Sharing their annual plunder, they ate and drank and enjoyed themselves while their opportunity remained, for the times were dangerous and none could tell what should be after them."†

The spiritual destitution of the people, under the new order of things, may be inferred from the fact, "that, in many dioceses of England, a third of the parishes were left without a clergyman, resident, or non-resident."‡ In 1561, "there were in the diocese of Norwich eight parishes where there was *no* cure of souls. In the Archdeaconry of Norfolk one hundred and eighty parishes, in the Archdeaconry of Suffolk one hundred and thirty parishes, were almost in the same condition. In some few of these churches an occasional curate attended on Sundays. In most of them the voices of the priests were silent in the desolate aisles. The children grew up unbaptized, the dead buried their dead; while the shepherds were thus dividing the fleeces, the sheep were perishing."§

* Froude; Burke. Complaints against the dean and chapter of Worcester, "Domestic MSS., Elizabeth," Vol. XXVIII. Nor was this the worst; in many cases the vestments were sold to strolling players. Burke; Pocock, F.S.A.

† Froude.

‡ Burke.

§ Strype's "Annals of the Reformation." Froude; Burke. "Domestic MSS., Elizabeth."

The Queen's angry remonstrance to Archbishop Parker, in Cecil's hand, is still extant.* "It breedeth," wrote Elizabeth, "no small offence and scandal to see and consider, on the one part, the curiosity and cost bestowed by all sorts of men upon their private houses; and, on the other part, the unclean and negligent order and spare keeping of the houses of prayer, by permitting open decays and ruins of coverings of walls and windows, and by appointing unmeet and unseemly tables with foul cloths for the communion of the sacrament, and generally leaving the place of prayer destitute of all cleanliness and of meet ornament for such a place, whereby it might be known a place provided for divine service."

Nor did the crowd of Protestant refugees from the Continent, who had taken shelter in the metropolis, increase the respect of the people for the new opinions. Even the Puritan Bishop of London† described them as "a marvelous colluvies of evil persons, for the most part *facinorosi clerici, ebriosi et sectarii*."

The reports of the bishops,‡ as to their general visitations in July, 1561, show clearly the terrible unpopularity of the recent religious changes in every part of England.

The Bishop of Carlisle§ reported to Cecil|| that thirteen or fourteen of his rectors and vicars refused to appear, while in many churches of his diocese Mass continued to be said under the countenance and open protection of Lord Dacres; and the priests of his diocese generally, he described as wicked imps of anti-Christ, ignorant, stubborn, and past measure, false and subtle. Fear only, he said, would make them obedient, and Lord Cumberland and Dacres would not allow him to meddle with them.

The Bishop of Winchester¶ found his flock obstinately groveling in superstition and popery, lacking not priests to inculcate the same daily in their heads; and himself so unable to provide ministers to teach them, that he petitioned for permission to unite his parishes and throw two or three into one.**

The Bishop of Durham†† called a clergyman before him to take

* "Domestic MSS., Elizabeth," Vol. XV.

† Edmund Grindal.

‡ "Domestic MSS., Elizabeth." Froude, Vol. VII.

§ John Best.

|| "Domestic MSS., Elizabeth." Froude, Vol. VII.

¶ Robert Horne.

** "Domestic MSS., Elizabeth." Froude, Vol. VII.

†† James Pilkington.

the oath of supremacy. The clergyman said out before a crowd, who were much rejoiced at his doings, that neither temporal man nor woman could have power in spiritual matters, but only the Bishop of Rome; and the lay authorities would not allow the Bishop to punish men who had but expressed their own feelings. More than one member of the Council of York had refused the oath and yet had remained in office; the rest took courage when they saw those that refused their allegiance not only unpunished, but held in authority and estimation."*

The Bishop of Hereford† complained that in August of the same year (1561), "the Popish Justices of his cathedral city commanded the observance of St. Lawrence's Day as a holy day. On the eve no butcher in the town ventured to sell meat; on the day itself, no gospeller durst work in his occupation or open his shop. A party of recusant priests from Devonshire were received in state by the magistrates, carried through the streets in procession, and so feasted and magnified as Christ Himself could not have been more reverentially entertained."‡

The following month (September, 1561), the Bishop of Salisbury§ going to Oxford, reported the fellows of the colleges to the Secretary as "so malignant that if he had proceeded peremptorily as he might, he would not have left two in any one of them." And here it was not a peer or a magistrate that Jewell feared, but one higher than both, "for the colleges appealed to the Queen against him, and Jewell could but entreat Cecil, with many anxious misgivings, to stand by him."||

Nor was the Church the only sphere of disorder and confusion; morals generally had been lowered in the religious decay of the past twenty-five years. "Go where he would," wrote one of the Queen's commissioners, "he could find no men bent earnestly to put laws into execution; every man let slip and pass forth, so that for his part, he did look for nothing less than the subversion of the realm, to which end all ends were working."

To the same effect Lord Sussex wrote to Cecil in the following year (1562), "Our religion is so abused that the Papists rejoice;

* "Domestic MSS., Elizabeth." Froude; Burke.

† John Scone.

‡ The Bishop of Hereford to Cecil, "Domestic MSS." Froude, Vol. VII.

§ John Jewell.

|| Jewell to Cecil, "Domestic MSS." Froude.

the Neuters do not dislike change, and the few zealous professors lament the lack of purity. The people without discipline, utterly devoid of religion, come to divine service as to a May-game; the ministers for disability and greediness be had in contempt, and the wise men fear more the impiety of the licentious professors than the superstitions of the erroneous Papists. God hold his hand over us, that our lack of religious hearts do not breed in the meantime his wrath and revenge upon us."*

"On the 12th of January, 1563, Elizabeth's second Parliament opened,"† and on the same day the first convocation of the new English Church. "The sermon at Westminster was preached by the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Nowell, the author of the Anglican Catechism, who urged the propriety of killing the caged wolves, that is to say the Catholic bishops in the Tower, with the least possible delay."‡

This session of Parliament proceeded to pass a measure of almost unprecedented severity against the Catholic body. It was enacted that a second refusal to take the oath affirming the Royal supremacy rendered the offender subject to punishment by death, as for treason. The only persons exempted from this act were the Temporal Peer, while to members of the House of Commons, schoolmasters, private tutors, and attorneys it was to be tendered but once, rendering them liable only to the lesser penalty of forfeiture and perpetual imprisonment.

"Had this statute been strictly carried into execution every part of the kingdom would have been drenched with Catholic blood. It remained a sword suspended over the heads of the professors of the old religion, which the Queen could use at her pleasure whenever she might be instigated by the suggestions of their enemies, or provoked by the real or imputed misconduct of individuals of their communion. Even Cecil, writing to Sir Thomas Smith on the 27th of February, admits the extreme rigor of these laws, but adds, 'Such be the humours of the Commons House, as they think nothing sharp enough against Papists.'"[§]

* Sussex to Cecil, 22d July, 1562; from Chester, Irish MSS., Rolls' House. Froude, Vol. VII.

† Mackyn's Diary. "The Lords and Bishops rode to Westminster in their Parliament robes and the Queen's Grace in crimson velvet."

‡ Froude. De Quadra wrote to Philip on the 10th of January, even before the meeting of Parliament, that the Protestant preachers clamoured from the pulpit for the execution of Papists.

§ Lingard.

Nevertheless it is certain that although the extreme penalty was not visited on the unfortunate Catholics at the commencement of this reign, they constantly were despoiled of their property and committed to jail. A learned and impartial Protestant historian, Hallam, remarks: "The assertions of Camden and many others that, by a systematic connivance, the Roman Catholics enjoyed a pretty free use of their religion for the first fourteen years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, is not reconcilable to many passages in Strype's Collections."*

And again: "It is worthy to be repeatedly inculcated on the reader, since so false a color has been often employed to disguise the ecclesiastical tyranny of this reign, that the most clandestine exercise of the Romish religion was severely punished."† Nicholas Sander, who held his fellowship at Oxford during the early years of Elizabeth's reign, and spoke from personal knowledge, states that during the Episcopal visitations of that period "the Catholics were most rigorously sought out and punished."‡

With a few honorable exceptions the new pseudo-hierarchy were the mere creatures of Cecil and the Council, neither loved nor respected by the Sovereign or the people. Mr. Froude says: "The English bishops generally had been so irregularly consecrated that their authority, until confirmed by act of Parliament, was of doubtful legality." Elizabeth herself "rarely lost an opportunity of affronting and insulting them; she addressed them publicly as 'doctors.' It was her pleasure to ignore their right to a higher title."§

Elizabeth's visit to Cambridge, in 1564, shows a glimpse of the party feeling already manifesting itself in the State establishment on the ruins of the destroyed Catholic unity of England. Mr. Froude's description is at once graphic, natural and even humorous. "The divisions of opinion, the discrepancies of dress and practice by which Cambridge, like all other parts of England, was distracted, were kept out of sight by Cecil's industry. He hurried down before her, persuaded the College authorities for once into obeying the act of uniformity; ordered the fellows and chaplains to appear in surplices; concealed the dreary communion tables in

* Hallam's "History of England," Vol. I, p. 120.

† Hallam's "History of England," Vol. I, p. 142.

‡ Sander, "De Schism Anglic."

§ Froude.

the college chapels behind decent coverings, and having, as it were, thrown a whitewash of order over the confusion, surprised the Queen into an expression of pleasure. The Church of England was not, after all, the miserable chaos which she had believed, and, contrary to her expectation, she found little or nothing to displease her. . . . She was at once thrown into the happiest humor, and she moved about among the dignitaries of the University with combined authority and ease. . . . She complimented the students on their industry; she expressed her admiration of the colleges and chapels, those splendid monuments of the piety of her predecessors. . . . The Queen remained four days and left the University with the first sense of pleasure which she had experienced in her ecclesiastical administration." *

But some foolish students tore away the hypocritical mask which the wily Cecil had placed over the whitened sepulchre of a negative faith. Presumably without supervision, or perhaps tools in the hands of the extreme Protestant party, they had prepared a play for the Queen's amusement, in which the new opinions presented themselves in their true light. "These students, who had followed the Queen to her first resting-place, ten miles from Cambridge, entered the stage in the dress of the imprisoned Catholic bishops. . . . Bonner carried a lamb in his arms, at which he rolled his eyes and gnashed his teeth. A dog brought up the rear, with the host in his mouth. . . . Elizabeth . . . rose and with a few indignant words left the room; the lights were extinguished, and the discomfited players had to find their way out of the house in the dark, and to blunder back to Cambridge." "It was but a light matter, yet it served to irritate Elizabeth's sensitiveness—it exposed the dead men's bones which lay beneath the whited surface of University good order, and she went back to London with a heart as heavy as she carried away from it." †

Commenting on this profane irreverence, Mr. Froude remarks: "The vast majority of Englishmen . . . yet felt for the Sacrament a kind of mysterious awe. Systematic irreverence had intruded into the churches; carelessness and irreligion had formed an unnatural alliance with Puritanism; and in many places the altars were bare boards resting on trestles in the middle of the nave; the communicants knelt, stood, or sat as they pleased; the chalice was

* Froude.

† Froude.

the first cup which came to hand ; and the clergymen wore surplice, coat, black gown or their ordinary dress, as they were Lutherans, Calvinists, Puritans or nothing at all. The parish churches themselves, those amazing monuments of early piety, built by men who themselves lived in clay hovels while they lavished their taste, their labor, and their wealth on the House of God, were still dissolving into ruin ; the roofs were breaking into holes ; the stained whitewash was crumbling off the damp walls, revealing the half-effaced remains of the frescoed stories of the Saints ; the painted glass was gone from the windows ; the wind and the rain swept through the dreary aisles ; while in the churchyards swine rooted up the graves. And now once more had come a reaction. . . . In quiet English homes there arose a passionate craving to be rid of all these things ; to breathe again the old air of reverence and piety. And Calvinism and profanity were working hand in hand like twin spirits of evil." *

Disgusted at the disorder around her, the Queen excused herself to the Spanish Ambassador by the plea "that at the beginning of her reign, circumstances had at first compelled her to dissemble her real feelings in religion." †

The same report to Philip implies that Dudley, and probably many others of what may be termed the Neutral party, at that time more than sufficiently powerful to turn the scales, would take no resolute part on either side unless they had some personal gain in view. The Catholics were still in a majority, but such was the moral disintegration that things were in such a state "that the father does not trust his child."

Men's hearts were everywhere failing them for fear of what the morrow might bring forth.

"The recollections of Protestant ascendancy in the reign of Edward VI were not yet effaced ; and the inability of the reformers to keep in check the coarser forms of irreverence and irreligion was as visible as before. They were themselves aggressive and tyrannical ; and when prebends' wives melted the cathedral organ pipes into dish covers and cut the frames into bedsteads there was something to be said in favor of clerical celibacy." ‡

On the 17th of October, 1564, the Privy Council addressed a

* Froude.

† De Silva to Philip, October, 1564.

‡ Froude.

letter to the archbishops and bishops, requesting them to classify within their several dioceses those who were already Justices of the Peace according as they were favorable, indifferent, or hostile to the proceedings of the government in matters of religion, and also to name the persons who, in their opinions, were fit to be put into office and those who should be removed from office. To this end they were asked to consult those of the leading men of their dioceses who were favorable to the government, and with their help to make suggestions for the remedying of disorders, for the fuller repression of Popery, maintenance of justice, promotion of God's gospel, and the punishment of those who afflicted the honest and godly and maintained the perverse and ungodly.*

The replies of the prelates are still extant in a MS. preserved at Hatfield House, and have very recently been learnedly edited for the Camden Society by Miss Mary Bateson;† they afford much curious information on a period of history hitherto little understood and much misrepresented, embracing as they do nearly every diocese of England.

From his house at "Hartilburce," the Bishop of Worcester‡ writes to the Council on the 27th of October, 1564. He divides the magistrates of his diocese into "Favourers of True Religion, Adversaries of True Religion," of whom the numbers seem to be pretty equal within the county of Worcester, while in that part of Warwick within the Diocese of Worcester the "adversaries" are in a majority of more than double.

In both counties there is a long list also of those counted indifferent or neuter, or of no religion, numbering roughly speaking about one-third of those in the commission of the peace. Considering the temporal advantages in those days of conformity to the new establishment and the suspicion which attached itself to even those indifferent to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the crown, it is easy "reading between the lines," to discern that the majority were still Catholics at heart.

The Bishop, who thanks God "that he is well acquainted with his flock and namelie with the affections of such as be bellweathers and leaders of the same," recommends "the Church to be

* Miss Mary Bateson.

† "Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX, 1895. "A Collection of Original Letters from the Bishops to the Privy Council, 1564." Edited by Miss Mary Bateson.

‡ Edwin Sandys.

purged, the old leaven cast out, Jonas to be hurled into the sea, Popish and perverse priests which misliking religion have forsaken the ministry and yet live in corners, are kept in gentleman's houses and had in great estimation with the people, where they marvellously pervert the simple and blaspheme the truth; to be restrained of their liberty and put to the oath* for the Queen's majesty's supremacy. The same oath to be tendered to all bearing rule or authority in their county and yet known to be adversaries to true religion. That justices diligently inquire of matters of religion and effectually punish transgressors of the same."

Sandys in his last recommendation indirectly alludes to the quarrels and disorder of his new clergy. "If the ministers of God's word were all compelled to consent in one truth and preach one doctrine, faithfully and prudently, with all diligence to do their office and to live in good order." Finally, should these means for the suppression of Popery be carried out, "he doubts not but God should have His glory (!!), this realm should flourish, the Prince live in great comfort and the people in good order and much quietness."†

From his manor of Allingborne, on October 27, 1564, the Erastian Bishop of Chichester‡ reports, "that through the Queen's most gracious government, assisted by your Lordship's provident circumspections, this county of Sussex, whereof as an humble servitor I execute the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, is free from all violent attempts either to afflict the godly or to disturb the stablished good orders of this realm. Notwithstanding, I doubt of secret practices which perhaps might break out into open violence were it not for fear of your Lordship's vigilant authority. . . . Concerning the matter, I have used conference with Mr. Dean, of Sarum,§ and Mr. Augustine Bradbridge, my chancellor, both of them born in the shire and thoroughly acquainted with the state of the same. I refrained to communicate so frankly with others

* *Vide supra*, the consequence of refusal the first time being imprisonment and loss of all property; on the second refusal death.

† "Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX.

‡ William Barlow.

§ William Bradbridge, Dean of Salisbury, promoted 26th of February, 1571, to Exeter, and consecrated 18th of the following month, at Lambeth, by Parker, assisted by Horne, of Winchester, and Bullingham, of Lincoln. Died at Newton Feners, Devon, 28th of June, 1578.

because I doubted of their secrecy, that retinue and alliance being so great in these parts." While the towns of the east part of Sussex, Rye, Hastings, Lewes and Brighton, "are governed with such officers as be faithful favourers of God's word, and earnestly given to maintain godly orders," the justices of the western towns "are notorious obstinate adversaries and frowardly superstitious."* Of the county magistrates, Barlow reports the majority as unfavorable to the State Church: "Faint furtherers, mislikers of religion and godly proceedings, extremely perverse, very superstitious, stout scorers of godliness, wickedly obstinate, common harborers of obstinates."†

From his palace at Ely the Bishop,‡ writing on the 6th of November, 1564, while deploring "the state of God's true religion, dangerously declining in the most parts of the churches in this realm," reports the greater part of the magistrates within his jurisdiction as good and comfortable.§

The Bishop of Lincoln|| writes to the Council from his place at Bugden on the 7th of November, 1564, recommending "that a commission be granted to certain chosen persons, both of the clergy and laity, to extend as well to places exempt as not exempt, within liberties and without, for reformations of disorders in religion. That the said Commissioners have authority to reform all such Papistical orders and usages in cathedral and collegiate churches as by their discretion shall appear worthy reformation. Some convenient order to be taken with the Romish sectuaries, as well being in durance as straggling abroad, for reformation of their obstinacy which doth much harm amongst the people of God."¶ In the county of Lincoln, including the corporation of Grantham, the Justices considered hinderers and indifferent seem to have been in a slight majority.

In Bedfordshire the Protestant Justices appear to have been numerically superior. In Huntingdonshire, including the ancient corporation of Huntingdon, the Catholic party was in the ascendant.

* "Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX. Letters of the Bishops to the Privy Council, 1564. Edited by Miss Mary Bateson.

† Ibid.

‡ Richard Cox.

§ "Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX, *cit. supra*.

|| Nicholas Ballington.

¶ "Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX.

In Hertfordshire and Leicestershire the larger number of the magistrates had conformed to the new order, except in the corporation of Leicester where the Conservatives still slightly preponderated. In Buckinghamshire, out of fifty-eight names mentioned by Bishop Bullingham, he only returns twelve as favorable to the Reformation.*

The Bishop of Peterborough† recommends, "First, the learned adversaries being ecclesiastical persons to be either banished or sequestered from conference, with such as be favourers of their religion, or else the oath‡ to be tendered unto them forthwith, considering they have so little passed of the Queen's clemency, to them showed these six years, whereby it doth appear that they be more stubborn and more encouraged than they were before. That the straggling doctors and priests, who have liberty to stay at their pleasure within this realm, and do much hurt secretly and in corners might be called before the High Commissioners and to shew their conformity in religion by subscribing or open recantation, or else to be restrained from their said liberty. That a proclamation by the Queen's Majesty's authority, to repress the bold talk and brag of the adversaries of good religion, and by the same proclamation that the ministers of God's word might be encouraged to use their function without fear, who be now in a manner nothing esteemed.

"That a commission be awarded, as the High Commissioners at London have at this present, wherein the Bishop of the Diocese and other learned men and good gentlemen (?) might have authority both to enquire and reform the adversaries of good religion and to repress the favourers of the same. That whereas the Registers, who for the most part have their office by patent, being corrupt in religion, who do more hurt, knowing the state of the diocese and being in great estimation with the adversaries of good religion than the preachers are able to do otherwise, therefore it were meet that the Bishop might have authority to remove them out of their rooms.

"That whereas the chief constables of every hundred which be ringleaders of the people and whom the people have in great

* Ibid.

† Edmund Scambler.

‡ *Vide supra*.

credit and for the most part be favourers of naughty religion, it might be provided that the commissioners by consent of the Bishop upon just occasion might have authority to remove them and to place others in their place. That as there be divers gentlemen of evil religion, that keep schoolmasters* in their houses privately, who be of corrupt judgments and do exceeding great hurt as well in those houses where they teach as in the country about them; that it might be provided that the said gentlemen should not keep privately in their houses any manner of schoolmasters but such as should be examined by the Bishop of the diocese and admitted thereto by license under his seal of office.†

“That the Prebendaries of every cathedral church may be enforced by authority to make a manifest and open declaration of their faith before the congregation by the appointment of the Bishop of the diocese . . . and also shall subscribe to the Articles of Religion agreed upon in the presence of the Bishop and other commissioners appointed for the reformation of religion.”‡

From the Bishop's further reports one gathers, that in the county of Northampton the adherents of the old faith, headed by the noble house of Spencer§, were the most powerful, the towns were more or less Protestant; in the county of Rutland the parties seem to have been nearly equally divided.

“From my poore House in Sarum, 9 November, 1564,” the Bishop|| returns to the Council the names of seventeen Justices for the county of Wiltshire, eight of whom he describes as “furtherers, earnest and furtherers,” and nine classed as “no hinderers.” Of the magistrates of the county of Berkshire he sends up the names of ten as furtherers and furtherers earnest. Of the remainder he describes one “as it is supposed no hinderer,” one “as it is supposed a hinderer,” one “no furtherer,” and one “now excommunicate and returned into the King's Bench for the same.”¶

* In most cases disguised priests, as Scambler well knew.

† Catholics to be deprived of all education.

‡ “The Camden Miscellany,” Vol. IX. Letters from the Bishops to the Privy Council, 1564.

§ For the part played in the recent Catholic revival in England by a scion of this illustrious family, the Rev. Ignatius Spencer, see “The Conversion of England by the Power of Prayer,” by Cardinal Vaughan.—Catholic Truth Society.

|| John Jewel.

¶ “Camden Miscellany,” Vol. IX.

Jewel's report is mild as compared with some of the others, but it must be remembered that he was not only a man of superior ability and education but of higher social extraction* than the most of the innovating divines, and seeing the policy of irritating as little as possible the county gentry he wisely contented himself for the time with their outward compliance.

The Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield,† writing to the Council from Eccleshall Castle, November 10, 1564, complains of "the abiding of Dr. Poole,‡ late Bishop of Peterborough, in his diocese a little from Stafford, which causeth many people think worse of the regiment and religion than else they would do, because that divers lewd priests have resort thither; but what conference they have I cannot learn. Wherefore, if it please your honours to remove him from thence, you shall do much good to the country, and frustrate the expectation of evil-disposed persons. I have been moved divers times by many godly men to labour unto the Queen's Majesty or to your Honours for a commission, whereby I might better do my duty, for that many offenders are either borne with by mastership, which I alone cannot redress, or else fly into exempt places and peculiar jurisdictions and so avoid ordinary correction, not without great offence and slander both of the Gospel and ministers thereof. . . . Last of all, the greatest disorder within my whole diocese hath been in great towns corporate; for there when I have required the assistance of the bailiffs or other officers, I have found open resistance."§

In the county of Stafford, the Bishop reports among the magistrates "a knot hurtful to justice and great maintainers headed by the Vernons."|| Of others recommended as meet to continue in office, the Bishop remarks, "that of divers, he hears little commendation otherwise," and that many of the most powerful "are accounted of good men adversaries to religion, and no favourers thereof, neither in deed

* As his brass in the North Choir aisle informs us.

"Anglo, Devoniansi, ex antiqua Jewellorum familia Budenæ Oriundo
Academia Oxoniensis laudatissimo alumno."

† Thomas Bentham.

‡ David Poole had been Fellow of All Souls, Dean of the Arches, Archdeacon of Derby and of Salop; consecrated Bishop of Peterborough August 15, 1557; deprived by Elizabeth in September, 1559.

§ "Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX.

|| "Camden Miscellany," . IX.

nor word." He continues, apparently in some alarm, "concerning the hurtful knot and Henry Vernon, Esq., I need say no more, for I look that that which is by others confessed, will be laid to my charge, if you stand not, my good lords."

In the county of Derbyshire, the majority of the magistrates were recommended as meet to continue in office, to which Bentham seems more to assent than to recommend, and the same remark fairly applies to the "countie of Salop."

In Warwickshire, the justices considered indifferent persons and no favorers have a majority of one.

From Norwich, on the 17th of November, 1564, the Bishop writes,* "that the justices of the peace of Norfolk be very well affected and given to the executing of the orders and laws of this realm established for the ecclesiastical policy except a few who are not thought by common fame to be so well bent as the others, yet I assure your honours I know not of any part, nor yet can learn by any probable means of any fact that any of them are to be charged with."

With regard to the county of Suffolk, the same prelate "perceives there is some dissension as well for religion as otherwise," and reports that eight justices "are not so well bent unto the advancement of the godly proceedings as the others," yet, of two of these "I must testify that I neither know, or yet can learn probably of any fact that either are to be charged withal; but for the rest I dare not testify so far being not by common fame accounted of such zeal and good affection toward the religion now established, as is necessarily required in men of their authority and calling, the displacing or reformation of which I must wholly commit to your honourable considerations, as one having little access thither or acquaintance among them."†

The Bishop of Carlisle‡ writes from Rose Castle in Cumberland on the 18th of November, 1564, that he has had conference with "grave, witty men, good in religion, favourers of the established policy. For with men of contrary religion I dare have no conference." He considers "that nothing hinders more the good success of the established policy, than the perpetual continuance

* John Parkhurst.

† Parkhurst to the Council, 19th of November, 1564. "Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX.

‡ John Best.

of the Sheriff of Westmoreland, by which means there is always such in office as in no wise favours the true way (?) and such are suffered to pass through the country unapprehended as talk at their pleasure, and some have in the wild mountains preached in chapels. The Queen's receivers and other officers of the lower sort, being not good themselves, discourage often such as dare not displease them. And to speak plainly to your Honours, the noblemen's tenants in this country dare not be known to favour that way for fear of losing their farmholds. And finally the Justices of Assise which, only making a good face of religion in giving of the charge, in all other their talks and doings show themselves not favourable towards any man or cause of religion, which the people much mark and talk of." The majority of the Justices of his diocese, headed by the Dacres, Best reports as "to be reformed in religion, very unfit, evil, not meet for that office."*

From Gloucester the 20th of November, 1564, the Bishop † reports that "there are no Justices nor men placed in authority within my Diocese either by themselves disordered or maintainers of disorder in others, but have always shown themselves ready to repress such arrogance and contempt of authority as hath at any time been offered before my being placed and since very ready and willing for mine assistance when need hath required." Nevertheless he observes: "Some regard little or nothing such order as is already established by the Queen's Highness for ecclesiastical policy, whom I have called and willed to keep order set forth, but they continue disordered as before, to whom law seemeth to be no law and order no order. There is also a preacher, a man of great zeal and competent learning, whom many of the country follow from place to place, and receive the communion at his hands far from their own parishes." This report is most general and inoffensive, but it must be borne in mind that Cheyney was an exception, the only High Lutheran amongst the Elizabethan hierarchy, maintaining the doctrine of the objective presence and approving the retention of the greater part of the old ceremonies, rendering his administration much less distasteful than that of the sour Calvinistic ex-Genevan exiles intruded into most of the sees; to the

* Camden Society. "The Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX. Letters from the Bishops to the Privy Council, 1564.

† Richard Cheyney.

country party, with whom also the great state and hospitality that he maintained at his episcopal manors rendered him popular.

From Farneham Castle, the ancient country seat of the See of Winchester, the Bishop* writes on "the XIIIth daie of November a^o 1564," certifying the Council "as to the favourers and mislikers of the present estate of religion." He recommends "the two young lords, the Earl of Southampton and Lord Sandes, might now, in their youth, be so trained in religion that hereafter, when they come to their authority and rule, they should not hinder the same; and because the city of Winchester is most noted in Hampshire either for good example or evil; all that bear authority there, except one or two, being addicted to the old superstition and earnest favourers thereof." He submits "that himself, his chancellor and others be associated for the commission of the peace in the said city and in other towns franchised with liberties, as Southampton, Basingstoke, Andover, Romsey, Petersfield, Portsmouth, Lymington and Newport in the isle of Wight."

The majority of the justices of Hampshire and Surrey, Horne considers favorable, though there was evidently a powerful minority of open and scarcely concealed adversaries. From his "House at St. Paul's" the Bishop of London† reports on the 17th of November, 1564, "that the state and government of the city of London, subject unto the eyes of your honours, the governors thereof being well enough known, is, in mine opinion, not to be disliked at this present." The larger number of the Middlesex Magistrates he considers "favourers of Godly religion," though he returns some as "indifferent, unknown, not persuaded and hinderers." The state of the county of Hertford seems to have hardly been equally satisfactory.

In Essex the Protestant justices were in the ascendant, though opposed by many malignants, headed by the Wiseman's,‡ "governing indiscretely, unjustly, hinderers and indifferent."§ From his town-house in London the Bishop of Bath and Wells|| writes briefly that having taken advice of certain important persons with-

* Robert Horne.

† Edmund Grindal.

‡ From this family, comprising a long line of Essex gentry, the late Cardinal Wiseman was descended.

§ The "Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX.

|| Gilbert Berkely.

in his diocese, he "can understand nothing of them, but that every justice in the shire of Somerset does diligently (as they say) execute their office. I have not much to say against any man, but only by report, wherewith to trouble your honours, I have not thought it good. . . . My humble suit unto your honours is, that for the better performance of duty it might please you to take order that every one that now is, or hereafter shall be, called to the office of a justice may personally take a solemn oath before such as please your honours to appoint. And further, if it be thought good to your honours that they shall subscribe their names to that commission that shall first be given out to the sheriff of every shire, I judge verily God should be better served, His word more revered, the Queen's Majesty's proceedings more humbly obeyed and less doubt and grudge among the common people."

From Auckland Castle, the Bishop of Durham,* on the 22d of November, 1564, writes to the Council "that within his charge on the Scottish Border my Lord of Bedford says, there is never a Justice of Peace, nor none that he can commend as meet for that purpose."

In the County of Durham, the Bishop recommends six Justices to the Council;† the others, generally, he reports, "live quietly and obey the laws. John Swynborne kept a priest to say him Mass, but he has paid his fine for it."(!)

Pilkington continues: "There be two other things, in my opinion, which hinder religion here much. The Scottish priests that are fled out of Scotland for their wickedness and here be hired in parishes on the border because they take less wages than other, and do more harm than other would or could in dissuading the people. I have done my diligence to avoid them, but it is above my power. The other thing is the great number of scholars born hereabout now living at Locwain without license, and sending in books and letters which cause many times evil rumours to be spread and disquiet the people. They be maintained by the Hospitals of New Castle and the wealthiest of that town and this shire, as it is judged, and be their near cousins."‡

* James Pilkington.

† Of the six commended, one is the Earl of Westmoreland, a notorious Papist; another, Whittingham, the Dean of his own cathedral church, the brother-in-law of the notorious John Calvin.

‡ Pilkington to the Council.

From Exeter, on the 26th of November, 1564, the Bishop* forwards a short report to the Council. He returns no Justice within his jurisdiction as well affected. The magistrates of Cornwall are classified as "a very great ennemy, Extreme Ennemies, a very Ennemy." He recommends the removal of two of the Devonshire justices, and remarks: "Others there be who are not so earnest to maintain the ecclesiastical policy as they are wished to be, but yet for their learning, knowledge, and wisdom they are thought meet men to continue in the said office of Justiceship."

Allen encloses a further list of those not justices, "yet being of some authority are judged no favourers of the aforesaid state," headed by the Arundells† and Tregians‡ of Cornwall, where at that time the Catholic feeling seems to have been extremely strong.

The Archbishop of York § certifies that within his jurisdiction in the West Riding of York, the justices accounted favourers and non-favourers are about equal. In the East Riding and North Riding the favourers have the majority. In the city of York, out of thirteen magistrates eleven belong to the Catholic party, which also preponderated in that part of the county of Nottingham with-

* William Allen [S. T. P., Sacrae Theolog. Professor], Prebendary of S. Paul's, was uncanonically called to Exeter, under *congé d'elire* from Elizabeth, on the 20th of May, 1560. At his election the Precentor, the Subdean, the Archdeacons of Barnstaple and Cornwall and eight Canons, viz., those forming the great majority of the Chapter, kept themselves aloof. Consecrated (?) July 14, 1560. He sat at Exeter nearly ten years.

† Sir John Arundell of Lanherne. The Arundells of Lanherne possessed such property and influence as to have acquired, according to Leland, the name of "the great Arundells." Carew, the Cornish historian, says: "They were the greatest for love, living and respect heretofore in the country." The Arundells were great sufferers for conscience sake in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Their ancient seat of Lanherne, in Cornwall, is now a Catholic convent, the chapel of which, originally licensed by Bishop Brantyngham of Exeter, February 14, 1376, is one of the few places in England that the Blessed Sacrament has never been absent from since the so-called Reformation.

‡ The Proto-Martyr of Douay College, blessed Cuthbert Mayne, was taken at Sir Francis Tregian's house in June, 1577, and hanged, drawn and quartered 29th of November, same year. "For harbouring a minister of the religion in which he had been born and bred—the religion of Queen Elizabeth herself but twenty-one years before—Sir Francis Tregian was stripped of all his property and condemned to perpetual imprisonment." *Vide* "The Catholic Religion in the West of England," Dr. Oliver. When Sir Francis heard his sentence he exclaimed, "Pereant bona, quæsi non periissent, fortassis Dominum suum perdidissent."

§ Thomas Young.

in the Diocese of York, where the greater part of the magistrates "are in religion very cold and no favourers."

The Northern Primate makes no general remarks as to the state of his diocese.

The Bishop of Chester returns the majority of the magistrates of his cathedral city as not favorable. In the ancient County Palatine of Chester the majority of the justices had, at any rate outwardly, complied, though he reports a large and powerful minority headed by the High Sheriff, Sir William Massey of Paddington,* as still adhering openly to the Catholic faith. In the county of Lancashire the conservative magistrates are in a majority of three to one, and the same proportion is reported in that part of the county of York comprising the Archdeaconry of Richmond, subject to the Diocese of Chester.

In the division of Westmoreland, under his jurisdiction, the Bishop reports only two magistrates as favorable. Of all these reports, the most complete and probably the most frank, though showing a most unbecoming and vindictive spirit against the faith, whose solemn vows he had violated, came from Cranmer's old chaplain, the Bishop of Hereford.† Writing to the Council,‡ Scory remarks that "although I am persuaded to certify to your honours, according to your commandment may procure me more hatred (which needeth not) and what as hatred can do, yet my duty and obedience to your honours . . . hath for the present driven away fear of offending any person." He concludes by "most humbly beseeching your honours to take in good part our simple and plain dealing, and by your discrete and godly wisdoms so to use and order both us and this good cause that we be not brought hereby into further hatred, contempt, or danger than must needs follow."

He returns the majority of the magistrates of the county of Hereford as "deemed not favourable to this religion."

Of the Mayor and Council of his cathedral city he remarks: "There is not one that is counted favourable to this religion." He

* See Fuller's *Worthies*.

† John Scory, one of the pillars of the modern Anglican continuity theory. How little he believed it himself may be easily judged from his opinions.

‡ Letter undated, but probably written early in November, 1564. The Bishop mentions that he received the Council's letter, dated October 17th, on the 20th of the same month. Very quick traveling from London to Hereford in those days!

reports one of the Catholic ringleaders as "by common fame (?) a daily drunkard, a receiver and maintainer of the enemys of religion, a maintainer of superstition and namely of abrogated holy days. He useth to pray upon a Latin Primer full of superstitions. His wife and maidens use beads, and to be short he is a mortal enemy to Christian religion, (thus doth Mr. Dean of Hereford write unto me, which I partly know and partly believe to be true)."

The majority of the Justices of the county of Shropshire, including the High Sheriff and Secretary to the Council of the Marches of Wales, the Bishop reports as unfavorable and "Newters." In that part of Radnor within the diocese of Hereford "none of the Justices of the Peace that be now in office are counted favourable to this religion, but the best of them is judged but a newter." Of certain villages of Worcestershire within his jurisdiction, Scory seems very doubtful. The franchised towns are divided for the most part, but in Ludlow, "where the council of the marshes do commonly lie," except six persons "the rest of the town are counted either Enemys or Newters."

"There be also in this diocese and county of Hereford divers fostered and maintained that be judged and esteemed, some of them, to be learned, which in Queen Mary's days had livings and offices in the church, which be mortal and deadly enemies to this religion. . . . These go from one gentleman's house to another, where they know to be welcome, which (as St. Paul writeth of some such like to Titus) *totas domus subvertunt, docentes qua non oportet, turpis lucri gratia*.* The chief and principal receivers and maintainers of these are William Luson, Canon of Hereford, the vicars of the Cathedral"; . . . (here follows a long list of names, including the citizens and council of Hereford); "and of these there be certain thought to have Masses in their houses, which come very seldom or not at all to church, which never received the Communion since the Queen Majesty's reign openly in the church, which keep, as it were, in their houses schools of popery, deriding and mocking this religion and the ministers thereof, which be a marvelous stumbling-block to the Queen's Majesty's loving subjects in this county. Seeing in them and some time also hearing of them such contempt of religion without correction or controlment

* Titus, chap. 1, verse 11. The Vulgate has *universas domus*.

as, for my part, I remember the wise saying of Jesus, the son of Syrac, *Judex evadere non contendas, ne inique factis par esse non possis*,* must needs confess that I am not able to reform these; except I should be mightily backed by your honourable authority, and have those worshipful Justices which are deemed favourers of religion to be more earnestly aiding than they have been. To enterprise a matter and not able to finish the same accordingly, should increase further derision, contempt, and hatred without profit. Therefore, I refer this to your most honourable consideration and godly wisdom.”†

Of the chapter of his cathedral church, Scory proceeds: “May it please your honour to be advertised, that if the Cathedral Church of Hereford were reformed, the city also and county of Hereford, yea, the whole diocese, would soon be, by God’s grace, in like manner reformed. Besides mine own knowledge, the dean of the said church hath certified me as followeth that all the resident canons (except one, *qui dicit et non facit*, who is rash, hasty, and indiscreet) are but dissemblers and rank Papists. And these have the rule of the Church, and of all the ministers and officers of the same, and are neither subject to the ordinary jurisdiction, neither of the Dean, nor of the Bishop, but were reserved immediately to the usurped jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, and now to the Queen’s Majesty, as they say, which they claim and hold by prescription.‡ So that now they may do what they list without controlment . . . The Communion was not ministered in the cathedral church since Easter, as I am informed. The Canons will neither preach, read homilies, nor minister the Holy Communion, nor do any other thing to commend, beautify or set forwards this religion, but mutter against it and receive and maintain the ennemys of relig-

* Eccles., chap 7, verse 6. Ed. Tigurina. The Vulgate has “Noli quarere fieri Judex, nisi valeas virtute encumpere iniquitates; ne forte extimescas faciem potentis, et ponas scandalum in æquitate tua.” The Anglican rendering is: “Seek not to be Judge, being not able to take away iniquity; lest at any time thou fear the person of the mighty, and lay a stumbling-block in the way of thy uprightness.”

† Bishop of Hereford to the Council.

‡ The chapter of Hereford claimed to be exempt by their charters and privileges, not only from the visitation of their own bishop, but even from that of the primate of the province. They were eventually visited in the winter of 1582-3, in virtue of a royal command by Aubery, Vicar-General of Archbishop Grindal. *Vide* Gasquet, “Edward VI and Book of Common Prayer.”

ion. So that this church, which should be the light of all the Diocese, is very darkness and an example of contempt of true religion whom the city and county about follow apace.

"The said Dean hath also certified to me that the vicars of the choir, the deacons and sextons, be all mortal ennemys to religion, receivers and maintainers of such as themselves be. Your Honours by your wisdom can consider how dangerous and perilous unto the whole ecclesiastical and political body of this Diocese this fretting and creeping canker is when it doth once possess the head church of all the Diocese. The only remedy whereof is, that it may please the Queen's Majesty to commit either an ordinary jurisdiction or such authority, as shall please Her Highness, to whom it shall please Her Majesty, that may and will urge them either to do as becometh good Christian subjects and faithful ministers or else to place others in their room that will do accordingly." *

Scory seems to have reported his cathedral clergy to the Royal Commissioners for causes ecclesiastical early in 1561, and to have obtained an order that they should publicly † "testify their assent to the godly public Reformation established by the laws of this realm," and profess "that they were in conscience persuaded," that the Church of England is a true member of the Holy Catholic Church . . . but they did not, nor never will, except they be forced by authority," etc.‡

When one takes into consideration the severe penalties§ to which Catholics were subject at that time, and the coldness with which any person in authority was regarded at Court if suspected only of lukewarmness to the "Queen's godly proceedings" (?), it is surprising to find that out of 852 Justices of the Peace 421 are marked as indifferent, neuter, not favorable, hinderers or adversaries. When from those returned as "favourable," the names of

* "The Camden Miscellany," Vol. IX. Letters from the Bishops to the Privy Council, 1564.

† Die Veneris xx die Februarii A^o Domni 1561 pa^d Lambeth coram Reverendissimo Patre Matheo Cantuar Archiepiscopo ac Reverendo Patre Edmundo London Episcopo et Roberto Weston legum Doctore Commisconarius regii. "An order for William Cuson, Prebendary of Hereford and others, the Prebendaries there."

‡ Scory to the Council, 1564.

§ *Vide ante*.

the prelates in the Commission of the Peace, several of the newly appointed deans, the stewards of the Episcopal Manners, and direct officials of the Government are deducted, the Protestant majority of ten melts into a decided minority. And it may be further noticed that some of the more cautious of the bishops seem to more or less doubt the sincerity of some of their own party, "deemed favourers," "commended to me," "thought meet to continue in office, of whom I hear little commendation otherwise," "not thought by common fame to be so well bent." And their evident suspicions need no stronger comment and emphasis than the report of the Archbishop of Canterbury,* immeasurably the strongest and in matters of administration by far the most skilled and experienced of the Protestant hierarchy.† Writing from Lambeth Palace, on the 24th of November, 1564, the Primate remarks with regard to the Justices of Kent, in a spirit of manly independence: "I must say that the furthest off in favourable affection toward the state of religion be outwardly men conformable and not chargeable to my knowledge of any great extremities uttered by them in afflicting the honest and godly, or in maintaining the perverse and ungodly, as your letters do speak."

The marvelous industry of Cecil, his accuracy of detail, his intimate knowledge of even the most remote districts, are evinced by notes in his own hand, on the margins of several of these reports, the erasure of certain names, and the substitution of others. It is hardly too much to suspect that the wily Secretary may have instituted this diocesan inquisition as to religious opinion, to check the correctness of the reports of his own spies on the unfortunate Catholics who swarmed everywhere; and that this degradation of the Episcopal office must have, at any rate, crossed the mind of the Primate, appears from his letter, enclosing names of persons fit to serve in the dioceses of Llandaff‡ and Oxford§ to Cecil, in which

* Matthew Parker.

† Froude says that Matthew Parker alone redeemed the Bench of Elizabethan Bishops from mediocrity.

‡ The old Bishop of Llandaff, Antony Kitchin, the solitary member of the English Marian bishops, who had apostatized and retained his preferment, had died October 31, 1563. He had held his see eighteen years, having been consecrated May 3, 1545.

§ Oxford was not filled by Elizabeth until 1567, when Curwen, Archbishop of Dublin, was translated to the vacant see. This curious appointment may have

the Archbishop bluntly and "tartly" remarks: "I send your honour the names of such as he commended to me in these shires. What these be and what others be, your honours of the Council know much better than we can inform you, and as for myself, I know them not, and sometimes informers serve their own turn and gratify their friends."

Miss Mary Bateson notes that in these reports "where the towns are mentioned they are found to be in nearly every case more hostile to the Government than the counties. Newcastle-on-Tyne alone is an exception." *

THOMAS E. H. WILLIAMS.

England.

(To be continued.)

VISIONS HELL-BORN.

VISIONS hell-born oppressed me in the night:
 God vanquished by His foes I saw expire;
 The sun was quenched, the stars gave up their fire,
 Oceans upheaved like Alps, and in despite
 Of Nature's laws the earth with blind affright
 Swept shuddering downward to destruction dire,
 Convoyed throughout Creation's vast entire
 By planets, systems, worlds in maddened flight.

A sound as of ten thousand thousand peals
 Of hideous thunder burst the bounds of space,
 Then with a sudden awful pause the wheels
 Of being seemed to cease in every place,
 And there were left of things conceived or known
 Silence and Darkness,—these and these alone.

Gardiner, Me.

H. S. WEBSTER.

been with a view to conciliate the semi-Catholic party at Oxford, there being no doubt of Curwen's Episcopal orders, he having been consecrated in Mary's reign, September 8, 1555, by Edmund Bonner, Bishop of London, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in company with James Turberville, elect of Exeter, and William Glynn, elect of Bangor. Curwen was all his life a time-server, complying under every change in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth. He was the uncle of Richard Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1604-1610. In 1564 the sees of Llandaff and Oxford, being both then vacant, were administered by the Primate.

* Miss Mary Bateson.

A CHICAGO CRITIC.

THE following extracts from the *Northwestern Chronicle* are so beautifully verdant, so full of the mud-wind of the Northwest, and so kind to me personally, that I cannot refrain from giving them to the readers of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. My only regret is that the wretch who wrote them bears the good old Saxon name of William Henry :—

"The *GLOBE REVIEW* is again upon our writing table; it brings the sad news that Mr. Thorne has not given himself wholly to poetry as we suggested, but has decided to inflict himself once more upon the American Catholic public. Mr. Thorne has returned, and is at work on the old lines—pelting mud at the Catholic press and the Catholic hierarchy. This conduct would excite popular resentment, were not the Catholic public aware that Mr. Thorne is entitled to the privileges accorded to the perfervid convert. If he were not entitled to all these privileges, then certain articles such as the attack on the Catholic University in this issue, are execrable, infamous; and not only classify their author among journalistic criminals, but number him among the long-eared relatives of the farm-horse. No self-respecting Catholic can read his diatribes without pitying the lot of the sensational scavenger, the broken-down literary hack, the hopeless victim of microscopic capacity and Brownsonian ambition. This plagiaristic pigmy enjoyed a fling at the University of Chicago; the latter will survive such attacks, as steel bars survive the thrusts of an impatient maniac. If Mr. Thorne would only turn his attention to poetry, how some people would rejoice! They would know that he had found at last not only the true church, but also the one safe outlet for his peculiar brain-power.

* * * * * * *

"Right Reverend Bishop Keane, President of the Catholic University of America, paid a visit to the University of Chicago, on his return from St. Louis. It was the delightful privilege of the *Chronicle* correspondent to bring together the two most successful presidents of universities in the United States—President Keane and President Harper. It was a greater privilege to enjoy an hour in their company. Probably there are not among the gifted men of America now living, two of more remarkable personality and accomplishments. President Harper and the faculty of the University were delighted to meet Bishop Keane. We visited the various university colleges, especially the English department of the graduate schools. President Harper revealed his extensive plans regarding the Chicago University, which is now only a minia-

ture of what it will shortly become; within five years, according to the president, it will have four times as many buildings and an endowment of twenty millions of dollars. Of the latter some twelve millions in lands and in money have been given; so that the hopes of the president are likely to be realized. While visiting the English department the *Chronicle* correspondent tried to make clear to Bishop Keane that until Anglo-Saxon classes are established in Catholic colleges throughout the United States, we must expect hybrid English compositions where Latin words and Latin idioms predominate; that Latin-study has sterilized the field where pure idiomatic English should blossom, just as scholastic study has sterilized the field where Catholic thought should flower; that the Catholic University ought to set the good example by establishing at once or in the near future an Anglo-Saxon chair.

"At the close of the visit Bishop Keane kindly accepted an invitation from President Harper to make the January convocation address.

"WILLIAM HENRY SHERAN.

"University of Chicago."

In reply to all this I have to say: *First*, that I never heard of (Mr.) Sheran before, hence was not aware that he had ever advised me to devote my life to poetry. *Second*, that, judging from the foregoing paragraphs in which Rector Keane and President Harper are treated as a sort of demigods, while the editor of the *GLOBE* is styled a "broken-down literary hack," etc., it is clear that (Mr.) Sheran is one of those contemptible hangers-on, poodle-pups, whose very nature it is to tag at the skirts of officials and simply bark their bidding; hence, had I been previously familiar with his yelpings concerning myself, I should have taken about as much notice of them as I do of similar efforts heard every day in the streets of any modern town. "'Tis dogs' delight to bark and bite," etc. *Third*, I notice him here only on account of the beautiful contrasts presented in these paragraphs treating of myself in such near proximity with the august and so-called successful presidents of two of our modern universities.

As to my own literary career: It is pretty well known, except to poodle-pups and mongrel curs of the breed of Sheran & Co., and as in the last issue of the *GLOBE* I paid my respects to the "Catholic University of America," located at Washington, D. C., whose beautiful piles of buildings, "only a miniature of what they will shortly become," I greatly admire, I shall confine my remarks in this instance mainly to "the two most successful presidents of universities in the United States."

I take it for granted that (Mr.) Sheran is a Chicago greenhorn, who has never seen a real university except the Chicago "miniature," hence the green wash with which he smears the two great men named. President Harper, however, could tell him that there are more than twenty other universities—Catholic and Protestant—in the United States, any one of which has ten times more students than the "Catholic University of America," and scholarship far, far beyond the University of Chicago, and whose presidents, judged by any true standards of scholarship and influence, are far more successful than Presidents Keane or Harper may ever hope to be. But what do men or boys like Sheran know about universities?

In truth (Mr.) Sheran's green wash is one of the best evidences possible of the truth of my suggestion that though the Chicago University is an improvement on the average western worship of pigs and palace cars, it is nothing to boast of even to this day. For if (Mr.) Sheran is of sufficient importance there to be the *via media* of bringing the two "most successful presidents" together, etc., in God's name what must the rank and file be? The other pups can hardly have their eyes open yet.

I suppose that (Mr.) Sheran judges of success by the amount of noise made about men in the newspapers. Here again President Harper could tell him that this kind of success can be and is purchased in various ways by all sorts of upstarts who want to raise more money or to have their own salaries raised. It is simply a trick of their trade.

As regards the "personality and accomplishments" of these wonderful presidents, what can a pup like Sheran know or understand? As a matter of fact, they are simply ordinary representatives of their Catholic and Protestant persuasions and professions. The one is too pompous and the other quite too plausible for real scholarship. Neither one of them has sifted ancient or modern life or literature to the bottom, and each one of them has a very imperfect and mediocre idea of the real meaning of mental, moral or spiritual culture in this world. Each one of them depends infinitely more upon the so-called art of the rhetorician than upon any mental power or real accomplishment for his effects upon the mind of this generation.

President Harper is universally reputed as being the hireling of certain well-known money and commercial trusts, and who dares

not call his soul his own; and it is said that the two or three of his professors who have tried to speak the truth have been dismissed very quickly. In a word, President Harper and his big school are said to be the abject slaves of a few millionaires.

President Keane is a Catholic bishop, and I am not at present moved to say much more of him than I have said. But for the information of all greenhorns like Sheran, who having rubbed their noses on the pave stones of amateur universities, and having bowed and scraped to greatness made by newspaper advertising, I am moved to say in this connection that a few years ago I refused to be introduced to one of these "greatest presidents," etc.—solely because it seemed clear to me that his conceit was much too large for his brain, and that, having been introduced to the other, I very soon found that he had his little speeches committed to memory, and was simply a well-dressed commonplace rhetorician. As for real culture, world-wide reading, depth of thought, higher consecration to noble ideals of truth, soulful penetration, well-rounded art or life, intensity or clearness of vision, power of influencing men for truth and God, and well-defined immortal liberty—the two of them pounded together—with all the aid of modern telephones, X-rays, Edison's science and talking-machines, would not make one thorough-going, first-class man. In truth, they are simply third-class professors, who have climbed out of their sphere and are making all possible noise over their power, mainly of raising money.

I have no doubt that both of these gentlemen have many good qualities besides the ability of raising money, but their good points will not be enhanced or more admired on account of the contemptible barkings of such mongrel puppies as Sheran.

As to my own "break-downs" and my "Brownsonian ambition," my work these last fourteen or these last forty years is a better answer than I can give in a few words, and a far better answer than the backwoods *Northwestern Chronicle* is able to appreciate.

I wish all success to Bishop Keane and President Harper; but it will not hurt them to be made to understand that my estimate of success is higher and better than their own.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE HOROSCOPE.

My friend was a diplomat,—of what nationality, no matter, for I cannot betray his identity. For all that, my story is a true one, and as to the moral, he who runs may read.

We were not friends of a life-time, but rather became so through the propinquity of a sea voyage. A score of years ago we met on the steamer "Isabel" bound for Havana. During the voyage there was a rough and chopping sea and only we two escaped *mal-de-mer*. Thus, ensconced in our comfortable steamer chairs, we chatted through successive days, entirely at our ease, remaining quite undisturbed, no other passengers being on deck. There is no freedom the land can give at all comparable to the emancipation of the ocean.

Here was a man whose whole life had been one of elaborate routine, of disciplined training to fit him for a career of established form, who had lived a guarded life within conventional limits. We were sympathetic, it is true; yet, none the less, had our acquaintance been restricted within the formal bounds of drawing-room rules it could never have ripened into the expansiveness of friendly confidence.

It was towards the close of a blustering day, when the wind lulled as if heralding repose, and there was spread out before us the ever unequaled pageantry of a sunset at sea. The boundless horizon was aflame with the lingering glory as the sun suddenly was lost to view, hiding as it were in the infinite abyss of space.

"Thus," sighed my companion, "is the sun of my days soon to sink into the infinitude of eternity." "Rather," said I, "let us think of death as encompassed with the radiance of a reflected eternal light." "It may be a part of your priestly function to say so, and it may well be," said he in a tone of weary sadness, "where no shadow darkens."

I felt that his words had a deeper meaning than I could measure, but I had no right to question. There is often a more subtle application in silence than in speech, and thus my reserve elicited his confidence.

"My days are numbered, and the fullness of the appointed time draws near," he whispered, "and I must speak out before it is too late. Too late, all too late," he moaned shudderingly.

I pressed his extended hand. It was clammy cold, as if benumbed by the touch of approaching dissolution. "Mine is a story of a sin against conscience," he continued, "which has cast a deep shadow over the whole course of a life, otherwise one of successful endeavor so far as the world's standard goes. For over twenty years I have dragged this lengthening chain, that ever grows heavier as the appointed time comes nearer and nearer. Oh God! how near!" he exclaimed with an outburst of irrepressible emotion.

After some moments of interior conflict he resumed in a calmer voice: "I was an only son and had one sister—dear Julia. We were scions of an old and noble Catholic family, but for the past two generations a moral decadence seems to have blighted the steadfastness of our inherited faith. My grandmother, who had been a noted beauty in her day, grew credulous through the allurements of vanity, in her old age, and fell into the dangerous toils of the wonderful Cagliostro, who promised through the use of chemical mixtures, of which he alone held the secret, and aided by various impious incantations, to restore to her faded loveliness at seventy the fresh charms of youth.

"Meantime she was persuaded to place the family jewels in the hands of this adroit adventurer, who assured her that by various hidden processes of alchemy he could transmute them into priceless brilliants. As might have been expected, they disappeared, when he hastily left Strasburg with much store of ill-gotten gains. But this material loss was after all but of small consequence compared to the infection of heretical doctrines.

"My father early acquired a touch of superstitious ideas, and among other mistaken conclusions infused into my mind a certain respect for astrology as a science wrongfully condemned by Rome. His mind was also perverted by the false philosophy of Malthus and Condorcet, and we two children as a consequence formed the prudential limit of his family. But the violated decrees of divine laws that regulate the affairs of men now revenge themselves in our ancient family, for presently at my near coming death the race will become extinct."

"No philosophy," I interrupted warmly, "has inflicted a deeper injury upon the higher classes of society than have the utterances of Malthus, with his dangerous speculations, harmful theories, and ill-considered conclusions regarding the regulation of an in-

crease of population. The baleful results are already clearly visible in the steady and alarming decrease as to numbers among families of wealth and consequence. These teachings pander to an irreligious love of pleasure, and to a growing, grasping desire to concentrate accumulations in families. It is forgotten that when the Providential plan is disturbed the Satanic plan takes its place. But the Nemesis is sure to come, and when the gathering storm bursts, I foresee that there will take place an appalling social cataclysm, impossible to control. The masses of people, by immense preponderance of force, will annihilate the depleted few families, who have regulated their own decrease to suit their own selfish purposes."

"It is passing strange," said my friend in a musing way, "that I find myself, on the very brink of Eternity, seeking you as a confidant, attracted to you as a man, but from whom as a priest I am repelled. I am really making a confession to you, never before made, and yet were the confession to be sacramental I would utterly refuse to make it."

"Human sympathy, my dear friend," I exclaimed, "is a great boon, but it cannot find atonement for sins committed. Do you not see how gently you are being led back into the one true fold? Admire the mysterious ways of God."

"No, no," he answered, almost mockingly, "there is no Providence. It is all a cold, cruel, relentless fate. The sword of Damocles hangs suspended, and by the action of certain forces it falls. Our doom is inexorable, for every life, no matter how commonplace, ends with the tragedy of death. It is ghastly—this wholesale butchery of the architect of the universe."

"Permit me to tell you," I replied, "this is sheer Paganism. With the Christian, death is swallowed up in victory."

He groaned, but answered not. I silently prayed for this unhappy, misguided soul.

Presently he went on with his story. "I was, as is the custom among families of consideration abroad, early destined for the career I was to enter, and diplomacy was chosen for me. I made all my studies accordingly, and with distinction. I was successful in every way. Among us men it was considered good form to have at least one duel, and I had my fight, brought about for some trivial reason.

"Do you see this scar upon my cheek? It is my diploma of

University courage." And he laughed derisively. "Scarcely was I ready to enter upon my profession, when my parents died. I first lost my father, and my poor mother did not long survive him. People in exalted stations are not always very happy in their married lives, but my parents were tenderly attached to each other, and their united love was a softening influence over my young heart.

"Early in life, I was thus left absolutely my own master, endowed with a handsome fortune, and an honorable career open to me. It is true that I was headstrong, but I was not dissipated. So my outlook for what the world calls happiness was excellent. Certainly there were no drawbacks. My sister Julia was an angel—a saint. The world had no place for her. These many years past she prays for me, a cloistered nun."

As he said this, my heart thrilled with joy, for I now felt sure that the dear Lord who never turns aside from the prayers of His Spouses, had caused me to find favor in the eyes of this man of the world, that through me, as a priest, a way might be opened for reconciliation, and I said to myself—pray, pray—but to my friend I said nothing.

He continued: "Before entering the diplomatic service, I was to spend two years in leisurely travel, in order to perfect my education, and enlarge my knowledge of the world.

"I was about completing this period of preparation, and had studied men and manners in various climes to good advantage, when I drifted to London, where I was soon to be attached to the Embassy, as an attaché without pay.

"This was intended as a temporary initiation into my profession, while awaiting a transfer in due form as a regularly accredited Secretary of Legation elsewhere. Of course, as a member of the diplomatic corps, as well as by right of birth, I had the entrée everywhere, and I began to lead the usual gay, inconsequential society life of a London season.

"I soon met the lovely Lady Amelia, who was a reigning toast, and from the moment of our meeting I became her slave. She was a beautiful blonde of pure Saxon type, and I felt that Nature had made her the true complement of my swarthy manliness.

"But I had one particular rival whom I most feared for many reasons. It is true that Amelia smiled upon me, yet she divided her smiles with this other detested one. And this suitor, although

twice my age it is true, could offer in wealth and rank advantages superior to mine. His riper attainments forced me to confess that a man of middle age, who has wide intelligence, acquired ease of manner and the superb *aplomb* that self-assurance gives, has fairly the mastery over the inexperience of callow youth whenever there may be a serious rivalry between them.

"Day after day we two met in her presence. But I was conscious of being overshadowed. I was always, *malgré moi*, only the third person of our coterie. I would have given my hopes of here and hereafter for this man's self-possession. He claimed and received her attention, while I, poor fool, danced attendance for the meagre privilege of an occasional coy glance that I fondly trusted expressed some unspoken word.

"Again and again I resolved, I swore, that I would boldly make known to her my adoring love, but so soon as I found myself under the spell of her presence my trepidation unnerved me. The stake was too great to risk on the hazard of a die. It was maddening.

"While a prey to these conflicting emotions, one day listlessly glancing over the columns of the *London Times*, my eye inadvertently fell upon the advertisement of an astrologer and fortune-teller, who signed himself 'Cagliostro.'

"My inner consciousness told me that the fellow was an impostor—doubtless a clumsy one—and yet, the very name to which was attached the dreamy recollections of my childhood fascinated me. I forgot that it was of ill omen for our family. I had not, it is true, led the life of a practical Catholic, but I had until then, urged on by the continued pious solicitations of my sister, at least not deliberately disobeyed the injunctions of my faith. Hitherto my sins had rather been those of neglect and omission. I was too well instructed not to know that the Church forbade all dealings with spiritists, necromancers or fortune-tellers. But, as I suffered myself to dally with this temptation, I became less and less able to resist it. I vehemently said to myself: if I could only have some assurance that Amelia loves me, I shall have gained heaven on earth, while if I, by any mischance lose her, all is lost.

"Then my early impressions regarding astrology as a science revived. Thus, the sins of my forbears descended on my head. At first, conscience stoutly defended the citadel of my soul, but I repelled its dictates and gave way to temptation, impelled by my passion of love.

"With the full knowledge that I was violating my own sense of right, I sought this man. Up to the moment of making this decision, I had been agitated with harrowing doubts, but when I yielded my will there came over my judgment a sort of glamour. I began to reason against my own reason, as if I were an astrologer, and I said to myself, Of course astrology may well be classed as a form of superstition by the ignorant, who do not know that it has prevailed and been accepted among the learned from the earliest ages, among the sages of the Chinese, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians and the Hindus. Its fostering care rocked the cradle of History, and wise men nurtured at its mysterious fount brought its practices to Rome with the very dawn of Christianity. And even should astrology prove to be delusive as a science, yet how explain without its aid a certain connection that would seem to exist between the movements of the constellations and the destinies of mortals born under their planetary influence.

"Thus nerving myself with the recollection and recapitulation of every known fallacy in support of what I was about to do I sought the astrologer. Ascending to the very topmost story of a tall, dingy house, I found my Cagliostro seated at a circular table, under a skylight, where he appeared to be very busy drawing charts. He was so absorbed and intent upon some calculations he was making that he did not look up as I entered. This gave me the opportunity of observing that although he wore a flowing white beard, yet he did not have the bent aspect of old age.

"In a somewhat incredulous tone I inquired—'Cagliostro?' adding, 'you bear a famous name.' 'An inherited one,' he replied, never once ceasing to draw the circles that he was carefully dividing into twelve equal spaces. 'Inherited!' I exclaimed, and this time really surprised. 'Young man,' he answered, in a tone of mild reproof, 'know that the divine Cagliostro and his beautiful Lorenza left a son. I am he. Why do you seek me?'

"I have sought you," I replied, "in order to have my nativity cast."

"Drop your guinea in the slot then," said he; "give me the exact date of your birth, and go. Return at this hour to-morrow, and meantime I will consult the planetary influences that presided at your nativity, and construct your horoscope."

"So that I can read my future?" I asked with trepidation. Fixing his keen eyes upon me, this modern Cagliostro answered

slowly : 'Yes, to the very hour of your death.' Little did I then realize the heavy burden of woe involved in that promise, for solely intent upon the issue as to Amelia, I impatiently awaited the engagement of the morrow.

"Oh, what weary waiting has Time's relentless course brought me since that ill-fated day ! The next morning, the appointed hour found me at the astrologer's den. There he sat immovable, as on yesterday, bending over his ceaseless tracery of circles, calculating nativities. As I entered, he quietly said, without looking up from his work : 'Drop your guinea in the slot. I have constructed your horoscope.'

"I did as he requested, and, as the coin rattled to its destined receptacle, he proceeded : 'I find, that in the theme of your birth, the second house is in the ascendant.'

"As he handed me the paper, he added : 'The scheme of your life is one of good fortune, you will marry the woman you love.' And, with a sudden energy, he said : 'Permit me, sir, to congratulate you.' Overcome with the tumultuous rapture, I seized the folded paper and rushed out, only pausing in my joyful surprise to empty in the slot the several other guineas in my purse.

"Marry Amelia ! I incessantly repeated to myself. My exultation had risen to delirium by the time I gained her lovely presence. Just as I entered, my once-dreaded rival was going away, and, as we passed each other, he bestowed upon me a sardonic, triumphant glance. At any other time, this would have quite unnerved me, for I would have interpreted it as meaning a successful suit ; but now I met his scorn with indifference, almost with pitying contempt, and scarcely had the door closed upon his retreating form, when I was at her feet. 'I love you, Amelia,' I exclaimed, with turbulent happiness ; 'I adore you, star of my destiny ! We are fated to be one ! Now I know it !'

"She burst into tears, and, as I pressed her to my loving heart, she whispered : 'I have never loved but you, only you ! Why could you not see it ?'

"We were affianced. I blessed my horoscope again and again, that had given me the needed courage to win my prize. Soon we were married, and I had reached the topmost summit of earthly bliss.

"Had any one, at that time, even hinted to me that my felicity was dearly bought at the price of a violated conscience, I would

have laughed them to scorn. As to my horoscope, I revered it as the source of my happiness, for had I not known of the decree of fate through its beneficent agency, I could never have gained the courage to deem myself worthy of being the husband of Amelia. But it is ever thus with true love. It is the great contradiction, in its sublime egotism on the one hand, and its merging of self-esteem on the other. For when was it known that the true lover ever deemed himself worthy to win the beloved object of his fond aspirations, his ardent desire?

"One day, in the midst of our mutual confessions regarding each other, I told my wife the story of the horoscope, how I had despaired of obtaining her love, and how it happened that the astrologer had given me the courage to storm her heart, that blessed day, by his prediction.

"She was at once anxious to see this horoscope, the foundation-stone, as it were, of our happiness, and as I had never really examined its contents to its conclusion, so rejoiced had I been at its beginning, I got the paper, and we two happy beings sat down upon a divan to examine into a future so auspiciously commenced through its revelations.

"Holding the fateful parchment in one hand, the other arm clasped my beloved wife, whose dear head rested trustfully against my beating heart, as with closed eyes, as if thus better to realize the fullness of our content, she listened to my reading.

"*'Know, O man,'* it said, *'that at the hour of your nativity the second house was in the ascendant, and the constellations were propitious. Fortune and station will be yours. You will gain the honors of your profession, and you will marry the woman you love.'* Hereupon, we paused to felicitate each other, and to admire the science of astrology.

"Having given our homage to the mysterious influence of the constellations upon our united lives, my wife once more resigned herself to an attitude of attention, and I proceeded to read as follows: *'But there are opposing influences. These will often at times control the course of your life in some things, and make themselves felt in others! 'You will be a childless man—through the machinations of a former rival your career will be to a degree thwarted—you will be sent to America, and there your wife'*—

"Amelia gave a startled outcry. I suddenly ceased, and crumpling the accursed paper in my hand, exclaimed ironically, *'America indeed, what nonsense!'*

"In her sweet confiding nature she was quite deceived by my apparent contempt of the displeasing prediction. I read no more to her, but hastily crowding the now hated paper in my pocket, for her sweet sake I commanded myself, and changed the subject of our conversation. But I, miserable man, had read far enough to banish peace from my own heart forevermore.

"From that wretched hour till this dark day, my very being has been transfixed with the barbed dart of an ever-present doom. And thenceforth and forever have I been confronted with this handwriting on the wall, that ever stands before me in its staring hideousness. And all the more unbearable has been my suffering because it has lain buried in my own heart. Never, from that memorable hour until this moment, have I shared my pain, or sought the consolation of human sympathy."

He bent forward with a groan, his face buried in his hands, as if to shut out this retrospective view.

He resumed: "How short-sighted we are, to dare to look into the future. Truly, if there is one provision of Providence—if there is a Providence—more merciful than another, it is that one, that veils coming events in mystery.

"Could mankind hold to view a magic mirror, unfolding the procession of coming events from life's inception to its close, this world would be as dreary as some vast charnel-house, with grinning death's-heads surmounting Time's milestones as we pass them by.

"But as it is, our crosses are hidden from view, and we march onward joyfully to the limit, as did the sacrificial flower-laden victims of the heathen to their altar of atonement.

"I tried to hide my interior distress from my beloved wife, but after that melancholy day I ceased to know what real happiness was. I am sure that the sensitive nature of Amelia felt the gloom of my profound uneasiness, without understanding whence came the blight. Yes, I saw that my darling, nestling in the shadow of my clouded existence, wilted. And in the presence of this mildew, what were the world's honors to me?

"For it came to pass, as my horoscope foretold it would. Promotion came rapidly—fortuitous and often unexpected circumstances favored me. I was rapidly advanced from one post to another, until my next change was to be a full mission. Then only one step higher in my career, and I would represent my

sovereign as an ambassador. At each change I trembled, always fearing the doom of America. But as years rolled on and this mission was not given me, I tried to forget the prophecy. Yet I could not deny myself, that as yet no mistake had been made in my horoscope.

"I had come into possession of unexpected wealth from two undreamed-of sources. A rich uncle died and left me his sole heir, and a distant relative, not heard from for years, who had sought fortune in the East, willed me a large amount of money. Yet, being childless, this accumulated riches seemed almost a mockery.

"I never passed the hut of a peasant on any of my various estates, when children crowded to the lowly door to do me reverence, that I did not feel in my guilty consciousness, that I was branded as the outcast with whom came the extinction of an illustrious race.

"Did the curse of Cain, or the homeless wanderings of Ishmael, compare to this annihilation?

"My temporary honors thus became painful illusions, for I was not permitted to transmit them to my posterity.

"My name to be blotted out and merged into the hitherto comparatively obscure, collateral branches of a great house.

"Oh, bitterness of bitterness! My adored wife, with the quick insight of her sensitive organization, understood that I must deeply grieve to have no heir, and that each successive honor must add to my misfortune. She did not attempt to conceal her chagrin from me, and it was pitiful at times to hear her repinings for my sake. But these sad complaints I always sought to alleviate by an added tenderness, and tried to hide from her the canker that defaced the brightness of our wedded life.

"This paradise at least was ours, we did continue to love each other with an ever-increasing affection.

"The abiding, tranquil love that comes of mutual respect, of oneness of interests, of the chain forged by the successive years of wedded happiness, is the brightest reflection of the perfect state the primal pair enjoyed in Eden. A decade of years rolled by, a half decade to be added, and I knew that the appointed time was near when the opposing influences my horoscope had foretold must culminate.

"Yet, perchance, it would not be. Finally the time was at hand.

I knew when my former rival became minister of state, that there would be trouble for me.

"As I expected, he did not forget me.

"The suspended sword fell.

"I was appointed to the American mission—'Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America.'

"And the horoscope said: '*Your wife will die in America.*'

"In the first shock of bewilderment I determined to decline the mission and retire to my estates, rather than hazard the augury. Yet I dared not tell my wife this, for from the fateful day when we two had commenced to scan the malign horoscope until the present time of this transfer to America, we had never spoken of its prophecies.

"After enduring a cruel conflict of emotions, I decided in my own mind to refuse the mission, and to ask to be retired, although midway in life. Far better to give up the glittering ambassadorial prize, so near of attainment, rather than run the risk of the foretold calamity. I sought Amelia, to let her know my decision.

"I verily believe that women are more ambitious than men. Amelia was so amiable, usually so compliant to my slightest expressed wish, that I was totally unprepared for the storm of opposition, my resolve encountered.

"I was unable to explain to her my real reason, and she would not receive those I gave her. She had a deep feeling in this matter. The minister was her old suitor, my quondam rival, and she would never consent that he should know we had succumbed to his malice. 'He understands, my husband,' she said, 'that we would consider America as an exile. He means to distress us, to thwart us. It will never do to yield to his machinations, and to destroy your own career when so near the topmost height. By so doing we shall hurt ourselves far more than his malevolence can hurt us. No,' she cried with a vehemence I had never before witnessed, 'I would die first.'

"This hasty expression caused me such indescribable anguish, that observing it she reproached me for my weakness. I had supposed her gentle nature incapable of such obstinate strength. I yielded. Having gained the victory, her usual affability returned and she acquiesced in all my expressed views about America, at the same time retaining her fixed resolution to accept the mis-

fortune as inevitable. She quite agreed with me that it was impossible to expect any real sympathy between forms of government and peoples so diametrically opposed to each other.

"We are born autocrats," I said. We hold to the divine rights of kings, to the necessity of a despotic rule for the masses, to inherited privileges. The United States seeks to subvert all that we cherish. When our nobles choose American wives they do not change these views, but they succumb to the dire necessity of replenishing empty coffers and the duty of repairing impoverished estates.

"I accepted the mission. Was there ever misery equal to mine when I lost my Amelia? Exactly as had been foretold, my wife died in America."

It was painful to observe his pallor, to witness his emotion. I could but pray fervently that the peace of absolution, of reconciliation, might still bless this storm-tossed soul!

After a pause he resumed. "And now," said he in a husky and almost inaudible voice, "the final act of the pitiless expiation approaches. There is but one more prediction to be fulfilled. When Cagliostro promised to tell me 'to the very hour of my death,' the demon meant what he said.

"Think of living for years and years under such a load. Imagine if you can, the weight of this sentence of death as the time draws near, nearer, and reaches its consummation. Thus for twenty years to have to endure this condemnation!

"Meantime to be pampered with every luxury that makes life alluring, but never for one hour to lose sight of the inexorable end. To even behold the uplifted skeleton arm ready to strike, inch by inch advance closer to its final, frigid, fatal touch!

"Had God deprived me of reason the infliction would have been merciful. Again and yet again have I battled against the temptation of suicide, and when as it were in the very act of self-destruction, drawn back, loathing the cowardly act.

"The race ends with me, but I must die, as becomes my lineage, without a stain. And now—I am crouching in the last permitted moments held in my mortal prison for yet ten days."

I would have gladly filled a martyr's grave to save his life. From that moment I never ceased to implore him to make his peace with God. In two days we reached Havana, and I had the inexpressible consolation, within the historic walls of its old cathedral,

where reposes the hero-dust of Columbus, to give this long-suffering soul the absolution of the confessional.

Was his communion, so long deferred, so mercifully permitted, to be his viaticum as well? I could not but share his fixed belief that it was so.

Of course, I could not admit a belief in astrology, but there may have been mysteries of both nature and grace, impossible to fathom, permitted a concurrent action in this case. Natural causes, arising from the prodigious pressure of prolonged excitement, as the time arrived, might well cause the heralded dissolution.

The day after my friend received the Sacraments, my duties called me to Matanzas, and from thence to a plantation overlooking the glowing valley of the Yumenee.

Some ten days later, on my return to the Cathedral, my first thought was to seek my friend. "Alas," said his Consul, to whom I applied, "you will never see him more. He was found dead in his bed three days since, and his remains have been embalmed, and are now on their way to his native land."

"Was his death thought to be a peaceful one?" I inquired with a palpitating heart.

"His expression was so serene," answered the Consul, "that he must have passed away in his sleep."

Washington, D. C.

MADLINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

REALMS AËRIAL.

THY voice comes to me, lady, in the night,
 As sweet as music o'er the waveless sea,
 As clear as church-bells pealing distantly,
 As pure as dawn's first dewy rosy light.
 Thy golden presence makes the darkness bright,
 The place is exquisitely filled with thee;
 No leaf is stirring on the drowsy tree,
 No bird is heard in startled sudden flight.

And in my popped semi-sleep I feel
 Myself Endymion, Zeus-favored boy,
 And thee Selene, goddess chastely fair.—
 Ah, happy I,—that thou shouldst softly steal
 From realms aërial in hushed timid joy
 To watch and guard me with thy pitying care!

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

BRYAN OR THE GOLD-BUGS.

DURING August I saw notices in the secular press—*first*, to the effect that “Bourke Cockran, who had just returned from Europe,” had invented a novel scheme for defeating Mr. Bryan—viz. : that all Democrats in the hire of the gold-bug vampires should vote for McKinley. Very novel this, and well worthy of that noisy and ambitious pettifogger ; any fool, however, knows that the best way to defeat one candidate is to vote for his opponent. *Second*—that “Bourke Cockran was willing to meet Mr. Bryan in public debate on the silver question.” Very modest this, and still more worthy of that noisy and ambitious pettifogger ; but why Mr. Bryan—who is the winning candidate for the highest position in the gift of the American people, and who has risen to enviable fame as the result of a clean and honorable career, crowned by a splendid accomplishment in statesmanlike oratory—should condescend to hold public debate with this noisy, pettifogging hireling of the gold-bug vampires doth not appear up to this writing. Certainly, Bourke is not lacking in that enviable quality known as cheek.

A few months ago, when Cockran had made a miserable failure as a public lecturer, the secular press, in the hire of the gold-bug vampires, announced that this same Bourke Cockran—presumably in a fit of despondency—had concluded to enter a monastery and become a Jesuit. Then this noisy pettifogger vanished out of sight for a while, and behold, when those of us who believe in the Jesuits were praying for him, and hoping that the Almighty might make a straight Christian out of the noisy pettifogger—a tougher job than most people imagine—the secular press, in the hire of the gold-bug vampires, announces that Bourke has returned from Europe with a new and brilliant scheme for selling out the Democratic party.

In this connection let me advise Bourke C. how he can make a ten-strike and become immortal.

Let him write a descriptive poem for the *Boston Pilot* or the *New York Press*, in his own noisy way—well adapted to the *Pilot* or the *Press*—telling just who sent him to Europe, some months ago, when it was reported that he had gone to join the Jesuits and become a straight Christian. Let him tell exactly who furnished

the funds for his European trip; what letters of introduction he took with him, and to whom he presented them. Let him describe, in his own noisy way, the interviews he had with the parties visited, the terms they proposed to him, the exact amount of money he brought home, or was empowered to draw upon, as purchase-money for the hireling secular newspaper organs of the gold-bug vampire crew of American editors, and the price these vampires have set for the sure defeat of Bryan and the election of McKinley.

Let him tell all this, with the clean piety of a Jesuit—and then let him go the devil, where he belongs, and he shall have riches and immortality.

As an indication alike of the insufferable ignorance and impudence of this noisy pettifogger I quote a few lines from his speech in Madison Square Garden, New York, August 18th—a speech given, it seems, under the auspices of a “Democratic Honest Money League,” which League I take to be merely one of the “stump wings” of the devil’s imps, and as thoroughly dishonest as the devil himself knows how to be. The speech is said to have been a reply to an address delivered by Mr. Bryan in the same place, a week earlier—but any hound may bark at the king.

Here are Bourke’s words as reported in the *Literary Digest* :

“The basis of sound trade is sound money—money which is intrinsically valuable, money which, like the gold coinage of this country, the Government can not affect if it tried to. I can take a ten-dollar gold piece and I can defy all the power of all the governments of this earth to take five cents of value from it. Having earned it by the sweat of my brow,” etc.

Cockran sweats easily, and we need not mind that part of his effort.

The commonplace truism of this paragraph is in its first eight words, though it would be more exact or proper to say that the true *media* of sound trade is sound money, the true *basis* being in the true *labor* of true men who do not talk about the sweat of their brows or bluster in any way like this wretched pettifogger.

The entire paragraph, after the first eight words, is a mere bombastic lie, and either Bourke Cockran is a liar unfit to be trusted, or he is a fool that ought at once to be gagged. Every tyro in finance knows that neither gold nor silver has any settled “*intrinsic*” value other than that put upon it as coin of the realms of the

nations, and that even then the relative value of both gold and silver is changing and fluctuating; and every experienced financier knows perfectly that the one or the other metal becomes more or less valuable as the governments of the earth, to a greater or less degree, favor the exclusive monetizing of the one and the partial demonetizing of the other.

It is an established fact of common commercial statistics, that less than one-tenth of all the gold mined in all the world is needed or would be generally utilized for any and all purposes of manufacture, art, ornament, etc., other than for money purposes; hence it is palpable and clear to any but purchased and purchasable fools, that should the governments of the earth treat gold for a dozen years as the gold-bug money-loaning vampires of the earth are now forcing said governments to treat silver, the fall in the so-called intrinsic value of gold would be from 60 to 80 per cent. below its present value as established *exclusively* and alone by the governments of the world; and whatever else he may be—Jesuit, Methodist, or devil in disguise—it is plain that this mouthing pettifogger, Bourke Cockran, does not understand the first principles either of sound money or of sound trade.

Every tyro in the study of finance knows that the so-called intrinsic value of either gold or silver is a figment of disordered brains; and this is the first simple fact for all men to learn. A sound dollar is what any responsible nation on earth chooses to designate a sound dollar, and which it agrees to accept as a dollar in all its relations with its citizens or subjects, and for which it expects to pay a dollar's worth of stock, merchandise, or what not, to any and every foreign holder of the same. Gold money is as truly fiat money as silver or paper money. It is the resources and the honesty of a nation, not any intrinsic value of gold coin, that makes its money honest money.

In the whole United States we do not and we can not mine enough gold annually to pay simple interest on our national debt, and yet the gold-bug vampires, who prate of honest money, would make us believe that we are in honor bound to pay principal and interest in gold. It is all an infernal piece of lying, put forth at the dictation of the money-lenders of Europe and their padded slaves in our own American stock exchanges.

Granted that there is much honest difference of opinion between the silver men and the gold men, so-called, we must also grant

and assert that 90 per cent. of the advocates of a single gold standard—that is, the politicians and editors who favor the practical demonetizing of silver—are in the hire and pay of the gold money-lenders, and hence their opinions are the opinions of hired and dastard slaves.

The gold-bug vampires are precisely in the position of a dry-goods merchant who, having secured the exclusive control of a certain specialty in the dry-goods market, would ask the Government to make it the badge of social correctness for five years or longer. The gold-bug vampires have practically a corner in gold, and of course they are scaling heaven and earth to put the price of it as high as possible. It is the old story—the broker, the banker, the middleman everywhere, who produces nothing but inflated schemes of robbery for his own aggrandizement, and gets 75 per cent. of the product of the world's labor, while the laborer, in all lines, by hand or brain, is forced to live on 25 per cent. of his own actual earnings.

We simply cannot pay our national debt in gold. We never can pay it in gold. Nobody ever expects to pay it in gold, and no European creditor expects it to be paid in actual gold—all he wants is that we pay it in merchandise at inflated gold prices; so here and abroad, the broker, the middleman, the Gold-bug vampire gets a larger commission, and the producer pays in merchandise anywhere from 25 to 40 per cent. more to the money-lender than he can obtain as a living price for his merchandise at home. Everywhere the home, the farm, the stock, and in tens of thousands of cases, the furniture of the laboring man is mortgaged, which means that to that extent he is in the hands of the money-lender. Often he has to pay from 15 to 30 per cent. for money loaned him, and the scarcer and more expensive and exclusive and inflated the unit of money value, the greater the profits to the money-lender and the greater the injustice to the laboring man—in fact, to every borrower. It is simply infernal robbery of the poor under the name of honest money.

God knows I do not want to say a word to inflame an antagonism between rich and poor, which I have seen to be increasing these many years, but I warn the gold-bug vampires everywhere—here and in Europe—that unless they cease prodding the nations of this world toward legislation that will put up the price of money and put down the value of the products of labor—and unless they

cease buying the governments of this world to legislate in favor of high tariffs on the specialties out of which they are growing rich—and unless they cease forcing the governments of this world to legislation which excludes from taxation the very gains of this infamy of gold-bug vampirism—the masses of the people will not only vote them out of power, but will trample them to dust under their indignant feet.

For thirty years previous to our Civil War the slave-holders of the South ran this government in the interest of negro slavery. For the last thirty years the gold-bug vampires of the North have run it in the interests of protected capitalists, trusts and money-lenders, and this is the sort of damnable infamy that Bourke Cockran and others call honest money and honest trade.

In their recent speeches Tom Reed, of Maine, and Ben Harrison, of Indiana, have openly declared that the burden of their august and brainless minds was anxiety as to the money-lenders of the Old World and their infernal agents in this country.

I used to think that the gold basis men were really the sound money men and that, in case the gold men were beaten, our national honor would vanish and this continent go to the dogs.

I have studied the matter for twenty years and am now persuaded that if all the brokers, bankers and gold money-lenders on earth were themselves sent to the dogs of hell, the nations of the earth and all their industries would not suffer a perceptible ripple on the surface of affairs. It is the vain dream of all brokers that they are the creators, not the destroyers of business.

And again, I say that either Bourke Cockran and the gangs who run with him are willful liars or insufferable fools.

Have we come to this, as a nation, that the most serious day and night agony of American statesmen must be to see to it that European money-lenders get the largest possible interest on their money, and no matter how much the American laborer in all lines sweats to meet that inflated and exorbitant demand?

Should not American statesmanship rather be anxious to see to it that every species of American industry—from the raising of wheat to the building of the navies of the world—should be encouraged and given a fair show among the nations of the world?

No tariff is needed for this. All tariffs work exactly like the gold standard, viz., they enrich the few at the expense of the many.

Why should not our silver mines all be active to-day? Who has

closed them? My answer is plain and defiant, viz.: That Grover Cleveland, in the hire of, or in close co-operation with the gold-bug vampires of Europe, has closed them, and his name must go down to history covered with infamy and the much-questioned gain of \$4,000,000 in less than four years of his second term as President.

Yet, even Dana of the New York *Sun*, and McClure of the Philadelphia *Times*, call this honest money and honest business—a curse upon them all.

Congress passed two decent bills during the last two years—the one known as the income tax, which Cleveland vetoed, and a hiring Supreme Court declared unconstitutional; the other known as the River and Harbor bill, looking to vast and needed public improvements, and Cleveland vetoed it also. In truth there was a third, forbidding this pudding pet of the gold lenders to issue any more gold bonds. To set them off on both sides there was the infamous Davis bill, which Cleveland wisely pigeonholed. Hence, nearly the whole business was a farce.

Still it is to struggle with financial legislation. So far is it from the truth that gold has an intrinsic value, while silver has no such value, that all students of national finance know that England adopted the gold standard long ago, because gold at the time of her action was cheaper than silver, and hence she could, by paying her debts in gold, gain a small percentage of advantage over her creditors; yet our patriotic statesmen are now crazy with anxiety lest we, as a nation, should pay England in silver, or at the rate of standard silver money, and so gain, perhaps, a similar advantage to that she gained long ago.

England is now vastly a creditor nation, and of course she wants her debtors to pay her at the rate of the most inflated value of gold coin. She is not a fool, but our statesmen are not only fools but rascals in this line.

It is not a question of honor. We have not promised to pay in gold, except on certain loans, but in coin, and even Bourke Cockran ought to know that silver is coin as well as gold.

It is perfectly natural for the European gold-bug vampires to want to be paid in gold, or at the inflated rate of the gold standard; but why American statesmen and editors should want to rob our Treasury, and our industries and our laboring men to pay these gold-bug vampires in gold, or at the rate of an inflated gold standard, is inexplicable, except on the supposition that they are well paid for their slave-like service to the gold-bugs.

If you will look into "The Theory and Practice of Banking," by H. D. Macleod, Fourth Edition, Vol. I, p. 155, you may read: "In 1717, Newton, master of the mint, reported to Parliament that the value of the Guinea was 20s. 8d. in silver. Nevertheless, Guineas were declared to be current at 21s.; and then, in the language of the mint, gold was fixed at £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce.

"Gold and silver coins were then declared to be legal tender for debts to any amount. But as gold was overrated by 4d. in the £, and silver was underrated by the same amount, merchants, in the course of the last century, universally adopted the plan of paying their debts in gold, in preference to silver, *as being the cheaper medium*. And, in accordance with Gresham's Law, the silver coins were exported, as being below their true value in this country. Gold thus became the recognized measure of value in England, though the *exchanges were reckoned in silver*; and for exactly the opposite reason, silver became the recognized measure of value in France.

"At the great recoinage in 1816, this custom was adopted as law, and gold was declared to be the only legal measure of value and legal tender to an unlimited amount."

So you see England took its gold alone, and France took its gold by the side of its silver when *gold was a depreciated metal as compared with silver*, and because it was depreciated; and yet they, no doubt, considered both gold currency and silver currency as sound money. And let that mouthing pettifogger Bourke Cockran know that what has occurred may occur again.

In a word, neither gold nor silver has any intrinsic or settled value other than that set upon either by the several nations of the world. Were all the nations to adopt a silver standard and demonetize gold, Bourke could wear his gold dollars for brass buttons—not that he needs any more brass. A silver dollar that the American government coins for a dollar, calls a dollar, and is willing to receive for all taxes, duties or what not—in a word, makes current coin or full legal tender—is worth exactly 100 cents for all purposes in this land; and the man that traduces it, calls it worth only 64 cents or, as in the *Boston Herald*, in August last, worth only 32 cents, is a liar and a traitor to the commercial name and honor of this great nation, and deserves to be hung as a traitor—far more than if he insulted the flag of the nation, or plotted a foreign invasion.

It is time to gag these conscienceless, irresponsible, ignorant, scribbling slaves of the gold-bug vampires of the Old World.

Four years ago, I pointed out the importance of having and holding an international convention, which should be empowered to act with binding force upon all the leading nations of the world on this very theme of uniformity of monetary standards. But the gold-bug vampires, who run modern nations, have prevented and will prevent any such an international convention.

The rascals who put that part of the plank into the platform of the St. Louis Republican Convention which looked toward an international convention that might revive a bi-metallic standard, or generally remonetize silver in an international way, knew perfectly well that it could not, would not and will not come about in that way. In truth, it has been stated over and over again in responsible American newspapers these past six months, that Cleveland and Cleveland's emissaries in London—presumably in the pay of the fellows who wanted to force another and still another gold bond issue—have been the greatest obstacles in England's way toward any steps looking to a more definite remonetization of silver.

Still, these rascally slaves, both in the Republican and Democratic camps, call themselves honest money men, and are just dying to save the honor of this nation. For God's sake, let them begin by trying to save their own individual honor!

God pity a nation that has fallen so low as to need saving by such an unprincipled, un-American and false-hearted crew! We not only have a right to remonetize silver, but it is our bounden duty as a nation to do so.

When has England or any other first-class nation waited to see what we would do before establishing its money standards or any other standards of value; and why should we, with the uncomprehended resources of a continent at our back, wait to see what they will do?

Let us do what is just to the vast majority of our own citizens, and know that this always will be best for the vast majorities of the citizens and subjects of all nations of the world.

It is time to quit running nations for the fattening of a few infamous usurers.

Of course, the two Presidential candidates are a part of the firm included in the Co. of this article.

I am loath to speak of these men and of the mere question of the coming election, yet duty compels me.

McKinley, a few years ago, proved himself utterly unsound and unreliable in his private business affairs. The story of his improper indorsement of another man's paper, beyond his own means, is old and need not be revived. In politics he is a fence rider on everything but high tariff, and with the aid of that he has once well-nigh wrecked this country, and seems anxious to do it again. Tariff is robbery of the poor man, no matter who advocates it or by what names it is called, and McKinley is, therefore, essentially the enemy of all wage-earning and laboring men; and he is simply the most pliant tool of all the gold-bug vampires, trusts, corporations, etc., that can possibly be found in the land.

He has neither brain nor honor enough to understand, much less to defend, the financial honor of the American nation. He is merely a trimmer, a time-server, and a political slave.

He was too cowardly to affirm or deny his sympathy with that corrupt, tyrannical and most un-American herd of ignoramuses comprising the A. P. A.'s.

He was afraid to declare for "sound money," as understood by the gold-bugs, and never has really done so, but is all the same bound to obey them if he should be elected.

He is an ignorant man, a shifter, a weather-cock, and an old hen at that.

He is a most dangerous man in politics, and as utterly unreliable as he is dangerous alike from lack of principles and from such principles as he has.

Mr. Hobart, of New Jersey, is McKinley over again, only three times more so; in a word, he is nothing but a pompous, padded slave of gold-bug-vampire monopolies, and has not even the marks that distinguish McKinley as a public though pitiable politician of national reputation.

Mr. Bryan has, in the first place, a stainless private career; in the next place he is clearly the ablest political man now before the American public. No man since Lincoln has shown such marked statesmanlike and yet such common-sense ability. He did not steal or buy his nomination, and did not sell himself to secure it. He simply spoke the truth in the ears of a vast audience of wrangling men, and fairly won the honors of an orator and a statesman.

There was no shuffling or deception. He believed in the free coinage of silver and its lawful remonetization—said it openly and bravely, and, as a vast majority of the Democratic party of the United

States agreed with him, they concluded to make him their candidate for the Presidency.

The "sound money" Democrats, the pals of Bourke Cockran—from Singerly, in Philadelphia, to the ignoramus who writes financial lies for the *Boston Herald*—are simply babes and rascals beside him.

That he will pursue a safe and conservative and perfectly honorable policy toward all men and nations if elected to the Presidency, I have not the slightest doubt.

That the free coinage of silver and its remonetization as a full legal tender in this country, thus re-opening all the mining interests of the country, will give an enormous impetus to every form of American industry I have not the slightest doubt. That the remonetization of silver and its free use by the Government in ten thousand needed internal improvements, while vastly increasing the general business prosperity of the country, will depreciate to some extent the present inflated value of gold, I have no doubt. But who will suffer from such depreciation? Only those who have unjustly profited by its unholy inflation; and it is high time they were made to suffer. It will soon have to come in one form or another.

The money-lender and his broker must learn in some way that they do not boss this world, and if they will not learn it in any other way they will have to learn it through revolution and blood.

That Mr. Bryan, if elected, will appoint able and cultured men to such public offices as are at his disposal I have not the slightest doubt. His career so far, his character, his ambition for the future, his own great abilities and his own culture as a gentleman, are all pledges of such action.

But who could McKinley appoint save the blood-suckers that have so long fed and fattened in the public kitchen? He is already the slave of Hanna and of Hanna's tools.

Every Catholic ought to vote for Bryan because he has re-declared in favor of the long-threatened constitutional principles of religious liberty in this broad land; and every Protestant ought to vote for him for precisely the same reason.

Every sensible man in the State of New York ought to vote for him if for no other reason than to rebuke the silly Republican upstarts represented by Roosevelt, Parkhurst & Co., and to condemn their tyranny under the name of reform.

Every laboring man and every wage earner in the United States ought to vote for him because, as far as it is in his power, Mr. Bryan represents not only free silver but free trade, both of which are necessary to the free and fullest development of the vast and untold resources and industry of which this great land is capable.

Every honest American citizen ought to vote for him, because he represents the truest, broadest, and most constitutional Americanism of the present and the future.

I have never voted for a Democrat in my life, but for the reasons here given, in brief, to pluck this country out of the control of sharks and thieves and put it under the control of the best and most American elements in America, I hope to vote for Bryan, and I pray God he may be elected and prove an honor and a blessing to the land that gave him birth.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

NATCHEZ PEOPLE BEFORE THE WAR.

SURROUNDING the inhabitants of Mississippi, and lying snug within peaceful environments, are riches of history more intensely colored by the nature of the country and its warm-blooded settlers than are to be found in any other portion of the Union, excepting Louisiana. From the time de Soto skirted the luxuriant valley of the Meac-cha-sippi, on through the French displacement of the Indians, and Spanish re-possession, before the standard of the silver lilies had disappeared around the bend of the great yellow river, this State has been the cynosure of many eyes.

The section around which lingers the aroma of story, and the center of every important move on the checkerboard of Mississippi's fortunes is the grand old Natchez district. Declining gently back from heights that overlook the river, through aromatic woods of magnolia, tulip, mulberry, walnut, gigantic oaks and natural trellises of grape and jessamine, this site, but for the obstinacy of Bienville, would have been to-day the proudest city of the South and West.

Ruled as Natchez was, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, by governors of highest condition, such as Gayoso de

Lemos, Claiborne and Don Stephen Minor, the tone of her life was greatly influenced by these men. The town, besides being unexampled in situation and enriched by alluvial deposits of the American Nile, included within her limits the now dismantled town of Washington, then a miniature, though most brilliant seat of government. This portion of the district was famous for its aristocratic families, its chateaux and vast estates, its garrison, its wine parties, the elegant punctilios of its cultured inhabitants; for its salons, wherein the flow of wit and flashing conversation would have done honor to the days of Madame Sévigné. Then was Natchez queenly! Queenly as she was always, in the days of her Indian monarchs and sunworshippers, queenly in the time of her planter nobles before the war, and queenly yet, though shorn of her early splendor.

This region, so noted a hundred years ago, drew to its heart and opulent swamps the best-born and most polished elements that Spain, France, England, Virginia and North Carolina could furnish. Among the never-ending stream of visitors were many distinguished people of the period. Louis Philippe and suite, with letters to Captain Guion, spent a gay season in the sunny city on his way to New Orleans. Lafayette, too, found homelike pleasure at Fort Rosalie (Natchez), so similar were the mansions and wide private possessions to those of his own country. Here also Blennerhassett and Aaron Burr anchored midway on their wild expedition to Mexico; and at a Washington court of justice the latter underwent the trial which proved to be but one more fateful stroke in his downward career.

Of the numbers who sought this "happy valley and hill of green corn, honey and venison," many of high birth and breeding remained. Thus it is that our ancestors, descended from and living in familiar intercourse with the flower of the world, dwelling in effortless possession of slaves whose names were lost in number, of lands that spread out beyond the orb of vision, and famous for a magnanimity of government native only to those born to the purple; thus it is little wonder that these men should have left children who were vivid expressions of their own individuality. The sparkling women whose imperial softness was as unconscious as it was charming; the soldiers, statesmen, orators, heroes, who defended their rights like men, who even when forced back upon desolated hearthstones, stood unyielding as so many storm-stripped

oaks in the proud exclusiveness which before their trial had known no pride to a friend and no exclusiveness to anyone who had ever sought their aid.

Of such people as these are the Minors, Chotards, Davis's, Quitmans, Dunbars, Surgets, Kers, Nutts, Rouths, etc., whose grandfathers were no less renowned for prowess in the Revolutionary War than their sons for services in the Confederacy and political economy of the South.

The Minors, now scattered over Louisiana, are children and grandchildren of Don Estebon Minor, major, and governor of Natchez, in the Spanish service. They represent some of the wealthiest and most influential sugar planters of the South, among whom is Miss Catharine Minor, World's Fair representative from her State, in 1893, and owner of the well-known "Southdown" plantation. The ancestral home in Natchez, "Concord," originally the governor's stronghold, was built in 1789, and was first occupied by the Spanish official Grand Pré. The place was purchased by Don Minor at his succession to Gayoso in office, and with its marble columns, flights of stairs and finishings hewn in some Spanish quarry across the seas, the old place has a curious bygone charm for visitors of to-day.

As the executive seat, occupied by men of high position, and in such troublous times resounding often to the clank of arms, still was "Concord" the scene of many a revel, the fashion of those years. Here Don Minor, who was a man of tact and judgment, conducted his state affairs with great diplomacy throughout a most difficult term. He lived in superb style and dispensed a royal hospitality with the courtly manner of his nation. "Concord" became the rendezvous for important people, conspicuous among whom was Gen. Wilkison, the highstrung successor of Gates in command of the Continental armies, and the man so vitally entangled in Burr's questionable Southern undertaking. But in the midst of it all Governor Minor died, and was buried, according to custom, within the boundaries of his own demesne.

The state of the place, however, was preserved in turn by Mrs. Minor and her son John. With the newer generations came to "Concord's" open doors, Jefferson Davis, Braxton Bragg, and S. S. Prentiss, who flashed out suddenly like a flame, whose voice was music and speech enchantment. Marvelous, beautiful Prentiss—with all the passionate love and following of his hearers—to die

in poverty and despair! Such were a few of the voices that laughed and rung in the governor's halls till the staunch old homestead was evacuated and left as she now stands, still and proud, and memory-haunted without the city of Natchez.

Allied by marriage with the Minors as with many of the inhabitants are the Chotards, descendants of the French officer Jean Marie Chotard and Miss Lofont, daughter of San Domingo's governor. This couple settled in Adams County, Mississippi, having obtained a large Spanish grant on the celebrated St. Katherine's creek, where they built their beautiful home, "Somerset," and from there Major Chotard, who was an officer in the Revolutionary army, sent out brave help in sons and other material aid to the Confederates during the civil war.

Near the same time and place as Major Chotard, settled a person who immediately became instinct with the interests of Natchez, and the man who was the first to sound the name of Mississippi along the higher lines of science and astronomy—namely Sir William Dunbar, of Elgin, Scotland. His chateau, "The Forests," in architectural and interior magnificence, bore witness to the tastes, culture and ancestry of the occupant. It was situated in the heart of wide-spreading, almost tropical woodland, where, had nature not already spun her sweet odors on the air, or scattered harmonious colors upon the earth, the gardeners of England and France had accomplished it for her. Here "The Forests" realized for Sir William all the elegance and freedom that England could afford; but while casting his lot in an alien land, neither seas nor primeval forests could separate him from kindred spirits of more familiar shores. Throughout his life he continued the friendly intercourse, begun in early manhood, with Herschel the astronomer, John Swift, David Rittenhouse and President Jefferson, and from his Natchez home swept out across the ocean those momentous discoveries in mechanics, chemistry and celestial science, which were hailed with such appreciation by his fellow scientists in Europe.

In 1789 Sir William was appointed astronomical commissioner by Spain, to establish boundaries; later he was raised to the chief justiceship of Quarter Sessions, and at the earnest request of President Jefferson explored the Ouchita, thereby adding valuable historical matter to the annals of Louisiana. He spent his later life in quiet among his children, and at his death left each a large fortune and princely "Forests" entailed, according to Scottish habit.

In 1859 the historic old place was destroyed by fire, and though the property is now in the hands of Sir William's granddaughter, the home has never been rebuilt.

General James A. Quitman, of a little later period, was born in 1799, in Rhinebeck, New York, though his mother was a native Curazoan, and daughter of the governor of that island. Mr. Quitman was a man in fortune's highest favor—wealthy, learned, of undaunted bravery and burning patriotism. "Monmouth," his home, represented the massive amplitude of the southern manor, beautified by terraces, common to that steep hill-country, and surrounded by grows of monarch trees; his wife was the noted coast beauty, Miss Tanner, of Natchez, who was chosen as a partner for Marquis de Lafayette at a ball given in his honor on the occasion of his visit to Natchez in 1829. But with all the world's fair gifts in his hand, Gen. Quitman was not to be enchained when duty called him. For 1833, hearing of Santa Anna's victories, at his own expense, and like a whirlwind, he gathered three hundred men and hurried across the country to Gen. Houston's assistance. When Mexico again drew out American troops, he was among the first to spur on to battle. With a generalship, now at Vera Cruz, he led his Mississippi volunteers with deadly effect against Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec. The gate of Bela went down before his resistless sword, and the city, overcome, lay trembling before the victorious Union colors. With a governors commission from the President of the United States, Gen. Quitman ascended the erstwhile imperial chair, as the first and only American that ever ruled in the walls of the Montezumas. After his return to Mississippi he was elected governor of the State, and signalized his term by measures of great importance. When his public life was over, the education of his children occupied his earnest attention, and the daughters now living—themselves mothers—relate with tenderness the father's firm insistence on their thorough knowledge of domestic science in all its branches; his intense love of nature, lessons from which they remember so well: the grafting and pruning of trees and plants, and the study of the constellations. The General's far-seeing intelligence drew about him many listeners; his predictions of civil war had already impressed themselves deeply on the southern people, and nurtured at "Monmouth" on his premonitions and consequent views were the principles of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Beauregard and Duncan—those men who

afterward made the Southern cause one dearly bought for its captors. But the trusty life of Gen. Quitman went out in 1853, and close in its wake followed that broil of battle which had so electrified many years of his life—followed even into the heart of his home; for beautiful “Monmouth” was transformed into a Federal headquarters; the mother and daughters living upstairs, surrounded on all sides; a negro regiment quartered in the yard below; furniture destroyed; the woodland cut down and burned. To-day the place is quiet, passive in spirit and appearance; no more does one hear the tread of warriors and embryo soldiers, the muffled step of countless slaves; no more do grandly martial and patriotic schemes take form within the stuccoed walls. In the gentle spirit of a Southern woman, Gen. Quitman’s daughter, Mrs. W. P. Duncan, a charming exponent of her father’s glorious day, is restoring touch by touch the ill-used beauties of her early home. Changed it is, but the old sweetness, the old relics are still there: the valuable library exhaling from its wealth of literature the disposition of its owner; manuscripts of Gen. Quitman, rich with personal observation throughout the Mexican war; and last a portrait where one involuntarily pauses—a picture of the lovely young mother, whose great brown eyes alone would suffice to give her the title she so justly bore. Gowned in the Empire costume of the hour, she remains still at the home of her triumphs, a daily evidence of her own fairness the night she danced with Lafayette.

This Natchez district, as we have already said, mothered likewise the Confederate President and gave the South her greatest patriot. His life is public property, yet there are some details of it familiar to only a few, which are not without interest. Peculiar as it may seem, Mr. Davis’ house, “Briarfield,” to which he took his first wife, Zachary Taylor’s daughter, never became a center of hospitality. Its situation was by far too remote, and as Mrs. Davis lived only six months, “Briarfield” became a scene of mourning and the secluded home of Mr. Davis’ studies and dreams. From here he was eventually drawn into the cause of the Confederacy. After his return from imprisonment the point to which he turned his weary steps was “Beauvoir,” on the Gulf of Mexico. Amid the sighing fragrance-hung breezes of the Gulf, the nodding roses, and under the shelter of giant magnolia trees and trailing beards of Spanish moss, stood “Beauvoir,” a rich, inviting old nest for the man whose ambitions had failed. But “Beauvoir’s” strength was

not that of "Briarfield," and already decay is seizing fast and greedy hold of it: trees are uprooted and thrown across the threshold by passing storms, and the yellow Gulf sands are settling round their prostrate trunks. The Warren County home still stands massive and unhurt.

The tinge of pathos which attaches to the life of Jefferson Davis finds little response in the gay, successful careers of the Nutts, Rouths, and Kerrs, who constituted by intermarriage numerous links in that noted Natchez circle. They were a powerful connection and had attained a position of great splendor long before the acts of secession.

The founder of the Nutts in America was William Nutt, high sheriff of Northumberland County, Virginia, in 1666. His sixth successive descendant, Rush Nutt, was the head of the Mississippi branch. He left the fox-hunting of his State for a sojourn in Philadelphia, but even the distractions of a city, the friendship of his godfather Dr. Rush, and of Benjamin Franklin, failed to content his unquiet spirit, and he eventually set out for the storied Natchez valley and bluffs. Already possessed of wealth, a man of culture, and a great Eastern traveler, he married Miss Kerr, daughter of Judge Kerr, of the Supreme Bench of Mississippi and founder of Chapel Hill College of North Carolina. The Nutt estate, "Longwood," was one of the wealthiest about Natchez. The house was four stories, with a basement, and an octagon hall whose dome was a hundred feet high, surmounted by a cupola taller than any churchspire in Philadelphia up to the year 1860. A superb view of the country, the winding, sluggish river and the boundaries of Louisiana spread out for miles below "Longwood." Surrounded by stores and all the treasures that money could buy, with libraries of *edition de luxe*, and amid a large family of children, Rush Nutt still found time for practical achievement. By the result of his experiments and personal investigation in all the cotton-growing countries, he laid the South and the whole Union under vast obligations. For after cotton had failed as a crop he combined the big Mexican plant with the Egyptian, producing the Nutt or Petit Gulph, which represents the stock of all the cotton grown in the United States to-day, except the Sea Island. During our civil war the Nutt property was laid waste to the extent of a million dollars, the heirs' claim for which has been admitted by the United States Government.

Surpassing all these, in opulence and sumptuousness of bounty, were the Rouths, of whom Job Routh was said to be the first Englishman to settle in Natchez. He was possessed of vast tracts of land in that district and around Lake Saint Joseph, in Louisiana, besides the celebrated home in Natchez. As his children grew up he established them not only with summer homes in Mississippi, but winter residences, to the number of fifteen, around Lake Saint Joseph. Here each family entertained from one to three families of relatives from Virginia and Kentucky, numbering on the guest list of these grand house-parties many names since celebrated, such as Charles Dahlgren, brother of Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, of the United States Navy; Samuel Dorsey, of Maryland; Clayton Pendleton, of Virginia; John T. Gilpin, a Philadelphia lawyer; and President Jefferson Davis, to whom Mrs. Samuel Dorsey (Miss Routh), afterwards left "Beauvoir" and three other plantations. All the above gentlemen married later into the Routh family or their connections, with the exception of Mr. Davis. With such a coterie, and many women of the rare blonde type—strange to the South—for which to inaugurate festivities, the Lake shore become a little court in itself. Nights and days ran over with pleasure. Money was lavished on epicurean dinners, served on John Routh's \$35,000 dinner service, illuminated by countless waxlights and wreathed in the roses and jessamines of Tensas parish. Balls, picnics, private horse-races, boat-races in which vessels were manned by gayly-garbed slaves, amused the generous and self-indulgent spectators. When summer came they crossed over to Natchez and spent the languorous days of the season.

Thus they lived amid the palmettoes and gray-garbed trees, the colossal ferns and perfumed flora on the shores of the Mississippi, till war swept through the country, when the Rouths had under plow twenty thousand acres of land, and owned eight thousand slaves.

While some of these places remained in fairly good condition, yet enormous losses, sustained during the war, made impossible anything like restoration to their former mode of life, hundreds of others were stripped of treasures or razed to the earth. Many of these Rouths and the Surgets who were driven from their homes by the Federal troops, suffered thus. When these once gay-lived people returned from their long campaign to where luxurious fire-

sides had favored brilliant carnival, they gazed with terrible grief in their eyes. Their homes? Their families? Where and what were they? A dark heap of ashes, a standing chimney, else deserted halls; no more did plenty roam; villages of black servants were dispersed; plantation churches stood with naked interiors and window openings, like gaunt eyes. Where once that joyful bell drew swarms of clean and happy negroes to their worship—now, ropeless and tongueless like some dark criminal's head—it hung mute forever.

Thus were the owners greeted!

And these masters, in the loneliness of despair, fled away forever, some to the fastnesses of Louisiana, others to the shores of France.

To-day the fresh horror of desecration has passed away. Nature's mourning robes of kindly parasite have softened the sharpest outlines ruin could fashion. Flowers and vines gladly clothe these tombs of hope, as a symbol of our new life, and though many planters up and down the Mississippi river gladly yield the net income of their rich acres for the simple working—still the South is waking—looking curiously about her after her long grief-softening sleep. All around she meets reminders—here a faithful slave, there a demolished home, further on a poor little cabin growing poorer every day, where a white-haired negro like a lion guards “the master's silver service,” buried long ago. With jealous, savage hope, suffering poverty, but clinging to his trust, he waits his master's return. But the master is dead. These are the things that place a cruel finger again in the healing wounds—but they, too, will pass away, and the South, gentler, more majestic than of old, purged of bitterness, will rise again, with a broader understanding of herself, of all her resources, and of the great continent that sat in judgment upon her.

LUCY SEMMES ORRICK.

Canton, Miss.

THE SONNET.

NEW-BORN, divine, complete, from out the soul
 On slender, radiant wing the sonnet flies
 And soars with liquid song to upper skies,
 Till it attains the rounded, rhythmic whole:
 Where luminous the silvery clouds unroll,
 Serene the sacred star of Wordsworth lies;
 In splendor Dante and Petrarca rise
 And shine with Tasso at the sonnet's goal.

Ethereal child, perfection's glorious heir,
 The farthest height of Milton knows thy wing;
 Infinitude of sympathy is thine,
 With heavenly rapture, earthly woe and care;
 In Shakespeare's beams thy love-notes clearly ring,
 And all thy flight is harmony divine.

ABIGAIL TAYLOR.

RACE PREJUDICE AND CATHOLIC FAITH.

I THINK that the two are utterly incompatible, but as they are often found together I am moved to consider the matter in the light of my own consciousness plus such facts as are immediately at hand.

By race prejudice I mean any impulse, feeling, conviction, bias of will or thwarted reasoning that prompts a human being to cherish or practice an unkind, ungenerous, uncharitable thought or attitude toward any other human being on account of race, shade of color, or nationality; or that leads any one especially to favor the human beings of his own nationality, race or locality.

Without boasting, or presuming to boast—for I have nothing to boast of—I can truly say that this magazine is read by many intelligent and critical representatives of all the nationalities and races now in the vanguard of modern civilization. And again, without boasting, but that all these readers may the better understand me—I can truly say that from my youth to this hour I have never felt, known, owned or cherished any race prejudice as above indicated or defined. Hence, perhaps, I am in some measure entitled to speak plainly on the subject.

Very early in my studies of the Scriptures I became enamored of the splendid philosophy of St. Paul, and many of his glorious sayings have been to me, for more than forty years, what the sayings of Dickens, Emerson and Bob Ingersoll seem to be to so many of the light-weight generation now attempting to instruct and control the world. In truth, the question of freedom or slavery of the body has never seemed to me to be worth one-millionth part of the consideration due to that higher question of the freedom of the soul, which, by every law of God and reason, can be found alone in voluntary and willing obedience to the teachings of Jesus Christ as expounded by his apostles and applied by the one and only Catholic Church of the living God.

In this line the great thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, which I hold to be the sublimest utterance of divine philosophy ever expressed by mortal lips or pen, seems scarcely more sublime than the third chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians, wherein, verse eleven, believers are taught that in this new Hierarchy of Redemption—this new kingdom of immortal love—this new church of eternal sacrifice—there is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all—or that all are one in Christ Jesus.

Having been imbued with this thought all my life, I have never found it possible to cherish a national or a race prejudice or preference, but have always considered men as men, to be weighed, loved, honored, in the exact proportion that they seemed to embody and stand for the eternal truths of Christian faith and Christian charity; and in this spirit alone I desire to unfold the question before us as it has reference to our own immediate Catholic and Christian civilization.

For the past four years I have had in the pigeon-holes of my office-desk a communication signed by a perfectly reputable, rational and responsible Catholic priest, claiming, in his own words, that

“Startling as it may seem, the Germans as a people have never been Catholics in the true sense of the word; they have always been ready to sacrifice faith for politics and worldly advantages. Even the much renowned Windthorst was ever ready to do this. I have abundant incontestable facts and figures to prove this. After the Franco-Prussian war the German mind was filled with the pride of conquest, and still dreams of new fields to conquer.

Those in this country followed the mother- or fatherland, and money was actually sent over here to make America German. This ridiculous and extravagant idea so took possession of them that a semi-secret organization was formed among them to accomplish that purpose, and the Catholic Church was to be made a vehicle to not only overthrow the English language, but to bring on a revolution in which the church ruled and dominated by Germans, should form a close corporation that would boycott and ruin all opposition from the American people. They even contemplated the active interference of the German Emperor in our politics. I am not drawing on my imagination, but writing sober history of the conspiracy. It received a set-back in the appointment of the present Archbishop of Cincinnati, which they tried to seize. That of St. Paul they were determined to have at all hazards, but before they could accomplish their designs, Ireland was made an archbishop. This was a thunderbolt; they had calculated with St. Paul to Germanize the whole Northwest, and here was their territory cut off and a most popular man put in the place of power and influence. Clearly something must be done, but where begin? They would compel Rome to interfere."

On the other hand I have recent communications signed by a perfectly responsible, reputable and devoted Catholic priest declaring that tens of thousands of the American offspring of German Catholic parents are being lost to the Church in the Northwest, simply because the policy of *laissez faire*, so earnestly advocated by Mr. Laurent, is allowed to hold sway in scores of so-called German parishes; that is, that German priests are allowed to do as they please regarding the teaching of the catechism, preaching and hearing confessions in German or in English, and that, as they prefer encouraging what Mr. Laurent calls the national bent or preference in America, these tens of thousands of young people, who are and who ought to be taught English first of all in our parochial, as in public schools, and who do not understand or care to understand, and who need not understand German, simply grow up in ignorance of Catholic truth in the English language, hence fall preys to all sorts of English-speaking Protestant and infidel temptations, and lose the faith which a practical teaching of it in English might and would have given them.

So in the East we have a very earnest man, the representative of many other earnest men of his own way of thinking, pleading for a perpetuity of the national speech, and habits of the French; and in the Northwest, where this policy of *laissez faire* has been given its own sweet will among the Germans—an American-born

Catholic priest protesting in fact that it is damning tends of thousands of human souls. We must try to take a broad and true view of these facts, remembering always that the Catholic Church is greater than any nation on the face of the earth, and that our loyalty is first and last to her.

I think that the underlying evil of race prejudice has a great deal more to do with the events complained of by the American priest whose name I need not and will not give, and a great deal more to do with the so-called tyrannies that have so exasperated Mr. Laurent than have any faults of mere ecclesiastical superiorism, and it is the policy of this REVIEW always to lay the axe at the root of the tree, not to chop at its twigs and branches. Time and again I have heard priests of Irish birth speak with great disrespect of priests of German birth, and apparently for no other reason than that they were Germans; that is, spoke English with a German accent. Time and again I have heard German and French-speaking priests, but more cautiously, declare their lack of respect for Irish priests, and for no other reason than that they were Irish; that is, spoke English with an Irish brogue.

Now, for the life of me, I do not understand this. I hold that a Christian is a Christian in the sense of St. Paul, that a Catholic is a Catholic in the sense of St. Paul, and that his relation to every other Catholic is so much more absolute, vital, binding and blessed than his relation to any nation or any national language, brogue or peculiarity, that I cannot conceive of a really true Christian, or a really true Catholic feeling, thinking or speaking with the prejudices indicated; yet it is beyond question that they do so. The same prejudice crops out in other ways.

In mixed parishes, where an Irish priest is in charge, he will be very apt to charge that the prevailing immoralities of his parish are due to or among the French Canadians, or the Germans as the case may be; and in other mixed parishes, where a French Canadian or a German priest is in charge he will be very apt to charge that the prevailing immoralities of his parish are due to the Irish.

I look upon all this as a sort of childish moral blindness, growing out of race prejudice. As a matter of fact, English, Irish, German, French, American, and perhaps Polish and Italian Catholics are pretty nearly on the same moral level, each racial type having its own peculiar vices and virtues. Again, Catholic scholarship, devotion, faithfulness, heroism are not the exclusive

properties of any one national set of characters or churches. In truth, as natural creatures, without the grace of Catholic faith, they are a bad lot, any way, and everywhere.

Vice is not peculiar to the English, the Irish, the German, the French, the Italian, the Pole or the American. They are all children of the devil until the divine gift and grace of Catholic faith is given them, by and through the Holy Spirit of God, and why an Irish Catholic should feel any disrespect for a German or a French Catholic, or *vice versa*, is something so absolutely ludicrous and unchristian that I am at a loss to know how men or priests can hold and express such prejudices and still maintain their self-respect, not to speak of maintaining Christian and Catholic faith, or of pretending to do so.

Here is a quotation from a French paper published in America, showing how an Irish priest will at times speak of French Catholics.

"I don't speak for you, my good English-speaking friends; I speak for these foreigners who come here to suck the blood of our country!"

In a word, here is one foreigner speaking of other foreigners as if they had all the vices, and he and his compatriots all the graces of American Catholic faith. But, in truth, his utterance is so blasphemous of all that is truly Christian or Catholic that I wonder he did not go out and hang himself, like Judas, after betraying the Lord of life and glory. For "inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these little ones, ye do it unto Me."

In a letter written to me by a friend in the West—a lawyer, a Catholic—two or three of whose brothers are priests, and whose family have all been Catholics for generations, the public words of an English-speaking, Irish Catholic priest are quoted as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a Catholic priest by profession and vocation; but my proudest boast is that I am an American citizen."

It is but just to say that this sentence was uttered before a mixed audience, in a public hall.

The Irish are brave as the bravest of mankind, true as steel to their friends or their chosen leaders, generous to a fault, noble-hearted. Their scholarship has been notable in world history for more than a thousand years; their loyalty to Catholic faith saved the Christian civilization of the world when Luther and Calvin and

Henry VIII set up their individual monarchies of spiritual rebellious tyranny. The Irish have done their full share toward founding, welding and wrecking this great American nation; but they have never had the faculty of large cohesiveness in national affairs; never the far-reaching, organizing power of the Roman, the German or the Anglo-Saxon races; and they never can dominate or rule this great continent—nor, for that matter, can any race or nationality of the Old World. We are a new people, bound for a higher and broader Catholic faith than the world has ever known, or bound for deep and eternal hell-fire!

But, in God's name, if any priest or prelate in the United States holds his allegiance to the United States as superior to his allegiance to the Catholic Church, "where are we at?" And what are we coming to? At no distant day we may all have to choose between the two. Let us hope not—but beware!

Three or four years ago, his lordship, now his grace, the Archbishop of Dubuque was reported by the newspapers as predicting, in a speech made, I think, in Chicago, that the United States would soon be a new and greater Ireland. What but race prejudice and race vanity of the blindest sort could ever provoke, inspire or delude an Irish priest into making such a speech? Intrigue and race prejudice are bad enough among us as things are, but such speeches are foolish enough to make angels swear.

If it really came to a question of race settlement of this great continent, there are enough Germans here to drive all the Irish out of it. If it really came to a race question, there are enough English on this continent to drive all the Irish out of it. And if it came to a dead-earnest question of race settlement here, there are enough American-born citizens to drive all the English, Irish and Germans out of the country, and send them back where they came from, the Italians and Poles to go along as body-guards. America another Ireland? God in Heaven forbid!

But why should there be any such question? This continent is settled by all nations of the earth; no one race or nationality has any especial cause to boast over what it has done here; all have helped and all have hindered the great march toward Catholic truth and Christian civilization: and when the native Yankee or American turns up his nose in contempt and abuses foreigners of any race or nation, he simply shows his ignorance of history and that he has been trained by the devil. The true American of the

future simply must be cosmopolitan, neither Yankee nor Irish, but Christian in St. Paul's sense.

Much more, therefore, is it true that, when any foreign-born resident or citizen of America abuses or attempts to discredit other foreigners, naturalized or not, he proves himself thereby an immodest, impertinent donkey braying at the moon. But even if this sort of provincial talking and writing were endurable in political and national life, it is insufferably unbecoming, unchristian and uncatholic in religious life. In Christ we are one, or we are bastards.

I am satisfied that, whatever of real tyranny there may be in the ecclesiastical hierarchy of New England, about which Mr. Laurent writes so vigorously, is attributable at bottom to this bane of race prejudice.

New Englanders have outraged and despised French Canadian civilization for the last three hundred years, and so good and gracious a man as Leo XIII, and such excellent representatives of him as are to be found among the New England hierarchy, cannot, even by Catholic faith and the grace of God, drive out this devil of Yankee prejudice in one generation or two. The marvel is that there have not been more tyrannies; all New England precedents are in favor of tyranny. No Yankee imagines that God or the Pope or the Church can teach him or her anything.

On the whole, I think Mr. Laurent—as I said in the last *GLOBE*—may have exaggerated his view of the case. Still, it is due to him to say here that he has offered to send me sworn affidavits to the truth of his statements. He has, moreover, named three New England prelates, whose specific acts of tyranny he is ready to swear to. I cannot use such affidavits, as I am not writing of individual or of special cases, nor can I foster any sectional strife. I feel sure that the American Catholic priest first quoted exaggerated his view of the ultra-Germanizing schemes of American Catholic Germans; nevertheless there seems to be no doubt that, within the last twenty years, they have cherished the dream of making the language of this continent German, and what but race prejudice could so blind their eyes? On the whole, I am inclined to believe that we may all be exaggerating the divisions that exist among Catholics in this country; that it is only a bit, here and there, of the “old man”—the old Adam, the old Celt, Saxon, Latin, Gaul or Teuton—left in us, and that at heart every Catholic

is a Catholic first of all and before everything else, as the early Christians were Christians before everything else; that at heart there is no Irish, English, German, French or American, but that at heart all are one in Christ Jesus, who is all and in us all.

Nevertheless, while I have this hope and feeling and am not prepared to devote the pages of this REVIEW to discriminations against any prelatical or other representatives of any race on this continent, or on any other continent—in fact, cannot do this, all my convictions being against it—I do not share either the contempt for or the suspicion toward Mr. Laurent that some of my contemporaries express. There simply have been insufferable tyrannies exercised by some of these New England prelates, and I am pleased to aid Mr. Laurent in bringing the perpetrators to the bar of intelligent Catholic judgment. I am thoroughly Catholic in my conviction, however, that each bishop is master in his own diocese; but in return, he also has his masters, not only at Rome, but in the ever-recurring sentences of criticism, based on a higher justice and charity than priests or prelates are sometimes governed by.

In an article published in the GLOBE REVIEW last year, Mr. William R. Claxton pointed out the fact that even in America the prevailing tendency was for English to marry English, Germans Germans, Irish Irish, etc.; and while this is true, the converse is also true, viz.: that English, French, Irish, Germans, Scotch, Italians, etc., often intermarry. It is also too true that many good Catholics have done their part towards whitewashing the negro race by methods alike contrary to good taste, good law and sound morals; but, regardless of all these lawful and unlawful miscegenations, I hold that true Christian Catholic faith lifts or ought to lift men in their minds and hearts above all race and national prejudices, and that character, not color nor race, should mould our estimates of one another and be the sole ground of our approval or disapproval of ourselves and of our fellow-men.

In our better moods and moments St. Paul's philosophy not only commends itself to our reason, but takes possession of our wills and lives. A few years ago I was much impressed with the rendering of High Mass in the beautiful little chapel of St. Viateur's College on St. Patrick's Day. A Frenchman, an Irishman, a German and an Englishman were all officially assisting, and a French Canadian Doctor of Divinity preached the eulogistic

sermon in honor of the Irish saint. I am quite sure that the selection was without any design on the part of the accomplished President of the College. It simply happened that on that day these representatives of the different nations mentioned were on hand and that their turn had come; and I remember saying to myself on that day, in view of such a scene as this, how beautiful are the words of St. Paul! And in the light of them how petty, little and contemptible do all our miserable race prejudices appear.

But priests cannot be always saying mass and people cannot be always attending mass. Still, in one sense, we are always in the Divine Presence.

I do not mean to intimate that in the case referred to all race marks and prejudices were banished from consciousness, much less from the manners of the celebrants. Even in his highest moments of cosmopolitan and Christian consecration the Frenchman cannot forget that, according to his own estimation, he is the most refined person on earth, though all the while he may have marks on his person very offensive to a sensitive Englishman. Again, at the same altar and in these higher moments the Irishman may be indulging in a sly wink at his neighbor, present or absent, and plotting some horse-play or planning for the scalp of a purely imaginary foe. These are the ear-marks of his race. He is their victim, not their creator. Circumstances beyond his control have, long ages ago, planted them in his mother's milk and in the seed out of which he sprang.

At the same moment there was and there always is a stolid, half-silent, but very pronounced and ponderous consciousness and mannerism in the German to the effect that if he is not master of the Universe, he ought to be. His vigils and his victories have taught him so much, but his many defeats have given him a certain gross modesty in expressing the same.

On the same occasion, as on every occasion, high or low—the higher the more certain the consciousness—the Englishman trod and always treads the earth as if he owned it all, altars and the stars included. These men can none of them help their natural or racial inheritances; but I hold that a morally cultured man, a Christian man, a Catholic, imbued with the refinements, not merely of such pious observances of devotion as the Church prescribes, but imbued with the grace of real faith and charity—not to speak of an educated

Catholic, acquainted with all the great accomplishments of all the leading races and nations of the world—is not only bound to be cosmopolitan and Christian in St. Paul's sense of the term, but that unless he has these broader and deeper graces his pious observances are practically vain. In a word, charity is the end of faith. For the development of charity all churches, all altars have been built, all sacrifices made and the soul that has faith, but not charity, still is damned. I am speaking philosophically and psychologically, not dogmatically. I am aware of the ruling of the Church on this point. But I am not writing dogma or of dogma, but fact and of facts.

It is the condition of the soul, not its belief or its acts of piety that stamps its eternal destiny. Doubtless these acts mould its condition, and with all my heart and soul I know that true charity cannot exist without true faith. But I must not linger here. Some day I will devote a few articles to faith and theology, just to please the pedants who think they have that sphere all to themselves, but now I am dealing with the ideal of Christian Catholic life.

One of the ablest articles that has appeared in any American Catholic magazine for a good while may be found in the last June *Rosary*. It is called "Slaves Black, Red, White and Mixed," and is by John A. Mooney; but it is full of race prejudice. In his zeal to make the English appear far blacker than they really are the author fails to state the fact that slavery was the inheritance of all ancient civilizations; that centuries before England became a ruling power in the world, and when Ireland, under the preaching of Saint Patrick, had already become somewhat christianized, English virgins were bought up and shipped to Ireland as slaves for the Irish.

Again, in dealing with the early settlements of this country, in order to make England's relation to the slave trade seem blacker than it really was, this writer whitewashes the dastardly slave-huntings, slave-chainings, slave-debaucheries and slave-murders of the average Spanish Catholic merchant and explorer—and emphasizes the teachings of Las Casas and the sympathetic utterances of Isabella, as if they were the stock in trade of the average Spanish Catholic of those days.

In a word, mere hatred of the English—because they whipped the Irish and brought them to some sort of order, when said Irish were cutting each other's throats—is so strong in this author that

he, unconsciously perhaps, but very wrongly, twists all history and makes it a lie in order that he may give the English a dig and run off and laugh at his own clever infamy.

I must add here that this is a crying fault and weakness of very much of our American Catholic literature.

We can hardly ask or expect Ireland to love England with any especial fervor. The conquered is seldom devoted to the conqueror. But Ireland has only suffered the fate of many other weak nations, time out of mind. The Britons themselves were conquered by the Romans—later by Norsemen, Saxons and Normans, that is, by French Norsemen; but the British survivors have long since ceased to hate their conquerors—much less to plot in the dark against the surviving kingdoms whence their conquerors came. And I hold that in the hearts of true Catholics every race prejudice dies by virtue of his faith and the grace of God.

If the American Irish are really aching to whip and annihilate England, as many of their actions seem to imply, why do they not give up their fat fortunes made under the American government, resign their holdings in the Church, hire a Diogenes tub, sail the Atlantic like men, and put their little noisy ambition into actual fact?

I am not averse to such an undertaking. The English need a whipping. The tools to him who can use them; but any savage, common cur, or jackal can plot and bark and yelp, and, like a sleuth-hound, spring in the dark upon the back of its foe.

There appear to be grounds for fear that the Popes themselves have not always been free from narrow policies growing out of family and race prejudices. Within the last five years Irish American priests have complained to me that His Holiness, Leo XIII, spite of his admitted breadth and greatness, and purity of soul, is given to spending lavishly on the building of expensive and needless churches in Rome, while the money and the churches are much more needed in America and Ireland and elsewhere. Indeed it is difficult to think of Popes like Alexander VI as having any of the true principles of Christianity, and the following facts are somewhat startling.

To put the case in general terms a recent New York journal stated that more than one-half of the cardinalates and the higher honors in the gift of the Pope are held by Italians.

In view of these facts who can doubt that race prejudice has a

vast and blighting influence even over the heads of the Church at Rome?

As I am of Anglo-American birth and training I purposely avoid emphasizing the good and prosperous qualities of my own race. But touching the not long since cherished dream of making German the language of America, the following statistics are of interest. We clip from *The Educational News* the following facts and figures concerning the English language :

"Three centuries ago it was employed by less than 3,000,000 people; to-day it is spoken by over 115,000,000 people in all parts of the globe, and is constantly increasing, both as to population and territory. At present it is distributed as follows: United States, 65,000,000; British Islands, 38,000,000; Canada, exclusive of French Canadians, 4,000,000; West Indies, British Guiana, etc., 1,500,000; Australasia, 4,000,000; South Africa, India, and other colonies, 2,500,000. This includes only those whose mother-tongue is English, no account being taken of the vast number who speak English but who have another tongue. The increase of English speakers is calculated to be fully 2,000,000 annually. No other language of modern times has made such rapid progress. Three hundred years ago the 3,000,000 people who spoke English resided principally on the British Isles. Now it is spoken more or less in nearly every country on the face of the earth.

"The principal languages which compete with English, not considering such as Chinese and Hindostanee, are French, Spanish, Russian and German. French is practically stationary as regards the number of its adherents; Spanish is largely spoken in South America and the southern part of North America, but it owes its prominence to the colonizing genius of its speakers; where German is introduced it rapidly gives way to the native tongue, generally English; Russian, like the German, has little influence upon the Western civilization. It is a remarkable fact that while the English in their colonies and offshoots have absorbed millions of aliens there is no record of any great body of English speakers having become absorbed by any other race. In the United States there are millions of Germans and other foreigners who have become merged with the English in a single generation, they losing even their family names; and the children, in many cases, do not understand their parents' language. In Canada, however, the French-speaking population is increasing faster than the English-speaking. This is not because the French element absorbs the English, but because it crowds it out. While the French is seldom absorbed by any other tongue, it is almost always absorbed by the English.

"The English has practically driven the French out of Egypt, and it is rapidly driving the Dutch out of Africa. This has been accomplished in Egypt within a dozen years. The change in

Africa is being effected with even greater rapidity. As the English-speaking settlers rush into the new country, the Dutch and other languages, which are rarely to be met with, drop into the backwoods and are finally lost."

These figures speak for themselves and, like the men of the Anglo-Saxon race, need no trumpeters.

We will simply force all nations of the earth to justice, truth and charity in the long run, and every sycophant lackey will find his true place as this language becomes the language not only of commerce, but of faith and philosophy and the highest and most angelic, ideal dreams.

I really have little or no sympathy with Mr. Laurent in his urgency for a *laissez faire* as to language or other matters in the dioceses of New England or elsewhere. The English language is the language of this North American Continent, and the sooner all governments, colleges, churches, schools and missions are run by it the better for all concerned. In all English-speaking countries I would have the philosophy and theology of the Church taught in English. It is time to be rid of the notion that you can think and teach philosophy and theology only in Latin. I would also have the Mass said in English in these countries. I know that this will provoke the pedants and that they will think me a mere Catholic baby without true knowledge of what I am writing, and that they will begin to reinstruct me as to the meaning of the Mass, etc. Just so I think many of them mere rhetorical and sonorous wind-bags, without any true knowledge of the English language or of the true sublimities of the human soul.

I think that the state of things pictured among the Germans of the Northwest is an irrefutable argument against Mr. Laurent's plea for a *laissez faire* among the French Canadians; nevertheless, I am wholly in sympathy with him in his plea for justice and against tyranny, and know that he has grounds for his severe complaints. I am opposed to any more German or French Catholic colleges in this country, though heartily in favor of German and French professorships in all our English colleges. I think Mr. Laurent in part right, in part wrong.

It is hardly for me to suggest a general plan for these New England and other prelates, but I will venture to do so. It is plain that when the prevailing type and language of the older people of any Catholic congregation are French Canadian, the senior priest

in charge should be a French Canadian—absolutely and no excuse for violation of this law—and the same is true of the German and other foreign-speaking congregations in all parts of this country. And any prelate who wilfully overrides this obvious law of common sense, of common justice and common charity ought not only to be exposed in the newspapers, but pursued and pelted with hard facts clear to the judgment-seat of the Vatican until he becomes a reasonable man.

On the other hand, French Canadians, Germans, Italians and what not, living in this country, should not forget that English is the language of the country, and is bound to be so; and as they all make efforts to learn enough English to conduct their various business avocations in English, so should they studiously make efforts to understand their religion in English. Further, while the senior pastor in all cases included in the foregoing class should be as indicated, it seems to me that the bishop of every mixed parish is bound to consider also the fact that the children born to these foreign parents *in America are Americans*—not Germans or Frenchmen or what not—and that these children will, by force of unyielding circumstances, be obliged to make the English language their own language from the cradle to the grave. Therefore, the assistant pastor in all such cases should be an English-speaking pastor, capable of instructing and bound to instruct the youth of each congregation in catechism and in all the rites of the Church in the English language. And where there can be but one priest, he should speak the foreign language to the aged foreigners and the English to the young.

From lack of this, and from the *laissez faire* that Mr. Laurent pleads for, tens of thousands of German youth have been lost to the faith in this country; and as New England is sharp-sighted and practical, it has doubtless resolved that the same thing shall not occur in New England. To this extent I am with the New England prelates and against Mr. Laurent and the French Canadians; but in all their pleas for justice I am with them, and at the proper time may publish many facts, showing why I am with them.

I have no official information regarding the reports recently published in the "secular press" to the effect that the representatives of the American Catholic hierarchy had sent a united protest to Leo XIII against the appointment of another Italian as the Papal

ablegate to this country. But whether the report be true or false—and in the nature of things we must remain in ignorance of this point—the salient thought involved in the report is very pertinent to the subject I am considering. Whether such protest were sent or not, the new appointment seems to have been made in disregard of it.

I mean no personal or other disrespect when I say that the most charitable view of American Catholics touching the appointment of Mgr. Satolli to the position in question is that it seems like a case of very pointed race prejudice, in a word, of personal and Italian favoritism. This view of the case becomes still more plausible when we remember that Mgr. Satolli was made a Cardinal while in America and in preference to three or four American aspirants for that honor, any one of whom was and is an abler man than the Italian Cardinal.

No intelligent Catholic presumes for a moment that Mgr. Satolli had any special knowledge of American affairs that might have justified the appointment on rationalistic or diplomatic grounds. In truth, every intelligent American Catholic knows that he blundered hand over fist in many American affairs. In spite of all these facts he was made a Cardinal, as I have said, and, as seems clear, in the same line of race prejudice that has kept more than half the exalted honors of the entire Church for Italian heads.

Do not be frightened. The Pope, in his ordinary acts, is not above criticism. If some of the Popes had lived in New York, with swarms of reporters thirsting for sensational items, the Church as a whole might have had less to repent of in these late days.

In a word, though usually an advocate of foreigners when they are abused by Americans, I am in this instance wholly in sympathy with the reputed movements of the American hierarchy in protesting against any more Italian or other foreign ablegates to this country. If they are sent, however, we, as good Catholics, must and will obey them.

In all the hierarchy of Europe there are not three prelates more entirely competent in all respects to be intrusted with the superior management of Catholic affairs in America than their Graces, the Archbishops of New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. These prelates are the spiritual heads of really vast dioceses. Each one of them is a wise, erudite, far-seeing, scholarly and diplomatic executive; each one of them is Catholic—first, last and all the time and

everywhere; and neither one of them is afflicted with any obnoxious, cranky or "liberal" notions. The three together would make a splendid archiepiscopal triumvirate of Catholic management for American affairs.

Any one of them that the other two or the Pope might appoint as his head in their councils, would make few, if any, blunders, and would be an honor to the whole Catholic Church in America. In truth, I should be delighted to know that any one of them was to be the next occupant of the Papal throne. New York alone is of more importance to the future Catholic Church than the whole of Italy.

I am utterly opposed to all discrimination against foreign immigration, and to all abuse of foreigners, and to all injustice regarding them. But it is high time we were done with the idea that the Catholic Church is an appendage of Italy, and that we learned and applied the full meaning of St. Paul's words.

The tides of time are changing. Italy, France and Spain, the old strongholds of Catholic faith, are now only third-class powers, and they are all losing, rather than gaining, influence among the nations of the world; while England, the United States, Canada and Australia—all English-speaking countries—are destined to vast increase of dominion, and are clearly to lead the true and only Catholic sovereignty of the immediate future ages.

Let us welcome all races of men to these shores. Let us teach them how to speak, and how rightly to use the English language for all purposes of commerce, philosophy, theology, art, science, poetry and religion, until race prejudice is forgotten in the one immortal, all-conquering charity of the Saviour of the world.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ITALIAN VS. GERMAN OPERA.

THE February GLOBE contained an article entitled "German Opera in America," in which an effort was made to prove the superior value of this school of opera, as opposed to what is called the Italian. A careful reading of it convinced me that but scant justice had been done to the opposing side, and that, further, the arguments in favor of the German side had not been well con-

sidered, and really misrepresented the case. No further authority is claimed for this criticism than my own individual opinion.

In the first place, it appears that there is an error in the terms used, "German" opera as opposed to "Italian" opera. It seems to me that a much clearer and fairer distinction would call for the names, "Modern" opera, meaning that of the last thirty years, and the "Old" opera, comprehending the bulk of what was written before that time. The name "German" is largely a misnomer from the fact that many of the operas of the class here called Italian were written by Germans, as well as other nationalities. For this same reason, "Italian Opera," in this instance, is equally a misnomer.

The writer of the article mentioned has really endeavored to prove by argument that the modern music drama is infinitely superior to the old style of opera, which is, after all, nothing but a libretto containing a large number of lyrics for which music has been composed with the sole idea of making a collection of pleasing arias, choruses, and so on, without endeavoring to suit the exigencies of the situation by suggestive music. The writer has proved very thoroughly that this is her opinion, but more than this I cannot say. The whole argument is based upon the superior instructiveness of the so-called German school over the so-called Italian. I do not believe that music instructs; I cannot understand how it can. The utmost limit to which it appears that music can go in this direction is to add color to the picture that is presented in the words that are sung. Perhaps the case is similar to this: In picture books for children we frequently see an utter absence of proper coloring. It appears that the artist has thrown on his colors with such a lavish, though indiscriminating, hand that in the picture we find green horses, blue cows, purple houses, etc., etc. The drawing is probably perfectly correct, though much of the effect of the picture is destroyed; still, the drawing is by far the most important part. The coloring is entirely subsidiary to the sense. The most beautiful combination of colors possible has no meaning beyond mere beauty. It seems to be much the same with music. Lively measures indicate life as bright colors do warmth, and plaintive music portrays sadness as dark colors do sombreness. The word sadness stands for an emotion which may result from a thousand different circumstances, but without knowing which of these is responsible for the condition

it is an empty term. Music cannot particularize; it cannot draw; it can only color.

Therefore, if modern operas are more instructive than their older competitors, this quality must lie in their action or dialogue. Let us take some of the works of the apostle of modern opera—Wagner—and discover wherein lies this great capacity for education. Since he repudiated all of his earlier works, we will look at some of the later. In “Tristan und Isolde,” for instance, it is very difficult to discover wherein one would be benefited by this instructiveness. Is it that we are to believe that illicit love is to be glorified? Shall we be convinced that it was an error to have thrown off our belief in charms and love potions? Are we to be impressed with the beauty of deceit? In all of the Tetralogy, “Das Rheingold,” “Die Walküre,” “Siegfried” and “Götterdämmerung,” we have before us—greed, lust, incest, blood and what-not that is neither edifying nor inspiring.

However, if Wagner repudiated his earlier works, such as “Der Fliegende Holländer,” “Rienzi,” “Tannhäuser,” they had already been given to the world, and are among the loveliest of operatic creations. In these, however, a far healthier spirit prevails. In “Tannhäuser,” we have the struggle between Venus and Rome; between unholy love and the asceticism of the Church. Surely no picture can be more inspiring than we have here; no finer upholding of the good over the bad. But this is the story of the opera; its beauty and truth would be just as apparent were there no music. The music embellishes, it soothes, it fires; but were we to hear it alone, we would probably feel just as much elevated by the Venus music as by any other in the opera.

The instruction then must come entirely from the action or poem. With the music, however, the case is entirely different. Here we can have only beauty. No finer work has been done by any of the composers than is found in the scores of the modern operas or music-dramas. Every one of Wagner's is a masterpiece, and to his must be added Verdi's last works, and those of Goldmark, Gounod, Rubinstein, Leoncavallo and many, many others. All of this music is inspiring if what it sings may not be. It is instructive too, to advanced students of music, but to others it is only delightful to the last degree.

Let us now look at the other operas, at the mere mention of which our writer cannot suppress a sneer. Are they utterly bad?

Are they unworthy of representation? Let us first consider the question of the mission of all music. We cannot afford to be too learned on this subject, as that would involve us in depths far too profound for the present purpose. Music, then, appeals to the sense of hearing, as fragrance to that of smell, or sweetness to that of taste. I know it does more than either of these, but this much it does. Music to the ordinary individual, in fact to nearly everyone, is a pleasant relaxation, a purely sensual delight. It soothes as does the gratification of any other sense, and it is only in the case of those who have a knowledge of the theory of music, that it can go further. With all others it must be as I have said. It may be held that the hearing of sacred music will immediately bring to one a sense of the religious, but while that is freely admitted, let us say that this is so only because we have associated this sort of music with religion; because we are accustomed to hear it in churches. Does not the odor of tuberoses suggest funerals and death, for a similar reason?

Taking it then, that music to the great multitude means only a sensual gratification, call it high or low, as you please, it would appear that any music that can please is good. And why should it not be? Who is there among us who will dare to say that this music is good, and that this is not good? I will say, for myself, and for my taste only, that this is good, and that is not good; but you will have equal right to say that which I call good is not so to you, and that which gives me no pleasure, brings much to you; but we cannot go further than this, we cannot lay down the law for others on a question of taste and education. Then, why, if the old operas are considered beautiful and inspiring to many people, shall we take it upon ourselves to cry them down, and call them worthless? There are a hundred people of my acquaintance that find the highest order of pleasure in "*Il Trovatore*," "*La Favorita*," and others of this school. They would not walk two blocks to hear "*Die Walküre*." Shall I say that they have less pleasure from the first than I from the second?

There is this much that I will say. When we find that those people who have made a study of music, who have heard much music, say of certain composers that their compositions are masterly, we can believe that this music is better than the writings of others. It is better because it is more scholarly, because it is written with a thorough grasp of the material at hand, or be-

cause the musical ideas show the strength and beauty of genius. This, however, does not say that the other music is poor or bad, it only goes to the length of pronouncing the first better. It is difficult to make even this distinction, however. Without desiring to call particular attention to myself, I feel that I should say here that my taste is wholly for the works of the classical, and the acknowledged great modern composers, such as Grieg, Tschai-kowsky, Rubinstein. I positively do not like any other sort of music.

The star system comes in for quite a blast in this article. The cause for its rise and development is ascribed to the Italian operas. It is alleged to be anything rather than artistic, and, on the whole, a very reprehensible practice. Without going into the question whether the star system is objectionable or not, let us first look whether it owes its birth to the peculiarities of Italian opera. It seems to me that when a singer, or any other artist of whatever sort, becomes pre-eminent, there is a quite natural and eminently fitting desire to hear or see his performance. Some may desire to hear or see him simply because he is a celebrity; some merely because the artist may have become the rage, and they do not wish to lag behind the procession; some may wish to hear the interpretation of a great work by a great artist. Is there anything wrong in this? Does the cause of musical art suffer because all its luminaries are not of the same order? Is a performance of an opera less interesting because one or more of the participants outshines his fellows? When great gifts are given to anyone, the rest of the world wants to see or hear him whether he appear in Italian, German or French opera. The fact is, many operas have been written for certain stars to show their great abilities to even better advantage. It does not seem to me that Italian opera is responsible for the star system, for if there had never been any opera written in this style, we would still have had stars, and people would flock to see them. Is the star system harmful? What harm does it do art? Does the cause of poetry suffer because we have an occasional great reader, who attracts people who would never read for themselves the poetry they hear? Is one's appreciation of good music lessened because he goes to hear "Lohengrin" merely to hear Jean De Reszke sing the title rôle? It appears to me that if anything, the stars help the cause of music by attracting those who think they do not care for good music, and who afterward find that they do.

On the whole, then, it seems that the star system has its advantages, even as the so-called Italian opera has its advantages. Anything that gives us pure pleasure must be good. One man's meat may be another man's poison; but let each get the benefit of what does him good, and for heaven's sake, do not call a thing absolutely bad because it does not happen to please you.

M. N. WEYL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

ECCE HOMO.

As the stars encircle the world by night;
 As the blue sky enfolds it, night and day;
 As the flowers crown it, from June to May;
 As the sun inspires it with heat and light;
 So the love of heaven, from depth to height
 Of the boundless universe—ray on ray,
 And glory on glory—never astray,
 Blesses and binds it with purest delight.

And the sum of this splendor, never told,
 Never comprehended since time began,
 With eternal youth that cannot grow old—
 All shone in the face of that lonely Man,
 Whose God-like words were more precious than gold,
 And whose God-like soul only love can scan.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

GLOBE NOTES.

OF my own choice, though prompted, perhaps, by the remonstrances of dear friends, I am moved at the outset of these GLOBE NOTES sincerely to ask the pardon of any man who has felt aggrieved at any sharp thing I may have said of him in this magazine. At the same time I beg to assure him that I have never set anything down on personal grounds; never have desired to hurt any one; and as for "ill temper" and other vices of which my enemies accuse me, and some of my friends suspect me, they are simply not in my thoughts or feelings. On the other hand it may be well to assure these very people that if they persist in the

foolish courses I have condemned in this REVIEW I am liable to say worse things in the future than I have ever said in the past.

What I wish to make clear to every one is that I am warring against vices, foolishnesses, cranky notions, amateur and impossible reforms, mendacities, sycophancies, hypocrisies, ultra-patriotic and other American follies, over-starched vanities and overbearing ambitions and tyrannies in high and low places, and never against individual men.

When I criticise Parkhurst, Roosevelt, Wanamaker, or Cleary, Doyle, Slattery, Keane, *et al.*, it is not the *men* that I am abusing, but certain prominent follies that they happen to stand for, or to be associated with at the time. The only case that I consider it in any way even, apparently, just on the part of my critics to make an exception to this interpretation, is the case of Bishop Keane and the Catholic University at Washington, as treated in the May issue of this magazine. But even in that case there is no real exception.

Within six weeks of the date of that issue I had been in pleasant correspondence with Bishop Keane, and having finally secured his modest consent, I was intending to publish a little piece of his which he delivered at the Villanova College, on the "Philosophy of Literature." In a word, I thought the brief address—as reported—remarkably good as a simple introduction to the vaster and wider and real subject of the "Philosophy of Literature," as I have been planning to write about it for many years, and I fully intended to use that address in the GLOBE, but when, just before going to press, I found in another Catholic journal the striking expose of facts given, my editorial training taught me in a moment that those facts, with such comments as I might make upon them, would be vastly more interesting to 99 per cent. of the readers of the GLOBE than the Bishop's little paper on the "Philosophy of Literature" would be, and I had no hesitation therefore in substituting the one for the other.

Moreover, Bishop Keane has been so constantly paraded in Catholic papers during the past few years, as if he were of ten thousand times more importance than any one of a dozen other American Catholic Bishops whose names are scarcely ever in the newspapers, and yet whose abilities, every way, are superior to his own, that it seemed to me a duty on the part of the GLOBE to call attention to this very uncatholic anomaly. I do not presume, however, that Bishop Keane is responsible for the enormous amount of execrable puffing that he receives..

I confess that the enormous and pretentious name of the Catholic University at Washington, under Bishop Keane's management, has been a perpetual offense to my taste and judgment, as it has been to the good taste and judgment of thousands of Catholic priests in this country and in other countries. Why call it "*the Catholic University of America*," as if there were no others greater and nobler than it may hope to be for generations? Any answer that can occur to a reasonable man must be a condemnation of the spread-eagle motives that chose this title, and at the same time a condemnation of the more than spread-eagle methods that have boomed it away out of its proper, that is, its relatively important sphere. True greatness is modest even in architecture and the matter of names.

There is no great man at that university—except, perhaps, the Rev. Dr. Schroeder—to justify such a title. Certainly they have not students enough to justify the title, and it is only Bishop Keane's booming methods that have flung it like a picturesque and yet grotesque mirage against his over-ambitious skies. But pray do not call this abuse of Bishop Keane. I am writing against uncatholic and mere posing ambitions, not against Bishop Keane or any man, much less against "*The Catholic University of America*." The same sort of vanity is just as noticeable on the expensive stationery and other ear-marks of the Plattsburg, or Eastern Catholic Summer School. The august manipulators of that summer outing affair call it "*The Catholic Summer School of America*," and it seems to have many feathers of the same breed of chickens that have cackled so furiously over the unlaidd eggs of the Washington University. Many thousands of dollars have been wasted in flying both of these balloons; and, by the way, that was my meaning when using the term "*filthy lucre*" in my May article on Summer Schools and Catholic Culture. I did not mean to intimate that the priests in the van of that movement were in it to make money, and I hope they will dismiss that interpretation from their minds. In cutting my May article to lop off sharp points I left that paragraph too bare and so made a wrong impression. I regret that and apologize; but on the main points of the article, I am right and the amateur boomers are wrong.

* * * * *

Since the issue of the May GLOBE I have noticed various editorial paragraphs in Catholic newspapers, very adroitly rendered

to the effect that any person who abused "The Catholic University of America," situated at Washington, was not a good Catholic, was against the Pope, etc.—the Pope having endorsed it and granted it his blessing—and this is often the cowardly way people have of answering arguments and facts that let God's daylight in upon their presumptuous vanities.

I will answer these innuendoes in two ways—First, I greatly admire the site and buildings of the Catholic University at Washington. I approve of and am in sympathy with the idea of founding and developing a great Catholic University in Washington, the Capital of the nation, and I see all the grounds, diplomatic and other, that in all probability have influenced the minds of those engaged in the enterprise, and though I do not lay as much stress upon the latter thoughts as some other writers may, or as much as certain ambitious prelates may, in fact would not give a farthing for all the possible diplomatic points to be gained by close association with Washington for the next one thousand years, I can see how much they have an excusable fascination for minds otherwise constructed and engaged than my own; but to put up an empty barn and call it the Hay Loft of America is another matter. In a word, it is not the idea of the Catholic University of America, not the thing itself as far as it is worthy, that I have any criticism for—I am as much in favor of it as Bishop Keane or the Pope himself, and I heartily endorse the idea that it should not belong to any one order of priesthood but to the whole American priesthood, and my mention of the Jesuits was merely incidental. It is the bombastic, and to put it very mildly, the optimistic and spenthrift methods with which this pile of largely empty buildings has been boomed as if it really were the great center of Catholic learning in the United State, that I have criticised *and only this*.

Within cannon shot of my office I can count a half a dozen Catholic institutions of learning, in any one of which there is more scholarship, more piety, more ability of every exalted kind, and ten times more students than they have at the Washington institution; and I could name a half a dozen chartered Catholic Universities in America, any one of which could add all Bishop Keane's students to its classes without noticing that there had been any addition.

In the second place, if to criticise the Catholic University at Washington is to oppose the Pope, on the grounds mentioned,

then Slattery & Co.,—who criticise and abuse the *GLOBE* and its editor, and intimate that we are presuming or claiming to be something that we are not—are still more grossly opposing the Pope; for the *GLOBE* and its editor have distinctly the blessing and benediction of Leo XIII and set great store by them. But this is baby talk. That is Catholic which is Christ-like—and all subterfuges, vanities and worldly ambitions, though they wear the garb of office and smile like angels, are really the offspring of the devil and his imps. So let us take a rest on this theme.

* * * * * *

While visiting in New England the past summer I learned that the brave *Boston Pilot* had fired *two* vicious shots at the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*—one with a negro for gunner and one by the chief pilot himself; but as both shots were fired from a rotten ship and by evil-minded and untrained marksmen they fell short and never reached the object aimed at. Possibly the two or three hundred Bridgets in New England, who are said to be the main supporters of the *Pilot*—purely on Celtic grounds—may have concluded that the wicked Mr. Thorne has said some fearful things about the “nager”—as they used to call him; but when out of their pious moods I fancy these same Bridgets even might be inclined to say that it “sarved the black thing right.”

In truth there is no longer any pilot in Boston worth naming. A hundred and fifty years ago they used to have pilots in and around Boston, who were capable seamen every way—brave, keen-sighted and stalwart men. That was before Sam Adams, Ben Franklin and other rebels undertook to run the ship of state aground for their own emolument, and when Boston had other manners than those of the orang-outan. Even during the last one hundred years Boston has had some “right smart” pilots—with keen intellectual hind thoughts, though all of them were away off in their bearings.

The Wares, the Channings, the Robinsons, Peabodies, Elliots, Parkers, Longfellows, Holmes, Lowells, Emersons, Phillips, Garrison, Brooks, Sumners, Hoars *et al.*, have been capable pilots, as to their wit, but without any perfect and rounded view of God’s seas or their true horizon; and it is said by many that the late ex-Governor Russell was a “fairly-middling” man, though all wrong on the financial question; but, in fact, the children and the grandchildren of the real old pilots have now taken to white-

duck suits, and are playing tennis on Yankee-English lawns, with "negro ladies" on one side of the fence and white ladies on the other, as umpires, etc.

May the Boston *Pilot* repent and be converted, so that when Boston has some commerce again, or in case of war, the pale-faced negro ladies of the Hub may find suitable protectors. In these general reflections upon Boston pilots, I would make specific exception of the *Sacred Heart Review*, and its editors, all of whom seem to have gotten a new lease of life, and are clearly doing steady and good work, with a tendency to straighten the crooked and cranky concepts and complacencies of the ancient and everlastingly conceited inhabitants of Boston. Thus are the winds tempered to the shorn lambs, and by and by the stray youngsters may find the fold.

* * * * *

In view of the envious and contemptible slurs recently cast upon this magazine by Slattery and other officious clerics, noticed in preceding pages of this issue, friends have advised me to publish a list of the archbishops and bishops in the United States and other English-speaking countries that are among my subscribers, so showing that if it is not "responsible" to Slattery and the Paulists—which it never has pretended to be and does not intend to be—it is at least respected by a large majority of the American hierarchy. At first thought I was inclined to do this, but I refrain for two reasons; *first*, I do not think it proper to publish any of my subscribers' names, Catholic or Protestant, without their consent, and I will not ask their consent; *second*, as a matter of fact I have never counted the exact number of the representatives of the American hierarchy that are among my subscribers, and will not count them. I am, on conscientious and scriptural grounds, opposed to counting heads in any way that might either flatter my vanity or look like an imposing argument to induce other people to subscribe.

This magazine stands and from its first issue has stood on its merits alone; up to this date it has had no canvassers in the field. Its subscription list and its sales have been built up from nothing to among the thousands, solely and alone by force of its own momentum and energy, without the aid of solicitors, without any official imprimaturs or inducements, and without any offers of premiums. As I have stated over and over again, it has paid its

own way and earned me a living from the first number until now—and as its sales and subscribers increase I increase my editions, distribute more sample copies and spend my surplus in this way; so that, while I am as poor as when I began the work, I have in the seven years during which this REVIEW has been published, without the aid of any capital worth naming, and without any of the ordinary trickery, purchasing, canvassing, pleading, begging, etc., etc., all of which methods I am familiar with from much old experience with other publishers and publications, brought it to the earnest attention of nearly 200,000 intelligent people. Many of them swear at me, others pray for me and bless me, and help me in every way; but from first to last this magazine has taken different ground and higher ground than any other Review in this age. All this has been done with the utmost deliberation and forethought, and it has succeeded beyond my utmost ambition.

Many editors who have ceased to notice it because it has offended their cupidity or ignorance, read it all the same and are inspired and taught by it, and do not hesitate to borrow ideas from it without giving any proper credit. But I am not laboring for credit any more than I am for the counting of heads.

As a matter of fact more than three-fourths of the Catholic archbishops and bishops of the United States, as well as many leading prelates in Canada, England, Australia, and Ireland, are now and for the last four years have been among my unsolicited subscribers, and while I am sure they do not all or always agree with what I say or with my manner of saying it, they are gentlemen, and without a doubt feel that I have the same liberty to express myself in my way that they have to express themselves in their way. And perhaps it occurs to them, sometimes, that were Mr. Thorne in their places, or at the other end of the spiraphone which conveys their thoughts to the ear of Heaven, he might neither do, nor approve of, many things which they do and say.

I do not pretend to be immaculate or infallible, and I am in no hurry to grant these qualities to others. What is still more to the point, while full of unbounded charity for all human faults and failings, I am, perhaps, the last man on earth to take envious vanity, mediocre imbecility, asinine officiality, pinfeather pompousness, and verdant vulgarity for sanctity or wisdom; hence, for their own sakes I beg these upstart youngsters—clerical or other—to gag themselves a little, or put strong nippers on their wrists, when-

ever they feel inclined to get on their stilts, brandish their shillalahs or publish foolish articles in ridicule of the GLOBE REVIEW. I want to be friendly with all men, but I cannot stand and listen without rebuking the self-righteous and unblushing proclamations of the devil. Speak in your own tongue, gentlemen, and there will be no need of counting heads.

* * * * *

Speaking of the matter of counting heads, I have for some time been inclined to rebuke the growing tendency to do this in certain so-called Catholic quarters.

In a recent New York literary publication, the *Catholic Messenger*, that is, the additional and perfectly needless, useless and bantam, rooster-like publication of the New York Paulists, is quoted as giving some twenty names of their new converts for a single month. None of them are of special importance, and Moody would be far more justified in publishing the names of the thousands of converts he makes per month at so much a head.

Several valuable suggestions might be made touching this subject. *First*, it will not do to be too hasty in publishing the names of private or public converts. Better give them time to breathe and be sure of themselves before parading their names in the newspapers; that is, it is better on account of the converts themselves; in fact, where converts are private people it is very indelicate to publish their names, whether their consent has been asked or no. *Second*, it is well to wait and see how they turn out. Recently, certain brilliant geniuses in the West have been crediting me as being responsible for their conversion to the Catholic faith, but I should be slow to publish their names. In truth, they do not seem to have any more sense or any better principles than they formerly had, and I am not proud of their conversion; that is, up to date I am not.

In truth, I have met a great many Catholics not converts, but to the manner born, who have seemed to me to be very much in need of conversion by some power other than that responsible for their religion up to date; and converts from Protestantism need lots of patience and charity—myself for an example.

More than likely the Paulists may feel the same way on a closer examination of some of their trophies. *Third*, this thing of counting heads and publishing lists of the Lord's own hosts, seems to me utterly unscriptural and full of unchristian and uncatholic

vanity. Any student of the Old Testament may read and find in Samuel (18th and 24th chapters), and in Chronicles (21st chapter) that the somewhat vainglorious, but brilliant David, King of Israel, was led into this method simply that his vanity and ambition and his lack of perfect and quiet trust in the Eternal might be exposed and punished. I can see no other reason why the Paulists should have been snared into similar methods; and, as they seem to be flying various kites neither scriptural nor Catholic, I am inclined to put them on the right track.

I believe that the spirit, the example and the teaching of our Saviour are all against any needless display, either of our own piety or of the work we may have accomplished thereby; and it is perfectly clear to me that the spirit and habit of the Catholic Church are against the Paulists' new methods of puffing their victories into the eyes and ears of the world.

The Moody and Sankey people and the Salvation Army people may be excused for such methods. They are a vulgar, untaught crowd at best. They neither know the Scriptures nor any other standards or methods of refined delicacy of life; but for these Yankee Paulists, the newest fledglings of Catholic monkhood, to follow the methods of Moody and Sankey, instead of the example of the mighty soul after whom their order is named, or of any other honorable example in Catholic history, seems to indicate that they appear to have a touch of David's vanity, unfaith and blundering rather than any profound touches of the Holy Spirit or of refined Christian feeling.

Any amateur youngsters can spend other people's money by starting new and needless publications, but it takes able souls to make publications worth publishing, and worthy converts are not made in flocks by people whose methods of procedure show so many points of human vanity and contemptible littleness.

* * * * *

Speaking of converts, it seems that one of these Paulists recently had an article in their wind-broken organ, *The Catholic World*, as to how to treat converts and half converts, etc.

Let me offer them a few suggestions on this point: *First*, If the convert is worth writing about—a person of sufficient public importance to make it worth while to single him out for any back-handed, north-northeast suggestions, to be given in the pages of asthmatic magazines—it may be well to consider carefully in

advance what you say to or of such a person or such persons. Let your "treatment" show some sort of brotherly and Christian sympathy and politeness. Treat your convert with all due respect for his own abilities or worth. Try to understand all the special and peculiar struggles of mind and heart that he has passed through before he was enabled, by the grace of God, to take the step he has taken, and do not expect of him the same placid and often soulless automatonism of religious life that you have practiced all your days. *Second*, Bring your august, infallible and apostolic minds to query whether or not the convert may not know some things that you do not know: some things which it may be of the first importance that you should know; some impulses and methods that may greatly inspire and benefit you in your own proper and highest work.

The noblest saints, the wisest scholars, the most inspiring prophets have often been taught excellent lessons by little birds, by animals and by children. If I recollect correctly it was Balaam's ass that kicked a little much-needed wisdom into that prophet's conceited and stubborn head. "A little child shall lead them," is one of the profoundest lessons in all the Scriptures. The Paulist or other Catholic who thinks that he "knows it all" is ripe for purgatory or the next hottest corner of eternity, and had better get a through ticket, without stopping off anywhere, either to crowd his wisdom or his vanity into the slow heads of converts.

It may be well to remember also that, as a matter of historic fact, the converts to Catholic Christian faith, from St. Paul and St. Augustine to Dr. Newman and Eliza Allan Starr, have been among its noblest souls, its greatest minds, its profoundest thinkers, its ablest scholars, hence among its most useful and beneficent and successful teachers. In particular, the Paulists should remember that the only members of their fraternity who have said or written anything worth publishing, even in the *Catholic World*, have been converts. See? *Third*, In dealing with converts, the most important matter of all is to set them a good example.

It is true that Luther and Calvin emphasized the sphere of faith to the neglect of works and for the best of reasons, viz., they were both rebels and apostates, and at heart both were murderous tyrants. They had to be saved by faith alone or go straight to hell; and as they really had made shipwreck of their

faith, I leave their followers to seek them in the warmest climate known to theological geography. But modern Protestants, from among whom most converts to the Catholic Church are now made, have dropped the Calvinistic doctrine of salvation by faith alone and are great sticklers, at least in theory, for good morality. You cannot persuade them to be saved by faith alone—Catholic or Calvinistic. I think it was Mr. Matthew Arnold, one of the ablest representatives of modern Broad Church, Episcopal, Arminian Socinianism, who declared that character was ninety per cent. of true Christian life. I am not defending any of these heretics. I am simply intimating to modern Paulistic would-be saints and apostles, that Protestant converts are apt to look for a good example in all righteous and charitable living on the part of those who parade as their converters, and that it may be well enough to set them a good example not only for their sakes, but for the sake of the Paulists themselves.

* * * * *

In closing these GLOBE NOTES, it gives me pleasure to state that during the three months that have passed since the May issue, I have received more new subscriptions, more letters of earnest congratulation and blessing, and that a much larger number of copies of the magazine have been sold for actual cash than during any quarter for the last four years. So it would seem that the misdirected efforts of very Rev. Slattery, the Apostolic Paulists, the crude Colorado critic, the *Boston Pilot* and other kind friends of the GLOBE have helped rather than hindered its useful career.

Apropos of this statement, I beg that all my readers will notice the following: Orders for complete sets of the GLOBE are increasing all the while, and as I have only three more complete sets to spare and am entirely out of Nos. 10, 15 and 21, I shall esteem it a favor on the part of any persons who may have duplicate copies of these numbers or any one of them, or who may not be anxious to have complete sets of their own, if they will return any of said numbers to me; and whether they have received them as free and complimentary copies or have subscribed and paid for them, I will, if they so desire, be pleased to pay full price for as many as may be returned to me. Thanking all my friends for their kindness and praying for its continuance, I beg to assure them that I long to be done with such severities as mark some of the pages of this issue and to dwell wholly on higher themes.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE ADVERTISER.

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BIRTH OF THE DIVINE.

LAY SERMONS BY AN EX-PREACHER. TEXT—ISAIAH 9TH CHAPTER,
6TH AND 7TH VERSES.

“UNTO to us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end.”

Conception and birth are the great mysteries of life. The birth of a great man is always the crowning event of his generation, and the birth of the Divine into our human sphere is as if the sun and stars and all the flora of our planet united to produce a flower more beautiful than the rose.

In truth, the birth of a God-man—though familiar enough as a mythus to many generations of the men of all nations—is, as a cold fact, so stupendous, that only faith, the gift of God through supernatural grace, can hold to it as the guiding star of the human soul and the moulding force of all history.

But clearly this is the simple faith at the root of Christian belief and civilization. However men may argue as to the primal or entire thought in the mind of Isaiah when the beautiful vision of an ideal birth in the evolution of Hebrew life smote into the very fountains of his soul, no one but a person wholly uninformed or very wrongly informed as to the sources of the Christian Church can presume for a moment to hold that the fact of a supernatural,

divine conception—hence a supernatural divine incarnation through the Virgin Mary—was not the primal fact of Christian belief and life: “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God,” and on this rock the temples of time’s later ages have been reared.

In truth, it is most difficult, if not impossible, to interpret the words of Isaiah on any other hypothesis than that through the enlightening and uplifting power of divine inspiration—a breath of God in it—and hence of divine revelation—a ray of God’s own light in it; the prophet saw in a vision, as a mirage is cast on the forward skies, the one supreme event of all human history, viz., the actual birth of the Divine into our human sphere.

For “unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government or dominion shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace; and of his dominion and peace there shall be no end.”

Nothing but the birth of a God-man can properly interpret this language, and nothing and no one but a God-man can ever hope or claim perpetual dominion in this world or in this universe.

Of course I am, and for fifty years have been, familiar with the various interpretations put upon this vision by Arians, Socinians, and all kinds of unbelievers, but it is not my purpose to go over again the well-worn paths of dogmatic exegesis on this or other passages of Scripture. It is no longer my business to do so; my right to do so, even, might be questioned or denied. Moreover, I do not think any human soul was ever much benefited by all the learned exegeses ever made by all the most learned divines of Christendom. A deeper tale my heart divines, and another work than that is mine.

I am writing for people who do believe or who will believe, and my only object is to make all the foregleams of this most wondrous sunrise of all the ages, the dawn itself, and the after-glories of this great day of supernatural birth so ineffably beautiful, so simple, while admittedly so mysterious, so familiar, while yet so supremely above all human comprehension that a child or a philosopher may see the fact, and rest in it as the only resting-place of the wayward and wandering soul of man or of humanity.

There are only four ways known of bringing a human being into existence; first, by simple act of pure creation, as it is generally held the first man of the human race was brought into existence,

that is, by a divine omnipotent act, utterly above our reason and our experience, and without the aid of woman or man. Second, by supernatural use of the body of man, but without the aid of woman, and without the processes of co-habitation and conception. Third, by and through these processes common to the human and to all known species of living organisms. Fourth, by and through a supernatural conception, through the media and ministry of woman, but without the aid of man.

Of the first of these processes, that is, of pure divine creation, I am not here to speak; of the second and third I shall speak only in a general way, as these have their bearings upon the ideal dream of our race, the ideal fact, the sun of suns, the central core of infinite love and light and joy, around which all systems of thought, all systems of material suns and planets have already begun to revolve, and will continue to revolve in stainless eternal loyalty to all endless eternity.

Whatever we may think of the philosophical maxim—I *think*, therefore I am,—and it is certainly quite as philosophical to say—I *am*, therefore, I think, or, I am, therefore I am, or, I, therefore, I—the primal point being that of consciousness, and that this consciousness is proof of itself, with an endless, ever intricate web of cobwebs as to what this consciousness, self, or ego—body—clothed or unclothed really is. Let philosophers determine that. I am not a philosopher, at least not in this sermon—I am only a lay-sermon maker. A generation ago I thought I was a philosopher, as many a fool thinks of himself to-day, but now I leave philosophy to “Philosophers and Fools.”

We simply are, we exist, the fact is so palpable that none but lunatics can well deny it, and their testimony is invalid. The facts of a material universe—body of man, world, many worlds—space—immeasurable space—are also all so simple that only philosophers like Plato and Berkeley are inclined to sublimate it all into an Emersonian nonentity or a transcendental, non-extant Nirvana. I take it for granted that each man and each atom exists: that mankind and human history are facts, factors—substances, not myths; not hallucinations—not mere dreams, but dreamers of dreams; in fact, that the myths, hallucinations and dreams are themselves facts, to be accounted for, and I leave with Messrs. Plato, Berkeley & Co. the burden of proof, in a word—to demonstrate their own non-existence: that is for the ego to argue that the ego,

clothed or unclothed, does not exist; but even that is an easy after-dinner undertaking, compared with the life-long absurdities that many excellent philosophers have tried to make as clear as moonshine in a very cloudy sky. God bless them; but for my part, I am willing to let them alone.

Mankind and human history exist, and for all practical purposes it is of little consequence how they came into existence, or just what is the exact and true relationship of thought to action, mind to body, soul to life, spirit to God, will to activity; but it is of imminent, practical, immediate and eternal moment as to what processes have been more or less successful in the general betterment of the average condition of any one human being, or of the vast aggregates of human beings, known as races and nations. I mean a betterment of body and soul—of the total evolution of any one being, or of great nations of beings, from a lower to a higher condition of light, of peace, of moral power, of spiritual and ideal enjoyment. For the end of all human existence is sweetness and light, rest and peace, conscious illumination—conscious, though reserved power—sight, comprehension, ideal divinity, immortal wealth of soul:—union with the ideal, and perfect oneness with God. Moreover, it is clear, from all the so-called higher aspirations of all races and nations of men, that something of this sort has been the ideal dream of their existence, and that these higher aspirations, so-called, are so-called either because they have been given us from heaven through divine revelation and grace, or because observing men have found that certain aspirations of men lead to misery and others to joy—and as all men prefer joy to misery, those aspirations leading to joy and rest have been called higher, and their opposites lower—or for both of these reasons. I have no doubt that both reasons have acted throughout all ages to establish the validity of what we call the higher aspirations of justice, righteousness, charity, as being preferable to the lower aspirations or conspirations of injustice, hate and every form of wrong. I have no doubt, therefore, of the validity of the higher conclusions of the higher Christian civilization of the world as bearing on this point.

In a word—all nations of men—aided alike by divine inspiration more or less liberally bestowed in accordance with the absolute or fixed condition of each nation concerned—plus the experiences of all nations, have concluded that some things are

better and some things worse for mankind : that some things, as ideal beauty in nature, art, and mankind—especially in woman-kind : that ideal virtue, unselfish kindness, perfect truth and trueness : enduring and all-conquering charity—are among the highest ideal, yet actual dreams of existence to be realized by mankind.

In a word, that while all nature—from the simplest molecule to the ablest unredeemed man—tends to selfish absorption, hence to mutual internecine and eternal warfare—unto death—somehow there has crept into our race—our human race—a dream of unselfish love, of mutual ministry for mutual benefit ; of self-sacrificing ministry for the benefit of others, regardless of self. As I understand civilization, if it means anything it is to put the heart and core and sunshine of this ideal dream into the practical fact of everyday human life until men are no longer animals, ruled by animal instincts of selfishness—but Christians—practically angels—ministering to and living for the higher evolution into the angelic state of those now less angelic than themselves.

It is not that I will shoot you unless you believe as I believe, but that with all my heart and soul I will help you to believe as I believe, because of my certain consciousness that my belief has helped me toward an ideal life, and because I am sure it would help you also.

This I take to be the true kernel of all the battles of all the faiths of the world. It is not that the Catholic desires to tyrannize over the Protestant, the unbeliever or the pagan, but that he knows whom he has believed—knows that his faith is divine ; and knows that however poor an example he may have given of the sweetness and glory of that faith, it has helped him out of hell and may lead you to heaven.

But why all this ? Simply to remind you of the fact that in all times, in all nations, in all ages of the world, these ideal aspirations, dreams, revelations, faiths have come down into the masses of mankind through certain great and gifted, inspired, and more or less divine individual human beings—that they are not mere dreams, aspirations, faiths, but that great souls have put them into actual fact, and have been held great in all nations in the exact proportion as they have put the very highest of these ideal dreams into an actual fact in their own lives.

Hence it is that poets, with their dreams of beauty ; poet-

prophets with their dreams of human loveliness of soul ; prophets, seers, with their persistent dreams and assertions in favor of justice and righteousness ; hence it is that martyrs who have died for ideal truths ; apostles who have died for ideal righteousness ; saints of all grades who have lived and died for some ideal of virtue, are held in reverence even by our generation ; and hence it is that Jesus himself, who died for the highest conceivable ideal, divine dream of self-sacrificing, immortal love, is exalted as the morning star, the fadeless sun, the immortal glory of our race. Hence it is, also, that these have all risen higher in the love and admiration of the race than have any of its kings or warriors, because what we call moral greatness is infinitely greater in itself and in all its ministries than martial greatness. And hence it is that the birth of a great man becomes the leading event in his generation.

Hence also the thought back of all this—that how to evolve great men, becomes the question of all evolution in the eyes of God and man.

Even the birth of a leaf or a flower—how wonderful ! how beautiful ! What a paleness of silent energy of labor is at the heart of the humblest birth of nature ! How the little first leaves of a branch of maple, or of oak, blush to redness as their cheeks are first kissed by the sun, and through all nature—this almost agony of intensity and tender beauty of birth is manifest—the more complex and wonderful in proportion to the greatness or beauty of the plant or flower to be evolved. All nature repeats this mystery of new birth every year, and now and then the birth of a divine human soul makes all the heavens radiant with glory.

I have seen giant oaks at the dawn of day—when just clothed with their first whiteness of bridal dower of springtime—look like legions of angels welcoming the warm breathings and beauties of the morn. So white and then so crimson are the energies of nature at each new hour of the births of the world.

Again, how docile—how human, almost superhuman, animals become immediately preceding and for a longer or shorter time after the birth of their young ; and what a world of joy it is when the lambs skip in the fields ; how fleet—how almost winged, is the motion of a colt at play. What a strange new existence when little birds break the shells that held them and begin to take on their wings, and when they begin to fly.

Birth is the new music of creation, the joy of the whole world.

What a crime is it to begrudge the coming of a child; what a tender glow of glory haunts the face of the mother who is expecting her first-born! What an infinitude of light, of wisdom, lives beneath the eyelids of an infant child! What love paints the lines of its lips with heaven! What a nameless radiance must have clothed creation when the real Christ was born!

Birth is a dream that angels may not dream. In its sweetest essence it is known only to mothers. God pity the poor wretches of our time, who, while claiming to be women, despise this glory of motherhood—the greatest glory given unto any created being. Is it any wonder devout souls should worship the mother of the Saviour of the world?

How we breed for firm feathers in our fowls; for fine points of form and fleetness in our horses; for special gifts in our dogs; for superior qualities in every kind of domestic animal and cattle; and shall not the Eternal breed the nations for higher types of men? Yea, is he not breeding all nations up to the ideal type of the God-man? “Be ye perfect, even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect.” Hear the far—eternal echo of this marvelous voice of the Son of God.

For “unto us a child is born;” unto us a son is given; and every year His natal morn illumines all the world with heaven. I am not presuming to explain exactly how or by what historic processes this new-born child of the ages came into being.

Heredity explains much and always leaves more unexplained. Many of the children of great men by fairly intelligent women have been mediocre beings, and sometimes outright fools. There are mysteries here as yet unsolved. Mr. Galton, in his various writings on this theme, has hardly done more than to show, by irrefutable statistics, that in certain families, under certain favorable circumstances, certain elements of general intellectual and moral power have been preserved from generation to generation, and *vice versa*, of certain traits and tendencies toward special vices; but this has been known to observing men for unnumbered years.

The story of Jacob's breeding the speckled cattle—his share of the flocks and herds—by spreading ring-streaked sticks in sight of the mothers while bearing their young, is of most value for what it indicates of popular belief in certain features of heredity, and of that impressiveness of motherhood through which varied modifi-

cations of offspring may be obtained. It is a well authenticated fact that children borne by and born of Indian squaws, while their companion braves have been long on the warpath or the hunt, are especially noted for their ungovernable sexual passions, the unsatisfied hungers of their mothers reproducing themselves with increased energy in their offspring. The unsatisfied thirst for liquor in the mother is said to burn to white heat in her offspring.

Did we rightly trace the roots of civilized crimes, we should find that thousands of vices and crimes are the result of unnatural sexual relationships, of unappeased and degraded motherhood. In a word, motherhood is at once the source of the glory or the darkest infamy of human existence, and the birth of children should be guarded as faithful sentinels watch the outposts of mighty armies—as faithful servants watch the gateways of kings when danger is feared.

In truth, we may accept it as a fact that only by guarding this holy of holies at the portals of our life can any true advancement in life be attained. Were I master of the world, with millions of money at my disposal, I would put infinite premiums upon chaste and loyal motherhood, and make common hod-carriers out of the termagant women of our day.

Motherhood is the new breathing point of immortality.

Birth is its utterance in music or discord to the end of time.

Had we all the wisdom of omniscience, our race being what it is, there seems never to have been but one way to produce supremely beautiful, supernatural human beings; that is, by guarding, training, eliminating, cultivating, beautifying, idealizing, spiritualizing, well nigh glorifying the motherhood of some chosen race, some chosen family of mankind.

In the light of this thought, all the exacting laws of the Hebrews touching the question of marriage and divorce, the habits of cleansing and purification, the severities of the punishments for the adulteress, the peculiar guarding of the rights of legitimate motherhood, the mountainizing and sun-clothing of this ideal zenith of our mortal skies, all take on a new light and command the clearest study and the utmost reverence of all sober and thinking men.

I am not presuming to tie the hands of the Almighty. The God I love and worship, could, if He chose, in a moment, reproduce Himself in me, in you, in the humblest, the most illiterate and blackest savage now alive on this earth.

But through all the millions of years in which this universe may have existed, the real and true God seems to have worked by means rather than by startling wonders. And it is clear that He worked thus toward the evolution of His only begotten Son into our mortal world-sphere.

One of the latest dogmas of the Catholic Church, viz., the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, is the most irrefutable evidence of the truth that the Church views the perfection of the Incarnation as in some measure dependent upon the ideal purity of the human motherhood.

In a word, and without presuming to understand or explain the many processes that brought about the final result, it is clear that for nearly two thousand years, whatever of supernatural and divine intelligence there is at the heart of the universe and overruling all the affairs of men, was constantly at work with the motherhood and fatherhood of the Hebrew race in order to produce by slow and sure and natural—supernatural—processes a virgin mother who should be the fit and stainless media of his or its own sinless incarnation in order to the salvation of the world; and that at the dawn of our era the maiden Mary of Bethlehem had become so idealized of body and soul that angels chose her, hailed her as the mother of a coming wondrous child; that what to Isaiah was a beautiful mirage on the distant skies, to the angels of two thousand years ago was practically an accomplished fact of history. What he saw afar off, they saw in the glowing eyes, the radiant face of this holy maiden of Bethlehem.

There had been two thousand years of slow evolution. Now there were sure signs in the face of this child that, in truth, God was about to beget Himself in our race, and by stainless sunrises and sunsets of immortal love and glory, become the new center from which, and the new goal and crown to which all human hearts would henceforth aspire.

Here, indeed, was the mother, so pure, so lovely that no dark suspicion could ever cloud her brow: so full of life, so full of God that the breath of the Eternal, breathing itself in her would produce a child like unto itself—a God-man—by whose steady adherence to the ideal of eternal truth and love and duty all mankind at last should be won back to God and love. O! thou immaculate motherhood, so much, at least, seems clear even to the doubting sight of these late days.

I am not discussing this or any other dogma of the Church.

It goes without saying that I freely and fully accept the dogma or I would not be where or as I am.

I am simply lingering a little at the portals of this divine motherhood: tracing, in a human, ideal way, its touch with the exalted motherhood of the race, and calling upon all men, from my little turret of vision, to join with me in wreathing these doorways of the entrance of our new birth unto God with the most beautiful flowers of love and reverence that our hearts and hands can conceive or wreath.

For unto us a child is born: unto us a son is given, a mighty God, an eternal ruler for all the destinies of mankind.

Whatever and whoever Isaiah had in mind, whatever men may think of the Virgin Mary, whatever they may think of the dogmas of the Church concerning her, whatever they may think of the precise consciousness of Jesus, of His absolute or partial divinity, this much is clear that the child of Mary of Bethlehem has won the heart and adoration of all the nations of modern civilization, and that He has so won, simply by the power of His simple loyalty to truth, and by His deathless, ineffable, immortal love; in a word, that He is steadily marching to universal dominion in the willing hearts of men and nations as the sun in heaven steadily encircles and controls the physical destinies of our planet. Though we despise Him He will conquer us. We cannot help ourselves.

No mere dream has done this; no subterfuge, no lying, no hypocrisy. The devil would be master of eternity could we even believe such a blinding absurdity.

What a time we make over the birthdays of the world's great men—our Homers, Shakspeares, Washingtons, and rightly so. They are our saviours from dullness and sycophant tyranny. How natural and how beautiful, therefore, for the world to ring its bells of gladness, and chant its sublimest songs of joy on the natal day of the Saviour of mankind.

It is of no consequence to me on what day of the year Jesus was born. All great men are superior to birthdays and graveyards. How much more this God-man now in charge of the world.

What a time we make over the birth of a child! How the hour of birth is waited for, watched and guarded with jealous care! What love the little stranger begets and brings; how gladly do the older people and the servants of the household, all put themselves

to any inconvenience to wait upon and insure the comfort of the newborn child. What fountains of beauty wait the first touches of its lips.

What dainty garments are prepared to clothe the new body—the stainless rising star—and how, all through its childhood, is the infant petted, cared for, nursed, coaxed into some expression of fondness, intelligence and finally companionship.

And do we wonder that shepherds watched; that prophets prayed and waited; that wise men felt, in advance, the coming of time's great morning star? Do we wonder that the very constellations of heaven flew into joyous brightness and led the waiting souls of men to the spot where this new man-child was born?

Was it not most natural that all the world should wake to some new music on this the birthday of its God? And is it not most natural that, having selected one day as the probable day of His birth—all hearts should now, in all nations—unto the end of time—repeat the "Hail, Mary" of the angel; the apocalyptic, triumphal words of Simeon, and joy with the eternal stars that a new man-child—the very Son of God—was born.

So, also, through our love and worship and tender care for Him: for His dear mother, for all that He has said to us and our fathers, for all the blessed ministry of His life; for His supremely divine death in love for love's sake that the world might be redeemed; so, also, through all these will He grow in our hearts, and we in His until life's new immortal companionship with the Son of God becomes our daily privilege, till joy repeats its joy—and song its song and love its love, and glory its glory—throughout all the conquered and now at last loving races and nations of mankind.

For unto us and in us a child is born, and of His everlasting dominion in the sweet realms of light and love within the willing bosom of this weary world—there shall be no end.

I have spoken only of the birth of the Divine: not at all of his mission: or of his church—that will come some other time. In truth this is but the faintest and most imperfect outline of what the birth of Jesus means to me. It sanctifies all motherhood and wreathes the brow of every child with glory.

I am unworthy to name His dear name. I am unworthy to love the mother that gave him birth; but my prayer is constant that I may more clearly understand all the mystery and meaning of that greatest hour of all the ages of time; and that in some humble

way I may be permitted to love and honor the Saviour of our race, and to crown His mother's brow with all the grateful tokens of my deathless love for her and her divine, loving, wise, all-conquering and now exalted Son of God.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

CUPID ON THE WING.

WITH golden words the poets long have sought
 In vain to paint the sweet, alluring face
 Of blind-eyed Cupid, whose impassioned grace
 Hath dazzling wings that never may be caught ;
 In sooth no bard hath ever yet been taught
 The fire of Love's deep ecstasy to trace,
 The joy, the rapture, that all clouds efface,
 The suns and stars of which his wings are wrought.

But when, perchance, the radiance of his wings
 Divinely glows within the throbbing heart,
 Then, then they seek with fervor to portray
 The sacred passion that this nearness brings ;
 So close the fiery touch, it seems a part
 Of all that Love-thrilled poets dream or say.

ABIGAIL TAYLOR.

Framingham, Mass.

RELIGION IN POLITICS.

NOT many years have passed since a marked feature of the maps of our country clearly defined "*The Great American Desert*," and explanatory supplements gave details of a barren, waste district. From authentic sources trustworthy travelers report their faithful search for this solitude within limits of the pictured territory. In place of the reported totally impoverished conditions, flora and fauna were found attractive and inviting. Here the office of a wealthy imagination became the potent factor and mankind was haunted by unreal physical creations, to which may be applied the word "impressional,"—borrowed from the vocabulary of spirit mediums.

And so it ever is in life. We often follow a painful groping and peering for evil and untoward results, when, on reaching the hiding-place of a reputed *bete noire* much is found to be myth and legendary and fading to a dim tradition.

It is too common in the communications of politicians with their constituents to import into their arguments certain plausible statements as facts, which lesser men accept as conclusions. Our hold upon political parties is now so narrowed that it is difficult to realize the uncompromising sternness with which the original partisan kept the faith which, to him, had the character of a church or a religion.

We have no bold measure to present, nor does any society pretend to take the lead in these political conflicts, but leaves the brunt of the struggle to be borne by those who deem it demanded as preserving "individual rights," so called. Far be it from those who stand free from party regime to enter into any secret cabal or pledge.

Open day and free statement are aids in any advanced, broad undertaking. In differences of religious belief many on either side are apt to hold their views with ardent intolerance. So far as I can gather, there has been no determination of any religious sect, which it cannot vindicate by the principles of reason and self-preservation grounded upon its own separate and distinctive tenets, within its special household of faith. Certainly, if the Roman Catholic Church has entered into any intrigue to control political office-holding, it has not committed its interests to the management of a faction, however indefatigable it may have been in the pursuit of its objects. There is no disturbance apparent nor any design of precipitating a conflict.

Sam Adams, in a quiet account of a Boston town meeting, wrote in March, 1775, to Richard Henry Lee of Virginia: "It is a good maxim in politics as well as war to put and keep the enemy in the wrong." And Wendell Phillips uttered this:—

"The broadest and most far-sighted intellect is utterly unable to foresee the ultimate consequences of any great social change. Ask yourself on all occasions, if there be any element of right or wrong in the question before you. If so, take your part with the right, and trust God to see that it shall prove the expedient."

We are coming to the result that the door of office is no longer to be shut against any man because of his political opinions or

religious faith, but that integrity and capacity suitable to the station are to be the only qualifications required. Freedom of opinion goes hand in hand with freedom of suffrage. Thus principles will stand the nicest examination in their application, and politics become exalted above the domination of any sectarian bias or church relation of the incumbent. Education in the higher science of good government must come through channels removed from limitations of ecclesiastical control. Lighting the way to peace and so dispel discord—will be ample justification for merging sectarian differences in the broader general interests of all. The axe is not a diplomatic weapon. The simulation of temper may serve an occasional purpose, but temper, itself, is a mistake. No one in church or state has life-long sway either arbitrary or unquestioned in matters political in this country. There must be an abiding element by which true citizenship and faithful service in office shall be conspicuous factors in the advance of civilization and pure ethics. There are always men of the finest intelligence and true spiritual quality, who are available for such service, and it should be honorable to them and their constituency were they selected. Effective work requires not more machinery, but power.

The Roman Catholic Church has recently welcomed to its corps of instructors—the chair of economics—in the University of Washington, Carroll D. Wright, a Unitarian. Economics can be taught without religious dogma, and this does not mean that Professor Wright has become a Roman Catholic, or that the Catholic University has become Unitarian. I believe that churches are becoming more and more educational institutions, and that they are to fulfil more and more in their communities the functions of social educators, their fields of instruction being especially ethics and religion, not dogma. The church is tending to lines outside a propagandist institution, toward good life and conduct.

No one expects politics to touch upon any perfectly unfettered Christian liberty. It has nothing to do with either the spiritual essence of things or with the purely dogmatic phases of beliefs.

Some of us in these days seem to feel that the thing of which we need to be fully assured is not so much what *we* shall do as what other people shall do. Where their belief runs counter to our little ecclesiastical machine, we often utter the stern sentence, "Depart from us into the eternal fire prepared for those who do not use the whole police force of the government in compelling

their neighbors to do what we think others ought to do." This is not the theory of Paul. "Let every man be fully assured in his own mind," said he. Notwithstanding reputed waste places in all our life, we are possessed of a flora and fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers.

The disposition of all is to oppose any attempt to restrict any one's liberty, in so far as the exercise of that liberty does not directly interfere with the enjoyment of an equal measure of liberty by everybody else.

The *disfranchisement* of Catholics was contrary to the spirit of the Rhode Island charter, and to the views of Roger Williams, who certainly understood the rational grounds for religious toleration better than any other Protestant of his time, save, perhaps, Milton and Vane. He represents the Protestant principle of the sacred right of private judgment carried out with unflinching logical consistency. In him the transition from Independency to Individualism is completed. The contrast between the two is illustrated in the controversy between Williams and Cotton, which was called forth by the publication, in 1644, of Williams' book, entitled "The Bloody Tenent of Persecution." So, in this closing of the nineteenth century, it is not necessary to argue religion out of politics, and vice versa, to utter a denial of Church authority, Bible revelation, or logic of reason. The simple proposition is, that neither should be made a factor in political faith. Neither heresy nor schism should be charged upon one who maintains independent action, separate and distinct, in his religion and politics.

We reach this view because it seems that the largest possible personal liberty will yield the largest and best living. We can never, even in the utmost seclusion, commit a single sinful act which does not indirectly work our neighbor harm.

The word *solidarity* adopted from the French, not many years old in English, stands with a precision with which no other word in the language stands for the common, the inextricably interwoven interests of the human race. It is the modern translation of that saying, "None of us liveth to himself and none dieth to himself."

Religion is nothing external, nothing political, nothing social. It is something purely spiritual, dwelling in the innermost part of the heart and soul, it shows itself only in the actions of man. Only in his actions is shown the true standard of a man's religion.

Religion is the common property of all men, no matter of what race or nation ; it is the bond of love which unites all mankind and reconciles all differences. Therefore, it should not be distorted by sectarian views, but be welcomed as a friendly power.

Religion and morality stand to each other as theory to practice. Religion is the initiative of the good ; morality is merely the execution. They are in the same relation as abstract to applied mathematics.

Science proceeds from intellect, religion from reason and the soul. Religion and science are not opposed to each other. They are the founders of the welfare of mankind, and fellow-workers. Both pursue the same task to enlighten men, to make them better and happier.

It is unfair to claim that the indifference to religion, which prevails at present, among the most educated as well as among the most uneducated classes, has its cause partly in the Christian dogmas. The progress and happiness of mankind consist, not in brutal realism and desire of enjoyment, but in the ideal striving after the good. Vengeance may be good when it satisfies our self-respect, but where one holds purely materialistic views, he knows no moral law beside himself, and makes his own selfishness the measure of his actions.

Atheism is the offspring of over-bearing criticism.

The multitude is more easily interested for the most unmeaning badge, or the most insignificant name, than for the most important principle, and the imaginations of men are, in a great measure, under the control of their opinions.

Knowledge, feeling, and desire are one in religion. This is not the case in any science or art.

Christian fanaticism is intent upon the enforcement of the *Sunday Laws*. The Sunday laws which condemn opening of libraries and bicycle recreation—yes, every action on Sunday except that of preaching and going to church—as a desecration of Sunday, these so-called Blue Laws are the heirloom of the Puritans, who, although persecuted themselves, made themselves infamous by their cruel persecution of the Quakers and those of other belief.

Liberty is a word that is much used and much misunderstood, particularly when it is joined to the word *equality*—"Liberty and Equality." It would be more correct to speak of liberty and justice, for justice means *equality*. True liberty and equality are not

established alone by our claims to certain privileges, for these claims ought to be based on the feelings of duty to our fellow creatures. Only when this is taken into consideration are true liberty and equality possible. But few people understand how to respect the rights of others, every one wishes to rule, and liberty is by no means the privilege of doing everything we wish to do, but only the right to do all that does not interfere with the rights of others.

Liberty and peace are the foundations of the morality and welfare of nations; servitude and dissension demoralize them and destroy their welfare.

There is nothing that separates the different creeds, regarded from a *human* point of view, which justifies a division. The Catholic is not a criminal, whose presence should be shunned by the Protestant or Israelite; the Protestant is not unclean, so that Catholics or Israelites should fear intercourse with him; and the Israelite, who, to the shame of our century, is persecuted even in these days in Europe, has nothing in him which could bring danger to the followers of other creeds.

In our judgments of others we are apt to think too little of the power of circumstance in the formation of character, but in our judgments of ourselves we are almost sure to err on the opposite side.

What we want is true democracy, both in religion and politics. This will outlive most of the philosophies and theologies, and not a few of the nationalities.

Righteousness in both the individual and nation is salvation. The new era cares little whether Mr. McKinley pass through a Methodist vestibule every Sunday morning, or Mr. Bryan contributes regularly to maintain a Presbyterian establishment.

A clear tracing of the ancestry of both McKinley and Bryan originally to Scotland, and who went to Ireland, fixes the Scotch-Irish stock of each.

Where are the Yankees in this sweep of the Scotch-Irish to the high places of government? No one is solicitous or controlled by this matter of genealogy.

Old-time enthusiasm in religion does not seem to have had much influence upon our politics. In a review of Mr. Froude's "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century," it is said "to produce a profound impression and stimulate the reader to read the last page and enjoy the last heroic achievement of these marvelous Protest-

ants of the sea, who fought perhaps more for England (then two-thirds Catholic) than for either life or Protestantism, bearded King Philip in Cadiz harbor, wrecked the huge fleet of Medina Sidonia, and strewed Atlantic and Pacific Oceans with the 'barbaric pearl and gold' of Spanish galleons."

One may well detest the men and disdain the spirit that can ever bend to a mean subserviency to the views of any sect or cabal. It is enough to be or to have become American in spirit and life. That character comprehends our duties and ought to engross our attachments, irrespective of ecclesiastical fealty or sectarianism. When allegiance is of patriotism, diplomacy will be of the higher type, and all can unite without division or discord in those methods of government which redound to the best interests of all. Enthusiasm for abstract rights should not be excited or become a factor.

In the latter part of 1894, The American Protective Association held a convention in Chicago, consisting of some one thousand delegates, representing the City and Cook County. The resolutions and platform adopted occupied some two columns of the big daily papers. We read them carefully, but found not one word in favor of the taxation of church property, not one word against the Bible in the public schools, not one word against chaplains in the army and in Congress and our Legislatures, not one word against religious Sunday laws. They do contain one line in favor of the separation of church and state—about what both the old political parties have often said, meaning nothing. The object of this party seems to be to disfranchise one class of citizens because they are Catholics, which is about as un-American as it is possible for a party to be. Can a consistent secularist vote with that party?

'Tis wiser always to temper our resolutions and action to a moderate tone. I know of no one whose sense of feeling for the distresses of the state or municipality leads him to refuse office, or to tender his best service for the general betterment of the mass, without full compensation. The truth is glaring, open, notorious, that the scramble, push and stress for office is by the majority of candidates a seeking by *them*, and not the office for the man. It is construed as pure sentiment in these days to stigmatize such efforts as reaching the utmost limit of indiscretion, or to add that political *ways* and *means* are often of a phase touching closely upon the commission of crime. It may be questionable whether even mod-

eration in discussion as to party rule, coupled with church membership, will prove an augury of permanent quiet. Many feel as if those who belong to this opposition do not advocate measures because of their extremely benevolent object.

Up to the present time principles involved have not been openly discussed, nor has there been much expenditure of argument or oratory. The political situation seems uncertain, if not absolutely menacing. Threats, it is true, are by no means vague, though no one can fix a locality or time where the brilliant event of the debate has transpired.

In public and professional life the Roman Catholic is a rival of any in our land, and the application of energy and intelligence in general is a marked attribute. His service, as loyal to the North, has been particularly important; and in many directions, as a class in every community, they rank among good and able men. It would seem, then, as if the one mistake, so construed by this Association, for which he is made to atone so bitterly in life and death, is not disloyalty, but non-concurrence in religious faith with the Protestant. Nurtured from his cradle in the atmosphere of an inherited belief, its impress is too sincere and deeply-seated to be touched by resolutions or action of opposing political partisans. Were a change to be so wrought, it would be discreditable—inconsistent with general character and contradictory to human action. Nevertheless, the obloquy, of which, as a religionist, he is sought to be made the victim, is undeserved, and any lover of fair play will feel that it ought to be refuted. Were the logic of this opposition followed, measures of confiscation might be adopted, grotesque and melancholy. I believe the Roman Catholic faith is tenderly cherished, and that it is entitled to be criticised reverently. The attacks made are not in the tone of those who enter upon a pious pilgrimage to sacred shrines, but with hostile intent to stay the holding of public office by those of a defined household of faith. For one, I say, that if political preferment come, the conclusion is irresistible that he is to be commended who bears himself well in his new surroundings, and who plays a creditable part. In the exercise of the duties of office it is not charged that these have moved with other than in strict conformity to proper standards for the general good, with sincere patriotism and an upright aim. No effort has been made to deprive others of differing faiths from the privileges enjoyed, or any powers which consist

with their relation to the general public. I do not believe that affairs are critical, as affecting the temper of any body of Christians toward the common weal of mankind here in the United States; nor do I think there is justification for organization, either secret or open in motives, as against a tenure of office by the few or many who may happen to pay allegiance or worship under any special ecclesiastical formula. It seems as if all this spirit were over-demonstrative and displayed a power uncalled for and dangerous. Neither concession on the one hand is sought, nor is relief from existing evils necessary on the other. Every man has the right to be self-reliant in his religious beliefs, and it is audacious for any society to seek exclusion of a sect from political office, simply by reason of a candidate's religious tenets.

Forms of worship, if prompted by true spiritual instincts, have no relevancy or bearing upon good government. Every religion has its symbols, its rites, its organizations, its authorities. You will find that these are rather the sacred vessels in which men have placed their faith in God, their love for mankind, their worship, their hopes, their ideas. Trust, love, holiness are the terms adopted,—so gathering around those sacred words as to include in this century and our present advance and development, the high varieties which should permeate and inspire all life. Every one who holds sincerely to a faith realizes it as a power to him and becomes self-reliant. To indicate fairly the inevitable line of distinction between Church and State—in religion the central idea has been the conception of God. In the popular religions, Romanist and Protestant, He is regarded as a Sovereign, to be adored worshipped, waited on as the Supreme Being, from whom all things come and to whom all things belong:—a personal, individual being—the maker, ruler, lord of the world, dispenser of goods, caretaker; of definite designs and arbitrary purpose, and uncontrolled will; jealous of his authority, tenacious of his dignity, terrible in his wrath; law of right to himself; not to be questioned. This is the central idea of the popular religion, the leading conception of a great portion of the Bible, the crowning dogma of the Church of Rome, the Alpha and Omega of the preachers and prayers. Individuality is enthroned in the heavens; indefeasible rights are conceded to a single Lord.

This Being has officers, representatives. The representative is the priest. The priest, in the name of God, claims veneration

according to his rank. But the priest is not one man; he is an order.

Protestantism has no priesthood. The whole combined sanctity of the priesthood is committed to the Christ, who is the individual of individuals, and to whom all rights belong. His representatives are not called priests, but apostles, bishops, preachers. They are regarded as holy persons, set apart for honor and service. To the extreme verge of Protestantism the holy individuality is recognized, among Unitarians even, who mark the point at which Protestantism tapers off, and the Christian idea reaches its last attenuation. The mere fact of holding beliefs on religious matters, even though they be irreligious beliefs, seem to entitle the holder, in his own estimation, to the privilege of peculiar recognition. His right of thinking must be more frankly conceded, his rights of speech must be more solemnly guaranteed. The "infidel," who flouts all religion, stands up for his prerogative to abuse believers in God as much as he pleases, without being called to account for it by good manners.

Thus it is in religion. In the secular sphere there is a similar story to tell. The central figure in the ancient state is the monarch. No monarch ever asserted the divine rights of his kingliness more absolutely than the latest apostle of individualism does his. No high priest ever pronounced an anathema on heretics with more confidence than the "infidel" editor does on people who are not enlightened enough to be "materialists" or "atheists."

Envy and jealousy are carried into every relation and department of existence, endless contention, ceaseless ambition, struggle for place and power are sought often, merely for the prestige they confer, and the private privileges they procure.

Under the better conception, the King no longer is a ruler; he is an administrator. Administration takes the place of government. The function of those who are called to preside over the concerns of a people, whatever name they bear, is to provide for the general interests as far as circumstances will permit, to discharge the trusts committed to them, postponing even the chances of their re-election to the concerns of those who elect them; not making the anomalous thing called a "paternal government," but simply counting others first and themselves last. Power is power to serve; ability is opportunity; wealth is a trust. The great are for the help of the little. This is the idea. It is the cardinal idea

of the religion of Jesus—an idea which Christian teachers have held up for two thousand years, but which the Christian Church has but partially represented.

Church, society, the world, public opinion, are simply masses of acquired power, that, by a long process of development, have come to be what they are. Being what they are, they take themselves for granted; they assume their full title to exist; they resist encroachment; they defend themselves against assault; they are conservative; in other words, they resent criticism and are stubborn against change. This is true of both Roman Catholic and Protestant organizations. But to say that they have a deliberate purpose to crush the human mind, is greatly to mistake the case. Even the Church of Rome, though she has persecuted thinkers who have assailed her dogma and have broken away from her communion, has had no intention to arrest the human intellect or suppress the growth of character. Its business was to educate the human intellect in a peculiar way, to develop human character after a special type, and it simply used its efforts to prevent any other system from supplanting its own. To say that the Church of Rome founded schools and endowed universities for the purpose of destroying true learning, is an atrocious slander. She founded schools for the purpose of educating the human mind, and she endowed universities in order that the human mind might be thoroughly furnished for its higher duties. Such schools never had been founded before. The universities were celebrated for the splendor of their equipments. From them proceeded scholars, writers, poets, philosophers, theologians, masters in science and art, whose names render illustrious their generations. The intention was to bring every human faculty to the work of unfolding, defending, spreading what was then and is still honestly considered the very truth, so far as it was known or conjectured. To have welcomed new, strange, startling and subversive ideas, would have been a species of self-stultification—nay, a kind of disloyalty to the truth all but universally received. A welcome to Galileo would have been a confession of uncertainty equivalent to a disavowal of conviction. The same may be said of the Protestant Churches. The harder in consistency any institution becomes through age and habit, the more stubbornly it resists change; but its original intention is to justify itself. It meddles with none who do not openly assail it. It allows all to grow freely until their growth

presses against its boundary line; then the pressure is painfully felt.

It seems to be required by the law of progress that, before new forms can get established, old forms must be exhausted. If it were otherwise, the course of development would not be thorough; hence the necessity that the pioneer in the new paths should go forth equipped to encounter difficulties, not furnished as for a pleasure excursion. If the life of the borderer were a perpetual picnic, instead of a perpetual watch and battle, very few would stay at home amid the honest care and drudgery of daily existence. The petty local despotisms of clique or sect have no sway beyond their own narrow line, and no power is found within them seriously to affect the person or general character of the unsectarian who does not claim that the only pure gold is to be found in his spiritual placer. In politics, there is no compulsion exerted over opinions except among officeholders, who must pay an assessment for the privilege of holding their places. The citizen thinks as he pleases, criticises the party he belongs to, leaves it, joins another, belongs to none, broaches any heresies he entertains, supports what papers he likes. No courage is needed to protest, bolt, make new departures. Here and there a party leader or "Boss" claims the allegiance of the whole party to the plans of the managers, and affirms the duty of meek submission to the decree of the "organs," but he is only laughed at. He has no power to constrain the humblest adherent to vote, under severe penalties, for his candidate. Abuses must be very flagrant, violations of law must be very gross, outrages must be crying, before people are startled out of their comfortable conformity into activity of thought or conscience, or conduct. There is no despotism over thought, sentiment or principles as such. There is very little opportunity of becoming a hero, and there is literally no compulsion to be one.

Even religion, that in times past threw the heaviest obstacles in the path of self-assertion, now throws none of any weight. The word "martyr" is closely associated with religious persecution. The Inquisition was largely an ecclesiastical institution. The rack, the dungeon, the stake and the scaffold, owe most of their grisly reputation to the fanaticism of faith. That fanaticism only "squeaks and gibbers" now in the streets, and is disclaimed in all faith's high places. The churches have lost their power to persecute. The creeds present barriers that are easily vaulted over.

One need not be a very brave man to avow his opinions on theological and ecclesiastical matters. It is no intolerable reproach to be a Unitarian, or a Universalist, or to affiliate with a Society for Ethical Culture. One may even be a Free Religionist without incurring any worse doom than an occasional squib in a newspaper. Of a certain sect it was often said, in sort of humorous vein, that during our Civil War its preachments touched neither politics nor religion. It was ever content with ritual and always joyous and self-contained within its own centered deportment and good manners.

The state of mind that brought people to the pass of contending, as for life, in defense of some speculative opinion, cannot be recovered by the majority of men. The stress is taken off, the war is ended. Conscience is feebly enlisted in such strife. The need is to do the right thing, and profound respect for character will in time disclose what the right thing is. It cannot be evolved from sectarianism or political issues. There are some who would exclude all save Christians from civil power. Would they like to have the same process tried upon themselves? Suppose the atheists were in power, would not theists feel that they had a right to be represented as human beings? Fair play on all sides would change believers to brothers in faith, instead of being foes. Each religion would simply have to remember that it is but *one*: that other faiths have an equal right; that we are all under equal laws; that we all have a claim to equal privileges.

Rochester, N. Y.

DE LANCEY CRITTENDEN.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

'Tis Christmas-tide, at midnight; by the hill,
 A little English hamlet sleeps and dreams;
 When suddenly, from out the west are gleams
 Of lanterns borne by faithful hands, and, shrill,
 Across the stilly darkness strange sounds fill
 The air—the church's choristers, it seems
 Are marching through the night, as well betems
 All singers who would fain God's love fulfil.
 The violin, the harp, the bird-like flute,
 With human voices, all accord, now swell
 Into a finer strain than ancient lute
 Or lyre could to the ancients ever tell:—
 So comes the song again, as once of old—
 "While shepherds watched"—with stars a million fold.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

A VISION OF THE CRUCIFIED.

SURELY, in dreams and visions of the night
The Master speaketh to the souls of those
Whom most He loveth; nor to these alone,
At times, to those who wander far from Him,
To those who love Him not, or, having loved,
Have turned aside to sordid joys of earth,
To sins of passion, to the dullard cares
Of wealth or avarice; or to those, again,
—He only knoweth why Who knoweth all—
Who knowing not, or caring not for Him
Live yet in truth and honor, and are deemed
Good men and honest, doth the Master speak,
And oft hath spoken.

One I knew, a man
The soul of honor, gentle, chivalrous,
Who never harmed his neighbor, by a word,
Or by a single act; and yet, a man
Wholly without a faith, who might not see
Beyond the narrow span that men call life:
Whence came we? This he knew not: Whither go?
He could not tell; a life beyond the grave?
A dream of silly women; who could say
That one who once had passed beyond the veil
That hides the end of life, had ever yet
Returned to tell us of the secrets hid
Behind that mystic curtain? Who can tell
If aught be hidden, save a void immense
And filled with nothingness? Where silence dwells
Eternal and unbroken? So, to him,
This life was all our life; beyond it—what?
A question none might answer: that is all.
To him "The shadow cloaked from head to foot"
Was but a shadow, such as men may see,
And seeing, start at if they will; but he
Who knew it but a shadow, went his way,
As wise men should, and nothing recked of that
Which was but nothing:

Yet, a loyal friend,
A loving husband, tender-hearted, true
And full of generous impulse; with a hand
Ready to help and succor: guileless, pure,
Wholly without suspicion; one of whom
Had he but faith, men might have said, "a Saint,
"A friend of God in truth"; but, lacking faith,
Men said, "An honest man"; no more; and those
Who loved him best said nothing, but they knew
That He who readeth all the hearts of men
Read all that was in his; that He who deals
With each man as He wills, Whose secret ways
Are past our comprehension, Who is just
Beyond our feeble measure, merciful
Because omnipotent, would deal with him
As should seem Him best;—though it should be
At the last hour of life; so left they him
To One he knew not, Whom they knew and loved,
Because they knew Him, Whom to know is life,
To love is joy eternal, Whom to serve
As willing slaves for very love of Him,
Is truest liberty.

There came a day,
After the lapse of years—we had not met
For many a month,—and yet it seemed to me
Not time alone could change his face, nor age,
As it had changed, since I had seen him last:
The same, yet not the same; the kindly eyes
Were kind as ever, and the winning smile
That all men loved him for; the cheery voice
Rang true as ever:—but the kindly eyes
Were as of one for whom the veil that hangs
Around our little span of life, and hides
We know not what—or knowing, may not say—
Has been withdrawn, to whom has been revealed
What lies beyond, and seeing, knows himself,
And knoweth God; who, by such measurement
Of finite with the infinite, of time
With God's eternity, hath learn'd at last
How poor a thing is man, how great is God:

So were his eyes as those of one who looks
 Beyond our narrow limits, and his voice
 Was as the voice of one who, could he tell
 All he hath seen and heard, might shake the world
 With terror and amazement; might awake
 The drowsy souls of those who follow Christ
 As in a dream; might bid them rise, and do
 All that their Master bids them.

“Friend,” he said,
 “I may not tell thee all, yet may I tell
 “What thou canst understand”—and thus he spake.
 “Surely, in dreams and visions of the night
 “The Master speaketh to the souls of those
 “Who know him not: I did not know, nor love
 “Or would not know, it matter’s not, for He
 “Both knew and loved me; loved He even more
 “His saint, my mother, and that other saint
 “My gentle wife—oh may He grant to both
 “Eternal rest!—and each, like Monica,
 “Prayed for the one she loved, yet each hath passed
 “Safe to His home, to Him, before she knew
 “How He should deal with me; yet, know they not,
 “Being with Him to whom all things are known?
 “So may it be, at least;—Wouldst hear my dream,
 “If dream indeed it be?”

I answered, “Yes.”
 “Fain would I hear thee tell it;”—thus the tale:
 “Me thought the world was dark about me, none
 “In all the land beside me, nothingness,
 “Silent, eternal, weighing down my soul
 “As to the depths of space; yet nothingness
 —“Canst understand me?—filled with presences
 “Unseen, unheard, yet felt; an utter dread,
 “An awful loneliness; a bitter grief,
 “As of a man who mourns the wife he loves
 “And knows no life beyond our little life,
 “But only nothingness;—no hope, no light,
 “No ray of comfort, only emptiness
 “That yet was full of what I might not name;
 “And nothingness that yet was everything.

"And so, me seemed, my spirit wandered on
 "Through spaces infinite, for evermore,
 "Falling and falling, burdened with the weight
 "Of all the nameless crimes and infamies,
 "The petty meanness, sordid avarice,
 "The causeless cruelties, the soulless vice,
 "That mortal mind can compass,—all on me
 "Who could not bear the awful weight, but fell
 "Lower and lower into nothingness
 "And found no place of resting :

Thus I dreamed ;

"Yet, all at once, I knew not how, or why,
 "—"Thou knowest how, in dreams, a second self
 "Beholds the self familiar? even so
 "The I that bore the burden was not I
 "Though still myself: then, in the emptiness,
 "Amid the blackness infinite, a light
 "As of a far-off star, a light that grew
 "From out the darkness, as the dawning grows
 "From out the shades of midnight; and, behold!
 "For that the burdened self was not myself,
 "Though still myself, the self that bore no more
 "The weight unspeakable, no longer fell
 "Through spaces infinite for evermore,
 "But seemed to rise and rise towards the light,
 "E'en as the lark, that soars towards the sun
 "Her song a shower of music, so, my soul
 "Strove ever upward to the light that filled
 "All the infinitude of space :

When lo!

"Amid the bright effulgence, I was 'ware
 "As of a shadow; once again I looked,
 "Forever drawing nearer, nearer yet;
 "And, as I looked, the shadow was a cross.
 "—How can I tell thee more? Yet must I tell
 "To thee, at least, who knew me as I was,
 "And know me as I am: I looked again,
 "And on the cross, beheld the form of One
 "Whose Name I had forgotten, and of whom
 "I never thought; whose story was a tale

"For superstitious fools; whose death, for me

"A useless sacrifice; that is, if He had died

"As priests declared:

And there, before mine eyes,

"Was He, the Crucified: His hands were nailed

"Fast to the wood, and, slowly, drop by drop,

"The life-blood dripped from hands, and feet, and side;

"And, in my hands—I know whence they came—

"A hammer and a spear, the nails that held

"His hands and feet against the cross of shame,

"My hand had driven in; the wound that gaped

"Wide in His sacred side, from whence His blood

"Flowed in a ceaseless torrent over all

"The guilty world of men, my spear had made,

"Mine and none other; as I gazed at Him

"I knew the I that was not I who bore

"The awful weight of sin and infamy

"That crushed me down and down, through nothingness,

"Into infinitude, was He, not I,

"Yet I in Him, because He died for me

"Upon the bitter cross:

And lo! His face,

"As I beheld it then, was stained and marred

"More than the sons of men; His sacred lips

"Were parched with thirst; His eyes were dim with blood,

"That trickled down His forehead from the thorns

"With which His brow was crowned:

Yet turned He then

"His blessed face to me, the while I knelt

"Low at His cross—so near, His precious blood

"Bedewed my inmost soul,—and in His eyes

"Were love and sorrow infinite; His lips,

"Parched with the agony of awful thirst,

"Were parted with a smile of tenderness

"Untold, ineffable, what time He spake

"To me, who knew Him not and loved Him not.

"What said He? Ah! I know not; for my dream

"Vanished as in a moment; but I know

"That I have seen Him, as His friends of old

"Who walked and talked with Him, and I have knelt
"Beneath His cross, as Magdalene of old,
"And kissed His feet, like her; have seen my Lord,
"His bitter cross and passion, and beheld
"That mystery of love eternal; yea, I know
"That for my sins my Lord was crucified."

Montreal, Canada.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND ASTRAY.

ON Monday, October 12, 1896, a large number of the daily newspapers of the United States published a very characteristic letter from Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., discussing the various political and financial questions involved in the Presidential campaign. To all intents and purposes the letter was simply a Republican *party* utterance, *very partisan* in its utterance and declarations; in a word, it was a vigorous campaign rehash of the stuff that Ben Harrison, McKinley & Co. had been pouring out during the last year, the general purport of it all being that the Democratic convention which met in Chicago and nominated Mr. Bryan for President, the platform adopted there, the general attitude of its representatives, alike on legal, social and financial questions, all meant and mean anarchy, rebellion, secession, and that if said party succeeds now or in the future this nation is ruined. To this extent the letter is an inflammable falsehood scarcely worthy a reply, but as its varied declarations bear upon subjects of permanent interest to the American people, and as Archbishop Ireland's document is, to my mind, the ablest presentation of the attitude and claims of the gold-bugs that has yet reached the public, I shall make this reply as clear and thorough as possible.

First, however, I must speak of Ireland's bad taste in this whole proceeding and in his general public attitude.

The foxy pretense that this address was prepared and published at the spontaneous request of "twenty-seven business men of all political parties," is too thin even for ecclesiastical diplomacy; the simple facts being that the whole affair was originated, and consummated, by the managers of the Republican campaign, and that Ireland was simply aching for a large opportunity to save the American nation and revive his own fading fame.

Moreover, it was all so adroitly done as to time and opportunity. His Grace of St. Paul was about to visit New York in connection with the farewell honors paid to His Eminence, Cardinal Satolli, before the latter sailed for Europe. He also had in mind some august manipulation of the forces to meet at the Catholic University in Washington, a little later, to settle upon a successor to ex-Rector Keane, and, according to his way of viewing such matters, it was of vast importance that the Archbishop of St. Paul should come East heralded, trumpeted, puffed, boomed and blazoned as extensively and as extravagantly as possible. Hence, as if in a spasm of prophetic inspiration—so the first paragraph read—on *Sunday night*, October 11, 1896, His Grace of St. Paul gave out his oracle for the new salvation of this Republic. It was very, very good of him to take from the hours of his onerous Sabbath duties the time and energy necessary to arrange and do all this, and I hope the Republican managers will handsomely reward him, if they have not already done so.

But it all happened so nicely. The same week he was to start for New York. Then the fact that he was delayed for a day was telegraphed—as if it mattered a farthing whether he were delayed one day or ten days. Then the New York reporters discovered that stacks of telegrams and letters awaited His Grace at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; then, that though in New York, he did not visit Satolli at the residence of Archbishop Corrigan, but waited to see Satolli in Brooklyn; then that he did not attend the last supper given in Brooklyn in honor of Satolli, but, after a long and important interview with the latter, retired for a day into that privacy infinitely more becoming his comparative position in the hierarchy of America.

But how opportune was all this. It would seem that the United States, immoral, selfish, proud, ignorant, conceited, rebellious and purchasable in all branches as they are, ought really to be saved forever and crowned with saintly glory after such well-planned diplomatic, patriotic, self-sacrificing, but very questionable and very unecclesiastial and herculean tasks as these.

In this connection it may be well to notice that the method here used is no new trick of the Archbishop's. It has long been his custom, when traveling East or West, to have the fact given out to the agents of the Associated Press, so that his movements may be well and favorably announced in advance. In fact, there seems

to be a popular and a perpetual aching for publicity in this man's constitution. His position in a second or third-class archbishoprick surely does not warrant this. His abilities, as an original thinker, writer, scholar, or statesman, certainly do not warrant it. He is one of the most unreliable, as to sound sense and solid judgment, of all the archbishops in America; is every now and then going back on his own tracks on various questions, parochial schools, etc., and to their eternal praise be it spoken, the leading archbishops of America all set him an excellent and dignified example—precisely the opposite of his own public self-assertion.

When His Grace the Archbishop of New York visits Chicago for a day or more the Associated Press agents are not wheedled into special and flaming announcements of the fact, and he does not give out inflammable party, political, alarming and prophetic letters for newspaper publication in order to save the country and have himself talked about by the groundlings of political bar-rooms; yet no sensible person imagines for a moment that His Grace of New York is less anxious to save the nation than His Grace of St. Paul.

Two or three years ago, when the office of the *GLOBE REVIEW* was in Chicago, I went one morning to the little chapel of the Madames of the Sacred Heart to witness the baptism of a friend who had become a convert to the Catholic faith. Before the altar of said little chapel I noticed what seemed to me a very modest and devout priest engaged in long-continued prayers. I noticed also that he wore the purple belongings of a prelate. Upon inquiry I found that the figure which had won my interest and, somehow, my admiration—was His Grace the Archbishop of New York. I beg his pardon for making this reference, as I know it will be distasteful to him. At that time I had not the honor of his personal acquaintance. But the reporters of Chicago had not placarded his coming; were not daily seeking interviews for oracles from him on the new intersecting sewer, etc., etc. In a word, his whole bearing, attitude, and way in Chicago were those in keeping with the dignity of a private gentleman and an honored and great prelate of the Catholic Church, and who, I fancy, would as soon think of pressing himself as candidate for Chicago's Sheriff or hangman, as deluging the newspapers with partisan trash to help out a desperate plutocratic—that is, the devil's own—political campaign.

Again: when His Grace the Archbishop of Chicago visits New York, the Associated Press agents and the wires between Chicago and New York are not worked to white-heat weariness to announce the journey, and, as far as I am able to understand the calm and quiet but eternal activity and firmness of Archbishop Feehan of Chicago, it would take more power, character, brain and principle than are to be found in all the political manipulators of both political parties in the United States to drag a party harangue out of him for newspaper publication.

Last winter I was strolling one day in the lobby of the Everett House, which is near my office in New York, and to my delight and surprise I met there—quite alone—His Grace, Archbishop Feehan of Chicago. He stands about six feet three inches in his shoes; is one of the most distinguished and able of all our American prelates, but he was not slashing around and making a great fuss over himself, and no reporters had been instructed to advertise his presence, in order that all the world might do homage and laugh in its sleeve.

Again, when His Grace the Archbishop of Philadelphia visits New York or Chicago, Associated Press agents do not deluge the world with display posters or crowd telegraph offices to announce the fact; and though Archbishop Ryan is gifted with eloquence, wields an able pen, is popular, etc., he is too wise a man, too good a man, too cognizant of the constitution of American political parties and the mixed political views of his brethren and the Church at large, to allow the leaders of either party to inveigle him into a partisan pronunciamento for publication in the newspapers.

In truth I occasionally meet His Grace of Philadelphia on the ferryboats that ply between New York and Jersey City, and on the railroad cars between Philadelphia and New York. But he is not pursued by reporters; does not act as if he bossed the world; is simply a refined, private gentleman; ready to chat in an affable way, and he is always, first of all, a dignified prelate of the Catholic Church.

I am not questioning Archbishop Ireland's right to prepare any number of partisan letters for the American newspapers. I am not questioning his right to consider himself the political prophet saviour of America under existing conditions, though I utterly despise the methods he adopts looking to this end. Neither am I insisting that he is bound in all or in any respects to follow the

example set in this line by the other archbishops named. I am making these discriminations in order to remind him and the world of GLOBE readers that any one of the three prelates mentioned, is an abler man than Archbishop Ireland every way—intellectually, morally, ecclesiastically; that any one of them, both as to his personality and as to his hierarchical position, wields an influence in American affairs much larger and more profound than that wielded by the so-called “Blizzard of the Northwest,” and to suggest that if these things have not occurred to him in the past it is to be hoped they will occur to him in the future and mould his public career to lines of more becoming modesty. Touching the opening plea of Archbishop Ireland’s letter that he was writing as an American citizen not as an Archbishop, I am moved to say that it is a mere subterfuge of thinnest sophistry; that he cannot separate his public utterances from his public office, and that if he is so thick-skinned as not to perceive this, so callous as to ignore it, or so hypocritical as to pretend to evade it, there must arise a serious question in the minds of intelligent Catholics at least as to whether he is competent to instruct them in statesmanship or religion.

In view of these facts I shall hold him responsible, as an archbishop, for his utterances as an American citizen, and if I am not much mistaken, the final authority of the Church will also thus hold him responsible in various ways that may not have occurred to his secular intellect. At the same time I shall use the same freedom in replying to his letter that I would use in replying to the utterance not merely of a scholarly layman writing on subjects becoming his scholarship, but the freedom that I would use in replying to any cheap politician who, for party purposes, had fired his soul to greatness and plunged far beyond his depth in waters that ought to drown him.

Passing all that Ireland says about “*Free Institutions*,” their present peril, etc., in case of Bryan’s election, as so much worn-out verbiage of the hack politician, I come at once to the main contentions of his letter.

He really discusses four subjects: *First*, State’s rights versus the executive power of the President; *second*, the purity, if not the infallibility of the United States judiciary; *third*, Socialism; and *fourth*, the financial question, or monometallism versus bimetalism; and I shall endeavor to prove that on each one of these subjects

he is not only wrong-headed, uninformed or ill informed, but that he is insufferably partisan and conceited in his wrong-headedness; and I make these discriminations because, while a man may be wrong-headed and at the same time national, cosmopolitan and modest in his opinions, Ireland shows none of these desirable traits, and to be treated fairly, he must be treated in the spirit that I have defined.

At the same time I beg him to believe that I do this very reluctantly, for of all the American prelates that it has been my honor and pleasure to meet, not one of them has impressed me more favorably in a personal way than Archbishop Ireland, and it would be much more pleasing to me to be able to agree with him and praise him than to handle him in this irreverent way.

These are Ireland's famous words on the first subject :

"The movement which had its expression in the Chicago Convention and which now seeks, by means of popular suffrage, to enthrone itself in the capital of the nation is, in its logical effect, against the United States. It is secession—the secession of 1861, which our soldiers believed they had consigned to eternal death at Appomattox, but which demands again recognition from the American people. The declaration in the Chicago platform has and can have no other meaning.

"Its leaders denounce arbitrary interference by Federal authorities in local affairs as a violation of the Constitution of the United States and a crime against free institutions. The words point to the act of Grover Cleveland sending United States troops to protect national property and enforce national laws during the Chicago riots in 1894. In these words there is told the secession doctrine that States are independent of the National Government at Washington; there is the annulment of the Union; there is notice served upon the flag of America that outside the District of Columbia it is without power of self-assertion or self-defence. The President of the United States is told that to enforce national laws and protect national property he cannot march his troops into any State without the authorization of the Governor of that State."

This language is so rankly partisan, so radically false in principle and assertion, and so inflammatory in its nature and character, that it is very difficult to treat it soberly or to call it anything but a campaign falsehood; nevertheless, we will treat it soberly, and it is plain that if a man of the prominence of Archbishop Ireland can blunder thus over the first principles of our government, a reply to him must go to the root of those principles and defend them.

Let him remember, therefore, that whether the United States be viewed as a political, national, or an international factor, the factor itself is made up of an aggregation and a mutually consenting combination of original *sovereign States* of this American Union, and no part or function of our government can be comprehended if this primal fact be forgotten, ignored or denied. Ireland both ignores it and denies it, hence, as per law of nature, his whole attitude is false and shallow in the extreme.

Every American school-boy knows the truth of this statement. It is not necessary to quote the Constitution of the United States to prove this fact, or the fact that powers not specifically delegated to the general government are understood as still inhering in the sovereign states.

I am a Republican, a believer in a strong central government, and when, during our civil war, Democrats north or south abused Lincoln for violating the Constitution by his arbitrary acts, I always declared in favor of Lincoln, simply because we were in a state of war—the whole country largely under martial law, and measures requiring strong and immediate executive action had to be submitted to and accepted gladly for the general good. But in spite of Ireland's alarming words, we are not now in a state of war, nor is there any danger of civil war among us, unless plutocrats, like Ireland, presume a little farther on their supposed prerogative of governing because they have more money and less brains than a great many poorer men.

The next thing Ireland needs to learn is that "*secession*," lawfully or in a way justly defined, is the legislative act of one or more of these sovereign states declaring said state or states out of the Union and independent of the government of the United States; and treason, such as firing upon the American flag at Sumpter, which he refers to, does not consist in verbal complaints touching any supposed tyranny of the United States executive. In truth, it is a scandalous, if not an infamous, use of these words to apply them either to the conduct of Governor Altgeld during the so-called riots in Chicago in 1894, or to the complaints of the Chicago Convention of 1896; and when it is remembered that this unjustifiable and wild use of language was made in deliberate utterance by an archbishop, the marvel is that the man has not already lost all position in the great and conservative body to which he belongs.

At this point, the real question before us becomes twofold: *First*,

to what extent were the so-called riots in Chicago serious enough to call for national instead of state action, and who were the best judges of this phase of the question? *Second*, who was the real rebel in the case—Cleveland or Altgeld? And by this answer, not by Ireland's screaming letter, will the action of the Chicago Convention stand or fall.

Touching the first part of this question, I have to say that I was in Chicago during the earlier days of the so-called riots; that I left Chicago for the East, *via* the Pennsylvania lines of railroad—I think it was on the 5th of July, 1894—at all events, it was after the newspapers had, for days, been filled with display head-lines regarding the fearful riots in Chicago; and after I left the city, my office was there, and a clerk in it, who had to pass daily between my office and his home, quite in the neighborhood of the so-called riot district.

Now let me describe the riot as I saw it, after arriving from the West the day before. I went my way from the north side to the Union station on the west side as usual, and there was no sign of riot anywhere. At the Union depot, and in the neighboring streets, there were, if anything, fewer men about than usual, but there was an hour or more of delay in starting our train. Upon careful inquiry, I found that at some time, and by some unknown person or persons, within twenty-four hours of our starting-time the cotton packing of the axle boxes of the Pullman car had been removed, and the boxes had been filled with sand. The sand had to be removed and the boxes repacked, all of which was done without any molestation from any one, and we started on our way.

On our train were perhaps twenty-five special sheriff's officers, loaded to the teeth, and every man on the train, I among them, was ready to be sworn in as a special officer at a moment's notice, and ready to shoot any rioter that attempted to molest that train; no rioter made his appearance; no switch was misplaced; not a stitch or a board of the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad had been molested. The State, that is, the Cook County part of the State, had shown prompt willingness to protect corporation property, not to speak of national property, and the only thing touched was a Pullman car. I will speak of that discrimination directly. I must add in this place, that the clerk in question wrote me nearly every day during the so-called riot-period; that no one of his letters was lost or delayed between Chicago and Boston; that he

never even mentioned the riot in one of his letters, spite of the fact stated that he daily had to skirt the so-called riot neighborhood; hence I have long ago concluded that, alike from the evidence of my own eyes and this negative evidence of my clerk—plus the regularity of my own mails—that the so-called riot was vastly exaggerated by the Eastern papers, perhaps for sinister purposes; and, above all, that Governor Altgeld and the mayor and authorities of Chicago were, by nature of their proximity and by every reason, better informed as to the comparative seriousness of that riot than Cleveland or the Eastern newspapers.

I am not pretending that there was no serious disturbance in Chicago. The question was, and is, was there such serious disturbance that the police of Chicago, the sheriff's officers of Cook County, and the militia of the State of Illinois could not cope with it; and hence was there actual need for the sending of United States troops there to shoot down inoffensive people, who happened to be urging their way through a surging crowd; and my conclusion is, that Altgeld, and the mayor of Chicago and the officers of Cook County were better judges of this than were Cleveland or the newspaper reporters.

On this point the whole question hinges; for if the disturbance was not beyond the control of the city and the county and the combined State authorities, officers, police and militia, and unless Cleveland was duly notified to this effect by the city and State authorities, then Cleveland, not Altgeld, was the lawless rebel in that emergency, and the Chicago Convention stood squarely on the Constitution and the laws of the land—as held and interpreted for over one hundred years—and the man—archbishop, or what not—who denounces such action as secession and destructive of American institutions, is either a knave or a fool. If he happens to be an archbishop, so much the worse for him.

Let us be more explicit with Ireland. Let him distinctly understand that what the war settled was that no State or States has or have any right to secede from this Union without the mutual consent of all the States forming the Union, and that the war did not abolish the original acts of union, destroy the Constitution or in any way change the old original and long-established relation of these sovereign States to our sovereign Union in any other way than as just indicated; and unless he is utterly blind to the signs of the times he must be aware at heart that the danger and men-

ace to the free institutions of this land are to be found alone in the dictation of our plutocracy to a hireling President, who, being suddenly exalted from disgraceful poverty, is only too anxious to obey their will. I am not blaming the newspapers for exaggerating the facts regarding the so-called Chicago riots. It is their business to exaggerate facts and make the "*news*" as attractive as possible. It helps to sell the papers.

I am not blaming the common carriers for being anxious concerning the safe delivery of the government and other freight committed to their care. It is not only their business, it is their duty to be thus anxious at all times, and especially in times of local disturbances of any kind.

I am simply stating my own experience in connection with Chicago during the days of the so-called riot. I do not consider Washington Hesing's statements as published in the papers October 23d, any proper reply to the statement here made, or to the statement made by Governor Altgeld to the same effect, as my own statements.

All that Mr. Hesing claimed, all that can be proven in this regard, is that government mails were somewhat delayed on certain trains; but even Ireland with all his partisan wilcat Republicanism would hardly claim that this was sufficient ground for concluding that the city and county and State authorities of Chicago and Illinois could not cope with the situation, or that this was sufficient ground for quartering United States troops in Chicago contrary to the protests of the State authorities and contrary to the Constitution and the general laws of the land.

There is but one other ground open to the alarmists of Ireland's type, viz., that the city authorities of Chicago and Cook County and the State authorities knew that the riot was as bad as the newspapers represented, and that while they were abundantly able to suppress it, they simply would not do so because they were in sympathy with the rioters; but this supposition is so monstrous that no sane man, though he were an archbishop, would care to entertain or express it.

That Altgeld and the authorities of Chicago, and one might add the sober elements of the State and nation, were in sympathy with the strikers as regards their contention with the Pullman Company no one questions, and it is to be registered to their eternal credit that they were willing to accept the abuse of the newspapers and

endure the invasion of their State by United States troops, acting in the teeth of all law, rather than shoot down gatherings of idle and suffering citizens, made idle and brought to suffering through the unfeeling tyranny and selfishness of the Pullman Company. If Ireland wishes to discuss the details of this phase of the question I am ready to meet him at any time.

But for Ireland or any other man to speak of Governor Altgeld & Co. as anarchists and secessionists because of this sympathy and inaction in the first instance, or because of the platform in the Chicago Convention condemnatory of Cleveland's unconstitutional and unlawful action, is to show such ignorance of law and the proper use of language as to make one suspect at least that they themselves are rebels and tyrants out of whose hands it is time to pluck all power, national and ecclesiastical.

To sum up on this part of Ireland's letter we conclude, *first* that according to the best evidence up to date, the state of things in the city of Chicago in the summer of 1894 was not such that the city and State authorities could not or would not cope with it; *second*, and therefore, that it was not such as to make it necessary for Cleveland to send United States troops to the scene at all; *third*, that, as every schoolboy knows, he had no constitutional right to send troops there anyway without first being requested to do so by the State authorities; therefore, that Cleveland acted unlawfully and needlessly in the case, and that Altgeld and the Chicago Convention, so far from being anarchists and secessionists in the case, were and are the true representatives of the Constitution, laws and safeguards upon which the fathers of this country founded the government of these United States; that Cleveland & Co. were and are the true rebels in the case, and that Ireland, in upholding them, and denouncing the Chicago Convention on this ground is an abettor and upholder of needless tyranny, lawlessness and rebellion on the part of the executive of the nation.

Ireland is just as unsound, illogical, and contrary to the facts in all his high-sounding talk of the powers and character of the Supreme Court. Here is the pith of his croak on this theme :

"The palladium of American liberties is the Supreme Court at Washington, the counterpart of which in majesty and in power to enforce absolute justice does not exist among the nations of Christendom. But as far as it is possible to human ingenuity, outside of partisan politics, independent of all political influence through their life tenure of office, the Judges of this court rule Congress

and the President, States and Nation, and expound the law in all its inflexibility, no matter who or what must yield to it.

"And now a convention speaks of the Supreme Court 'as it may be hereafter constituted' in intimating unmistakably the intention, if the party represented in that convention comes into power, the intention to so constitute the court, by the popular election of the judges, by the shortening of their term of office or otherwise, as to make it insensible to the stern voice of law, and responsive to the passing whims of political parties."

Now all this sounds very big and very patriotic, but has His Grace of St. Paul, Minn., forgotten that one Chief Justice Taney, at the head of this Supreme Court, in the last generation, when the slave power held sway, ruled deliberately "that the black man had no rights that the white man was bound to respect"?

Has he forgotten the ruling of this Supreme Court within a twelvemonth, to the effect that the recent law of income tax was unconstitutional? Does he keep himself posted on the rulings of the Supreme Court, and does he take them as so many infallible rulings of Papal authority; or has he ever tried to comprehend the spirit of our constitution and the true genius of our people, and does he not know that the American citizen has ever held the right to criticise any law of Congress and any ruling of the Supreme Court touching such law? Where was he born, any way, that he takes constitutional Americanism for anarchy and the purchased tyranny of our Executive and his packed palladium for the safeguards of American liberty?

In truth the "palladium of American liberties" must be found alone in the stern integrity, justice, and honor of our people, in their dealings one with another, legal, commercial and otherwise, and not in puffed-up, pigheaded Presidents who swear to defend and execute the laws, and immediately set out to break them; nor in powdered, periwigged and gowned judges who allow themselves to become the tools of the rich in their oppression of the poor; nor, indeed, will it be found in the gowned and purpled prelates, whose natural and pampered sympathies with the rich and tyrannical render them incapable of being the true teachers or guides of the poor.

The next thought of any importance in the Archbishop's letter denounces the Chicago Convention and its representatives as corrupted with the spirit of socialism, and this is as false and as unbecoming as the rest of his utterances. Listen to the "Blizzard's" words. Here they are :

"Worse, to my mind, than all this is the spirit of socialism that permeates the whole movement which has issued from the convention at Chicago. It is the International of Europe now taking body in America. Of this one cannot but be convinced when the movement is closely observed, the shibboleth of its adherents listened to, the discourses of its orators carefully examined.

"The war of class against class is upon us, the war of proletariat against the property holder. No other meaning than this can be given to the appeals to 'the common people,' to 'the laborer,' to 'the poor and downtrodden,' and to the denunciations against plutocrats and 'corporations' and 'money grabbers,' and 'bankers.'"

Now what does His Grace mean by socialism? If he means the "rights of man," "human equality," "resistance to tyrants," etc., etc., why these are the things for which our government was founded. It has no excuse for existence except so far as it defends them and builds them into society. Personally, I think the whole philosophy of American Independence, including its Declaration of Independence, a wretched cobweb of inexcusable and presumptuous falsehood; but I am not teaching political philosophy, I am simply answering a so-called American whose words are false to all the principles of true Americanism.

If by socialism Ireland means lawlessness, or resistance to the established laws of the land, or any inclination to band together for the resistance of such established laws, or any declarations or tendencies toward this spirit, this part of his letter is as false as it is scandalous, and he ought to be ashamed of himself for pretending to respect people in one breath and in the next to represent them as the minions of hated socialism.

If by socialism he means the protest of the masses against the lawless and selfish tyranny of the favored classes, why this is not only the essence of our Constitution, it is at the same time the essence of all true law and of all true justice in this world; and for a prelate of the Catholic Church to be against the poor and on the side of plutocratic injustice and executive tyranny, in its name, is so unbecoming a Catholic prelate that, according to my thinking, he ought to drop one masque or the other: hold to his robes and speak out in favor of the poor, of justice and of constitutional law, or drop his purple honors and come out as a rank plutocratic, Carnegie, Hanna, Pullman servant of the devil and of all lawless tyranny, and quit all ecclesiastical pretensions one way or the other.

If he means to intimate that this "class against class" war

is anything new in the world, or that it is something which the Chicago Convention originated, or for which it was to blame, he shows such ignorance of all history as to make one wonder by what methods he ever came to prominence in the Church, to say the least, for her promotions are nearly always carefully made.

It was a case of "class against class" that moved the Almighty to nerve the tongue of Moses with justice and his hands with might, until the oppressed were led in freedom across the parted waters to their promised land.

It was lawless usurpation of authority that cost the last Kings of France their crown and throne, that lost Charles Stuart his head, and the stupid Georges America. It was the infamy of tyranny, not the evil instincts of the poor, that made socialism a necessary evil in Europe, and unfortunately there were not wanting such prelates as Ireland to bolster up the blasphemous tyrannies of greedy and stubborn and conceited and asinine kings.

Let Ireland beware lest by his foolish words and example he forces the law-abiding and peaceful masses of the United States into an attitude of worse opposition than any that the world has yet known.

Cleveland is not Boss of the United States. The Supreme Court is not Boss of the United States. According to our fundamental laws the people themselves boss this continent, and the only legitimate way they have of bossing is by spreading light and voting for men who believe in justice rather than for men who believe in class legislation for the protection of the rich and in oppression of the poor. This is precisely what the Chicago Convention tried to do. Let Ireland take sides, but let him also take the consequences without whining or calling the poor hard names. It is neither safe nor noble.

There has always been "class war" in this world, and the very mission of kings and one of the missions of prelates was to arbitrate between the tyrannies of selfish wealth and the cryings of the oppressed poor. If Ireland read his New Testament more and Republican balderdash newspapers less, I think he would be in a better frame of mind to write on the political aspects of the nineteenth century.

Touching the financial problem Ireland has this wonderful oracle to deliver:

"The monetary question is, indeed, a secondary issue in this

campaign. I have, however, my convictions in this matter. The free and unlimited coinage of silver dollars at a ratio of 16 to 1, by the United States, independently of the other great commercial nations, into dollars which shall be made legal tender, will disturb the whole business of the country and bring upon it a financial depression far beyond anything which we are now experiencing.

* * * * *

"Free coinage then will give us money worth in the commercial market of the world a little over half its nominal value. No one imagines that the stamp of the Government gives value to a piece of metal; it merely certifies to the quantity and quality. Otherwise the Government stamp might as well be affixed to copper or to mere paper. If the Government stamp gave value, the debased coins issued in the past by impecunious sovereigns would not have ruined the subjects of those sovereigns, and the assignets of France and the paper issued by Ferdinand of Naples, a century ago, would not have sold in the market almost as government rags.

"Legal tender compelling men to accept against their will money above its commercial value in the markets of the world is rank injustice. The early financial statesmen of America—Jefferson, Morris, Hamilton—never thought of making the legal value of coin higher than the commercial value of the metal of which the coins were made."

Ireland is no good as a prophet, and in the first place it is very foolish to talk about "the unlimited coinage of silver dollars" at all, for since the silver mines of the earth are limited the coinage will also necessarily be limited, and this expression seems to indicate that His Grace of St. Paul was writing more for euphony and sound effects than for sound facts and principles. But his most serious blunder—and this is the essential blunder of nearly all our gold-bug writers—is in presuming and assuming that the commercial value of either gold or silver is independent of its money value and uninfluenced thereby.

I covered this point rather carefully in my article "*Bryan or the Gold-Bugs*" in the September GLOBE REVIEW, but must here briefly restate it

The commercial value of any metal or substance of the earth is what it will bring when used exclusively for commercial or manufacturing purposes. Thus the commercial value of iron is determined by the laws of supply and demand—as iron is needed in the iron work of the world. Precisely so of gold or silver. Now to be brief, the most careful estimates made, up to this time, in-

dicating that not more than one-tenth of all the gold mined in the world is or could be used for so-called commercial purposes. Hence it is inevitable that if the ninety per cent. of the gold mines of the world, now used for money purposes, was thrown on the world for commercial purposes, the price of it would fall anywhere from ninety to fifty per cent.; and that man—archbishop or what not—is a financial fool, who presumes to state that the commercial value of gold is independent of its money value. In truth, as a matter of simple historic fact, the commercial and money value of gold has increased and the commercial value of silver decreased in the exact proportion as gold has been exclusively monetized and silver demonetized. Indeed, the Archbishop frankly admits that the free coinage of silver, that is its lawful and proper remonetization, would increase its commercial value; but he does not seem to see how inconsistent this admission is when compared with his previous statement, and goes on with his old hack utterances that free coinage will give us money worth a little more than half its value, etc.

Demonetize gold for a hundred years and it will not be worth half its present value in the commercial market of the world. Remonetize silver, pet it—make it the only coin standard of money for one hundred years, as the gold lenders have been treating gold for the last twenty-five years—and it will be worth its face value, even in the commercial market of Ireland's ideal financial world.

In the time of Cromwell archbishops were of small value in England, but under the Stuarts they were remonetized and brought a good price. Taboo truth and in the minds of fools it is of little worth. Jesus was sold for thirty pieces of silver. The silverites were popular then, and the gold-bugs had not begun to buy prophets and parsons or prelates in gold at \$5 or \$5,000 a head—but—God! what is the value of silver or gold compared with stars like these?

To demonetize silver, to discredit it, to misrepresent it by all the hireling power of the press of a nation—of two nations, of the two leading nations of the world—and still to expect it to maintain its commercial value on a par with gold, and that in the minds of the dastard money-lending gold-bugs, who have done the discrediting because they have gold to loan—is worse than discrediting and traducing a saint by the power and authority of an archbishop, if

you please, and still to expect that saint to stand well in the archdiocese ruled by his slanderer.

Why is Archbishop Ireland so severe on the discredited silver? Has he gold mines to loan, or by which to take up non-tax bearing gold bonds, issued by other fools or knaves like Cleveland?

Let him remember that a large portion of the enormous business of the United States to this time is done in silver, or by silver certificates, valued exactly at 100 cents to the dollar. And I deliberately charge him here—as I charged in general in the *GLOBE* No. 23—that he is a financial traitor to the honor of this country, when he prattles about this money as worth only 50 cents on the dollar. In a word, I charge that all assertions of this sort are a baseless lie.

Whole armies of fools during the past campaign fell to the level of saying it was a question of 16 to 1. And the great 16 to 1 coins of the West were a fearful comment on its brainless idiocy. It is of no moment to me or to any private citizen, what ratio of silver to gold this or other nations may determine on. But once the ratio is determined on, as in our own case, that man is a slanderer of the nation's honor, who pretends that the ratio is not a just one.

Report on the race course that a horse has lost his staying power and who will bet on that horse or believe in him? But the infamous gold-bugs have been doing worse than this in regard to silver for the last thirty years. I say that Ireland is a slanderer of the nation's honor and not a defender of it, and that, incidentally, he is a fearful enemy of the poor, the industrious poor, and of the great and untold industries of this nation.

Money, they say, is a medium of exchange and a measure of value. Wiseacres tell me that the last portion of this definition is the more important of the two, but money could not be a medium of exchange, except it were a measure of value. In a word, the second part of the definition is involved and implied in the first.

Other wiseacres tell me that money is the yardstick of commerce, but 36 inches of silver is just as long as 36 inches of gold. Fearful wiseacres! I wonder the gods themselves do not abdicate in favor of the gold-bugs and the bankers, they are so eternally wise, that is, when and where 20 or 100 per cent. rather than 5 per cent. is concerned. Why, even Ireland is wise enough for this. And several of our prelates seem to understand this much of finance.

Of course, it would be better if all the nations would agree on an exact ratio of silver to gold : remonetize silver by international agreement, and live for mutual rather than for selfish financial schemes ; but in God's name, or the devil's, who expects this of the nations ? Does Archbishop Ireland ? With all his faults, I do not take him for such a fool.

Taking his own admission that remonetization would increase the commercial value of silver, and by and by, perhaps, bring it to a par with gold, though not at once, I think, and taking the experience of thousands of years in testimony of the fact that the two metals, used side by side as coin of the realms, have tended to a more stable measure of value, or standard of money, than either one of the two used alone, to the discredit of the other ; and taking the additional fact admitted by everybody, that the remonetization of silver would not only increase its commercial value, but vastly, in untold degree, increase and set on foot good and now idle American industries ; and taking the additional fact, that our American promises to pay in coin meant either in silver or gold, I ask, in the name of all that is just and honorable in human affairs, how can the honor of this nation be affected or strained by the remonetization of silver, and the widespread opening of our silver mines ?

The answer is plain. Our honor is not involved, and no man really questions it ; but the gold lenders, the Jew usurers of the world, who wish to live in untold luxury and tyranny because they have a corner in gold, would have a looser grip on the purse-strings of the nations, and would not be so completely masters of the treasuries of the nations, of the bankers and brokers, and through these, of the laboring millions, as they are to-day. I do not think that the remonetization of silver would destroy their power. They would still be masters.

It is true we wait on Paris for our spring fashions, and on English snobs for our social customs and our pronunciation of the *a* in "You cawnt do it you know ;" but, in the name of common horse-sense, I would like Ben Harrison, McKinley, or that old and false prophet Dana, of the *Sun*, to tell me why, with gold mines, and silver mines, and lands, and industries, and genius enough for all the world, we should stop to see what John Bull will do with his silver before doing the right thing ourselves ?

Perhaps I ought to dwell more at length upon the fact that silver and gold have been used side by side as money, though with

varying fortune, during thousands of years, and that experience teaches us that the free use of both has tended to lessen dishonorable speculation with either. Even Bob Ingersoll, who very seldom speaks the truth—and who sold out recently to the gold-bugs—has admitted, and has publicly declared, that the demonetization of silver was accomplished by fraud.

Silver and gold are, however, even now equally the coin money of the United States, and, as everybody knows, silver dollars and silver certificate paper dollars will everywhere buy 100 cents worth of merchandise.

In truth, the wretches who like Harrison, McKinley, Smalley, Ingersoll & Co., try to berate the silver dollar as a fifty-cent dollar, etc., will every one of them take their pay of Hanna's treasurer in silver dollars, or silver certificate dollars, at the rate of 100 cents to the dollar without a murmur, in fact, with infinite gratitude;—the wretched and false-hearted slaves.

All this goes to show how senseless and baseless and slanderous of the national honor are the words of Archbishop Ireland when he refers to "the debased coins issued in the past by impecunious sovereigns" of Europe as bearing any resemblance in kind, value or background to the silver dollars coined by the Government of the United States, backed by resources and honor enough to buy out all the petty sovereigns and thrones of the old world to this day.

Plainly there is no suspicion in the minds of these hirelings and these blatant ecclesiastical orators that silver will depreciate in value with free coinage, but just the opposite; and just as plainly there is no real suspicion in their minds that the financial honor of the United States will be soiled by the free coinage of silver. Quite as plainly also is it that they really expect greater prosperity and activity in all ordinary commercial manufactures and transactions with the free coinage of silver; but, God forgive them, they are sleeplessly anxious lest the gold-bug money lenders of Europe and their numerous representatives in America may have less scope for making money by the brokers' loafing tricks of getting up corners in the money market and squeezing borrowers, to pay anywhere from fifteen to one hundred per cent. for the use of money thus squeezed, contracted, hide-bound—held in abject bondage by the few great money lenders of the world.

Ireland admits that the debtor classes even in America would be aided by free coinage, but heaven pity his ignorance of mankind

when he goes on to say that the debtor classes are few in numbers. Where has he lived? On the prairies? Seventy-five per cent. of our farm lands are mortgaged to the last notch. In our cities? Over sixty per cent. of our so-called homes are mortgaged in the same way. To their eternal shame be it spoken, a very large proportion of our Protestant and Catholic churches are heavily mortgaged. Even Rockefeller and the Baptists are growing impious on *this* point. Vast majorities of our so-called prosperous merchants are doing business on borrowed money, sometimes at a very high rate of interest. In fact, this is the bottom reason, for the commercial statistic truth that over ninety out of every hundred men in business for themselves in this country fail in business, cheat their creditors and go on again—often to other failures. Are not Ireland's own vast estates mortgaged? With all his spread-eagle boomerangism is he not of the debtor classes? Are not all our American cities, and the States, enormous debtors—of the debtor classes? Is not the United States Government a tremendous debtor? Was not the little Punch and Judy candidate, McKinley, of the debtor classes when he endorsed paper for thousands of dollars beyond all his property? And did not Mark Hanna pick him out of the gutter of insolvency, and has not this same Mark Hanna become McKinley's master and director, precisely on the same grounds that the leading European and New York bankers became Cleveland's masters, until Congress tied his hands behind him so that he could no longer do their vile bidding?

A word ought to be said here regarding the so-called honest money Democrats who sold out to Mark Hanna and the gold-bugs. I consider them the vilest and most traitorous Americans that have ever been guilty of party disloyalty. The Democratic party found them unknown, unheralded, unhonored and unsung; some of them among the social outcasts of the day. The Democratic party has lifted them to affluence and honor; the Democratic masses have voted for them, shouted for them, contributed to their unearned support, and then, when these same Democratic masses found a standard-bearer worthy of their principles and aspirations, this band of padded and fattened and honored party traitors sold out to the enemy for the only mess of pottage they will ever obtain.

This article was written before the November elections and without any regard to them—my belief being that no matter how

said election went, the subject would still be of absorbing interest, as it is bound to be unsettled for many years to come.

Now that McKinley is elected by a landslide, it remains to be seen whether he and the purchased minions of the gold-bugs who bought his election will carry out their pledges to further an International Congress for the purpose of remonetizing silver by international agreement, or whether he and his masters will follow in the steps of the Cleveland government, and do their best to retard and interfere with an international or other remonetization of silver.

It is never safe to prophesy until after the fact, but I here tell the victors that upon their faithful fulfilment of their pledges on this point depends the future of the Republican party in the United States. If they keep their pledges, so that our silver mines are reopened without unreasonable delay, the masses of our people will still support the Republican party, mainly because the Democratic party, as a national entity, has shown no genius for large and sensible government during the last thirty years.

But if McKinley and his masters fail to keep their pledges on this point, and if they act as if power gave them a right to disregard their pledges, and attempt to saddle our people with high tariff legislation again, the grand old party is damned forever by this its last victory in American politics, and four years from now William J. Bryan, the one brainy and upright politician this land has developed in the last generation, will be elected President of the United States in the year 1900 on a free silver platform, and by such an overwhelming majority that even Theodore Roosevelt, and Parkhurst, and Bob Ingersoll and Archbishop Ireland will all be glad to play ostrich and bury themselves head and tail in the sands of their own recreant and everlasting oblivion. As to Mark Hanna's comment, that the election of McKinley shows that the American people know how to choose between right and wrong, it is as stupid as his own untutored conscience.

Mr. Bryan, with all the odds against him, and spite of the fact that he was a young man and a new man, won a larger number of electoral votes than this wonderful American people gave Ben Harrison four years ago, notwithstanding Harrison had proven himself one of the best Republican presidents we had in many years.

Mark Hanna may be a good financier, but he is away off on

questions of "right and wrong." Four years ago, the American people chose lunk-head Cleveland by one landslide, and this year they chose lunk-head McKinley by another. Bryan has more brains and character than both of these men, and four years hence this same immaculate American people may roll up its sleeves and send Bryan to the White House by quite as much force and a good deal more reason.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

SHOOTING STARS.

WHEN ardent summer skies are bright
 With myriad friendly lamps that glow
 Down from their dark, mysterious height
 To charm the shrouded earth below—
 Lost in a faith we do not know,
 Nor human discord ever jars
 With eyes that wide and wider grow,
 He sits and waits for shooting stars.

And when they slide across the night
 Like arrows from a Titan's bow,
 He shudders for supreme delight
 And shouts to see them scamper so,
 No sneering science comes to show
 The poor brain crossed with silly scars;
 But flushed with joys that overflow,
 He sits and waits for shooting stars.

We call him an unlovely wight;
 But if his wit be something slow,
 Nor ever weary of the sight
 That Adam saw so long ago—
 Released from knowledge and its woe,
 No gloom his constant rapture mars:—
 Oblivious from head to toe,
 He sits and waits for shooting stars.

ENVOY.

Nor is it yet for us, I trow,
 To mock him, or to shut the bars
 Of scorn against him—even though
 He sits and waits for shooting stars.

Gardiner, Me.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

WAS THERE A CONSPIRACY?

IN the controversy that raged for some time over Archbishop Ireland and the school question, only the silliest and least important facts of the matter came clearly before the public, and these were never well understood. For quite a long time, because of my name, the Germans were fooled, and thinking that, like themselves, I was, or would be, a German first and a Catholic afterwards, they made every effort to lead me into their conspiracy. Hence, I have documents on this subject that were never made public, *i. e.*, to the mass of the people, and, strange to say, the fight fairly raged around an unimportant point instead of the principal idea, *i. e.*, in public, for before the Pope the true state of the question was fought out.

Startling as it may seem, the Germans as a people have never been Catholics in the true sense of the word; they have always been ready to sacrifice faith for politics and worldly advantages. Even the much-renowned Windthorst was ever ready to do this. I have abundant incontestable facts and figures to prove this. After the Franco-Prussian war the German mind was filled with the pride of conquest, and still dreams of new fields to conquer. Those in this country followed the mother- or fatherland, and money was actually sent over here to make America German. This ridiculous and extravagant idea so took possession of them that a semi-secret organization was formed among them to accomplish that purpose, and the Catholic Church was to be made a vehicle to not only overthrow the English language, but to bring on a revolution in which the Church ruled and dominated by Germans, should form a close corporation that would boycott and ruin all opposition from the American people. They even contemplated the active interference of the German Emperor in our politics. I am not drawing on my imagination, but writing sober history of the conspiracy. It received a set-back in the appointment of the present Archbishop of Cincinnati, which they tried to seize. That of St. Paul they were determined to have at all hazards, but before they could accomplish their designs, Ireland was made an archbishop. This was a thunderbolt; they had calculated with St. Paul to Germanize the whole Northwest, and here was their territory cut off and a most popular man put in the place of power and influence. Clearly something must be done, but where begin? They would compel Rome to interfere.

First, to give the matter the appearance of disinterestedness, two different parties were paid to come over here, and, after a few weeks' stay, in which they were coached as to what they should say, they went back to Europe and, to the Pope, as well as in the newspapers, published the most libellous and lying documents I have ever read. Their work was backed up by a petition from this country, the equal of which I have never seen from men claiming to be Christians—in fact, it was spawned by hell. Certain men were dispatched from America to carry the petition and secretly work it through before any adverse action could be taken. If that petition was published it would raise a howl from every American whether Catholic or Protestant; and had it been granted, the Church in America would be a thing of the past.

But God would not permit its success. Bishop Keane was then in Europe—but not in Rome—where he unexpectedly went to consult the Holy Father about the University which he was then preparing to begin. At the Propaganda, mention was made of this extraordinary petition; he asked to see it, and was thunderstruck. He immediately sent word to the Cardinal, and through him its contents became known to the bishops. Hell never spawned a more outrageous document—publicity was its death-knell; but, "Aha, I told you so," just at this juncture came the announcement of the two poor little schools of Faribault and Stillwater. It did not matter that dozens of such arrangements had been made before in other places, revenge is sweet; the hue and cry is raised, and Ireland becomes the storm center.

The whole business was a humbug, brought forward to cover up their nefarious design, which they were only too glad to not let see the light of day. But how did Archbishop Corrigan and the Jesuits get into the mire? The first sulked because New York did not get the University, then became the active opponent of the bishops who were responsible for placing it in the right place, Washington; the latter were mad because they were shut out from bossing the job, as the bishops and the Pope decided that the great Catholic University should belong to the whole Church in America, and be the tool of no party or order.

It was a great conspiracy, and since we must always reckon with the human element in the Church divine, the conspiracy is not so surprising as are the facts of some of its adherents. It has utterly killed them on the inside. For the public in gen-

eral, in fact but few, very few priests have anything like a definite idea of either the magnitude or the depth of the conspiracy, much less of its baseness.

Time and again I have been solicited to write of this matter for the public, but, God help me, I could see no good in it; I hate notoriety, and prefer to do God's work as it is set before me, quietly and without ostentation. But to my friends I have always tried to give an understanding privately, that they might not be ignorant of the conflict, and might know where to place themselves, and for which side to pray; for on one side was an all-embracing Catholicity, on the other, the old, Jewish, nationalistic idea that is the very antithesis of everything Catholic; and I daily pray that the great pilot now steering Peter's bark may live long to perfect his work and judgment that has released us from the danger of this conspiracy, that would have made us a slave to the Cæsars.

There is much in this work that resembles several past periods in the history of the Church. The evil is only scotched, but I pray God before it can again show its head the Church will have grown so strong that all nationalism will have been swallowed up by an age of apostolic labor that will perfect our liberties by giving the American people the truth.

REV. B. G. LENTZ.

Bement, Ill.

NOTE.—The title of this article is mine. The second paragraph of it I published in the September issue as a striking example, every way, of race prejudice. That paragraph provoked bitter opposition and comment in various quarters, and the name of the author was demanded. The entire article as here published was sent to me by its author for publication in the year 1893. I did not publish it then because I did not believe or approve of its statements. I do not believe or approve them now. With these comments I leave Father Lentz and the Germans to fight their own battle, assuring both parties, however, that the pages of the GLOBE are open to their respective statements.

W. H. THORNE.

THE BREATH OF DAWN.

AWAKE! the breath of Dawn hath touch'd the great expanse,
 And hark! her fresh love matins, sung in soften'd glee,
 Low-voiced echoes lure from slumbering shell and sand,
 That call in whisper'd chords *new life* athwart the sea.
 Love's softened glee
 Athwart the sea!

Her varied tones of mystic light now line the sky,
 See! from the timid rifts peep gleams of waiting gold;
 Adown the paths of ling'ring mists her glory comes
 With smiles to gild, and all the throbbing waste enfold.
 Love's smiles of gold
 The waste enfold!

Light laughter drift the waters o'er their tranquil crests,
 The wak'ning ripples sporting climb the curving shore,
 With trembling joy their tangled kisses meet, and blend
 The cadence of their hymn, replete with love once more.
 Love's hymn once more,
 O'er curving shore!

So sounds the morning orison, far o'er the deep
 The carol grows, great billows chant the grand *Amen*,
 Soft night's obscurity unheeded steals away;
 Behold! the dayspring now in grandeur reigns again.
 Love reigns again,
 Mid grand *Amen*.

New York.

E. C. MELVIN.

FOOL NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

OF all the fools of modern civilization—so called—the fool newspaper correspondent is the greatest and the most conceited. The newspaper correspondent is a sort of cross between the newspaper editorial writer and the newspaper reporter. The reporter is not supposed to have any opinions, and is seldom allowed to utter any that he may have. The newspaper editorial writer is supposed to have opinions on all sorts of subjects, and is allowed to utter them in the newspaper that hires him; but his opinions are always liable to be suppressed—waste-basketed so to speak—by the managing editor, who is simply the slave of the owner or owners of each

specific newspaper; and to still further protect the owners from any expression of impolitic opinions by the average newspaper editorial writer, the latter is usually allowed to write only on subjects that he really knows nothing about, hence subjects on which he will express himself guardedly and in harmony with the established business policy of the paper.

The newspaper correspondent—usually writing at a distance from the office—while under all the restrictions of the editorial writer, nevertheless often manages to work in opinions of his own. A senator, or a cabinet officer, or a society woman, or a prelate, or some prelate's friend—say in Washington, London, Paris—feasts him, fees him, shows him some attention, and for these considerations he will praise the devil in any disguise, call black white and white black, cry war or peace, stand on his head—sell his soul and fire off his correspondence at a late hour, or in adroit speech, expressing all possible opinions in favor of his host or his temporary master or mistress, trusting to the average ignorance or good will of the managing editor, and so the Smalleys, the Blowitzes and a thousand smaller fools get their purchased and purchasable opinions into so-called respectable journalism and imagine themselves of some importance in the world.

One of the latest and smallest of these asininities recently got his execrable stuff into that once so-called "respectable and reliable" daily paper known as *The Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia, as follows, touching the removal of Bishop Keane from the rectorship of the Catholic University at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—The astonishment caused among Washington Catholics by the deposition of Bishop Keane has in no degree abated, now that a week has passed since the Bishop left the city to seek retirement. No prelate or priest who has ever served in the national capital was so widely esteemed among all classes and conditions in this community. This was most strikingly evidenced at the testimonial meeting held in Carroll Hall, on Thursday evening, where the heads of all the educational associations of the city, Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen, united in a series of eulogies upon the retired head of the Catholic University, which were equally remarkable for their fervor and for their evident sincerity. Their nature was well characterized by Dr. Rankin, of Howard University, as "expressions which are unusual for the living; which are more frequently reserved for those to whom the Great Master has said 'Well done!'"

The meeting was a spontaneous one, undenominational, and

assembled for no other purpose than to evidence appreciation of the work which Bishop Keane has accomplished as an educator, a philanthropist and a man. There was no suggestion of criticism of the policy which was responsible for his summary retirement, although Dr. Rankin eulogized his sturdy Americanism and his opposition to the fight against free schools.

There can be now no reasonable doubt that the removal of Bishop Keane has opened up anew the bitter struggle in the Catholic Church which culminated some years ago in the defeat of Cahensleyism and the discomfiture of the so-called "foreign" or reactionary party. The issue which was believed to have been settled in favor of the wing of the Church headed by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland and Archbishop Ryan, has been reopened and once more pushed to the front. And those who battled for the policy then are not likely, so Catholic clergy and laity here assert, to consider that a final solution has yet been reached.

In Baltimore interest in the situation is quite as absorbing as in Washington. Baltimore is the home of Cardinal Gibbons, and has an unusually large and influential Catholic population. The Baltimore *Sun* of Saturday contains a long and interesting article upon the controversy which it asserts has arrayed the Church into two great parties, the sharply defined issue between them being the possession of the Catholic University. Continuing, the *Sun* says: "These two wings, from their own sentiments, will be known as the American and the German party.

"The first is said to be composed of American-born priests and American Catholics. The second has at its head the German-speaking and German-born priests and laity. These are taking every opportunity to unite with the French priests and laity, who still cling to their language and customs. . . .

"The American party is represented by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Williams, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Chapelle, of Santa Fe, and Bishop Foley, of Detroit. Opposed to them are the German party, consisting of Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Bishop Spalding, of Peoria; Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky.; Bishop Horstman, of Cleveland, and Bishop Farley, of New York.

"On the Board are, in addition, Rev. Father T. R. Lee, of St. Matthew's Church, Washington; Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, of Washington; Mr. Michael Jenkins, of Baltimore; Mr. Joseph Bannigan, of Providence, R. I., and Very Rev. Dr. Garrigan, Vice-Rector of the University. It is not expected that any of the Bishops on the Board will have a vote, so that these latter have not been taken into consideration.

"In addition to the Bishops who will have a vote, all of the thirteen Archbishops of the United States will have a voice in the matter. They have their annual meeting at the University on the day preceding the meeting of the Board."

According to the writer, the selection of Bishop Keane's successor is a matter which will be left to Rome. Three names will be presented to the Vatican, one of whom is certain to be Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill.

"The friends of Bishop Keane will make the strongest effort possible for his re-election. Strong pressure will be brought to bear on the representatives of the American party on the Board to support his name to the last extremity. It is said by a warm friend of Bishop Keane that he would not accept if elected, but the keynote of the situation was struck by Archbishop Ireland when he said there was a possibility of such a thing taking place. Since then he has said nothing, but his friends and adherents have been at work, and pressure has already been brought to bear on Cardinal Gibbons to induce him to protect the American Church, of which he is the recognized head.

"It is, of course, possible that Bishop Keane's name will not be mentioned at the meeting. In that event, and to provide for that contingency, a concerted movement is on foot to send to Rome a recognized agent or representative of the American party, who will lay their side of the controversy before the Vatican, and especially as it relates to Bishop Keane and the Catholic University.

"It is very likely that the Board will send, either privately or openly, a representative to Rome. It has even been mentioned, in view of Cardinal Gibbons' close connection with the University, that he will himself proceed to Rome, but this is hardly possible."

Etc., etc., *ad nauseum*, according to the *Philadelphia Ledger* and the *Baltimore Sun*.

As a bit of interesting history and for the information of the thousands of readers of the GLOBE REVIEW, who may never have heard of the *Public Ledger*, I will explain that it used to be considered the personal ownership of the late George W. Childs, and that through his quiet but business-like management it was for many years one of the most prosperous and paying journals in the United States. Childs did not steal the *Ledger*, as Reid is said to have stolen the New York *Tribune*, but it is understood that he and the father of the present generation of Drexels were partners in the plan which inveigled Mr. Swain—the original owner—into a fit of drunkenness, and then "*bought*" the *Ledger* on their own terms. They were all Christians—some of them Catholics, I believe. But the *Ledger* was always a sort of Goody Two-shoes—quasi-pious and quasi-philosophical; fair to everybody and fair to nobody; Quaker-like, dough-face; and it always had more blunders in a day than any other daily paper in Philadelphia or

New York would dare to have in two days ; but it was always so sedate, so wiseacreish, so profound in its after-date news and babyism, that Philadelphians liked it.

Philadelphians will stand any amount of fooling—on the tariff, or on religion, or on vice, if you will only put a Quaker expression on it and use no cuss words. Philadelphia is a great city ; covers more acres and more small vices than any other city in the world, and the *Ledger* is its most popular idol. But a few years ago Mr. Childs died—some people say, of a broken heart and too many hearthstones ; the same trouble that killed John W. Forney of earlier Philadelphia fame, and that ought long ago to have killed several other prominent and pious Philadelphians. And it has been stated by many persons said to be familiar with the facts, that the poor rich man, Childs, of illegitimate birth and too many hearth-stones, really was unable to bear up when he found that his reputed half-brother, Mr. Drexel, father of the present Drexel who runs the *Ledger*, had died and had not even mentioned him—George—in his will. Such are the weaknesses of some great men. As a matter of fact, Mr. Childs was never owner of the *Ledger* ; had only a \$60,000 interest in it. As a matter of fact, “Old Man Drexel,” as he was known in Philadelphia a generation or more ago—that is, the father of the father of the present manager of the *Ledger*—was the actual owner of the *Ledger* ; but the father of the present owner, instead of appreciating what Childs had done for the family in making the *Ledger* a millionaire-producing machine, is said to have been ashamed of the unadmitted family relationship, and so the once famous George Washington Childs, “proprietor of the *Ledger*,” entertainer of princes, etc., not being mentioned even in the Drexel will, and having too many hearthstones, and nothing but sycophant slaves in his service—died—of a broken heart, they say—and the *Ledger* passed into the younger Drexel’s hands. So are fortunes made, hearts broken, and saints and sisterhoods founded in this world.

In Mr. Child’s royal days a regular old-fashioned Philadelphia wiseacre by the name of McKean used to edit the *Ledger*, and the two pulled together like a pair of old cows, but under the new and younger Drexel management, a fashionable, dude-like sort of old chap known in Philadelphia as the husband of Rebecca Harding Davis, and the father of Richard Harding Davis, the boy novelist, and who for more than a dozen years ran the *Philadelphia Inquirer*

to the dogs, has been managing editor of the *Public Ledger*; and as L. Clark Davis never understood any serious question in all his life, the Washington correspondent of the *Ledger* was enabled to perpetrate upon him and the Philadelphia public the execrable stuff I have quoted. This is only a touch of the history of a "*great newspaper*."

Every intelligent Catholic knows that as far as there is any truth in the *Ledger's* statements regarding the so-called divisions in the Catholic Church, that truth in all its varieties and phases has been presented, argued and settled before the tribunals of Rome during the last five years, and every intelligent Catholic knows that Bishop Keane's removal from the Catholic University at Washington was simply one of the smallest results of a long-meditated contention, not, as this ignorant writer states, between German Catholics and American Catholics—for there is no such division—much less between the prelates named as on opposing sides—but a contention between non-Catholic, posing, American brummagemism and quasi Protestantism in the name of Catholicism on the one side and true Catholicism, without regard to language, race or national prejudice, on the other; and one of the saddest misfortunes in all this unhappy newspaper muddle-headed chatter about the Catholic Church and its divisions in this country, is that certain so-called liberal American Catholic prelates have in times past hired unprincipled newspaper reporters and correspondents to do work for which Judas would have been kicked to death instead of being allowed to hang himself, as is generally supposed; but to those of us who know the pig-headed stupidity of the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia, under its present management, and the cringing weather-cock unreliableness of the *New York Sun* in its recent utterances—it is not surprising that such correspondents as this Washington gentleman of the *Public Ledger* should be allowed to force their silly and lying trash through the *Ledger* before the faces of that most sedate and gullible public known as respectable Philadelphians.

Bishop Keane will not be reinstated, and I do not believe that Archbishop Ireland, with all his impetuous and noble-hearted friendliness for Bishop Keane, ever suggested the possibility of such an act.

I believe that Archbishop Ireland and the rest of the prelates quoted as being intensely enamored of Bishop Keane, are *Catholics*

above and beyond all their personal and national prejudices, and the very fact that various liberal Protestant professors have shown themselves so favorable to the deposed ex-Rector, is itself in evidence that Bishop Keane never made clear and sharp enough the distinctions actually existing between Catholicism and Protestantism in this land. The American public-school system is the most conceited, wrong-headed, half-taught and expensive wax-nose idol ever set up for the help and worship of mankind. Bishop Keane missed his calling when he undertook to defend it, and far from his ever being reinstated as Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, unless I am very much mistaken, the so-called liberal and boomerang methods he instituted there will have to follow him into retirement, until even American newspaper correspondents shall have learned that the Catholic Church is not run by Protestant professors, or United States flags, or infidel newspaper editors, or Wanamaker and Rockefeller humbuggeries, but by the infallible vicegerent of God, whose throne, these many centuries, has been established on the eternal hills of Rome.

The foregoing was written before the meeting of the prelates at Washington, which proposed three names, from which one has been selected as successor to Bishop Keane, and therefore before the letter said prelates are said to have published, denying the truth of the wretched utterances I have here ridiculed and in some measure explained.

I have spoken briefly of this possible successorship elsewhere, and I shall watch carefully all the changes that take place in the Catholic University. My belief is that these changes will bring several parties nearer to a consciousness of their true level, *per se*, and that their future and the future of the new University will be vastly improved thereby.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THOU ART DIVINE.

INCOMPARABLE man, we bow to thee,
 Caring not when, or where, or how thy birth ;
 Thy precious feet once trod the teeming earth—
 What matter if they walked the rolling sea ?
 From thy sweet presence sin was forced to flee,
 Thou broughtest cheer to homes of ruth and dearth,
 The friend thou wast of children and of mirth,
 Thy mission was assured by God's decree.

We honor thee, we love thee, we obey ;
 Whate'er we have or hope to have is thine ;
 Thou goest with us through the garish day,
 And through the night when stars do flash and shine ;
 Our strength thou art, our faith, our guide, our way—
 Thou art immaculate, thou art divine.

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINES IN PROTESTANT HYMNS.

PROTESTANTS are less protestant than they know. Their Protestantism is more the result of inherited prejudice than of enlightened conviction ; for a surprisingly small minority of them can give any reasons for espousing the dogmas they profess. The vast majority have a vague, emotional faith in which the intellect has little participation.

Knowing this, the student of Protestant hymnology is not surprised to discover many instances of dogmas peculiarly Catholic in their hymns. In fact the great bulk of them contain no sentiments that are repugnant to the Catholic faith. It would seem that Providence has wisely ordained that hymns embodying heretical doctrines should gradually sink into oblivion. Thousands of such have been written, but very few have survived, and of the latter, those only that are of comparatively recent origin. From the earliest ages of the Church hymns have been employed as a popular means of spreading heresy. They were used by Bardesanes, of Edessa, the founder of a school of Gnostics, at the end of the second century, to spread his false doctrines among the people. He is said to have written nearly two hundred. His son,

Harmonius, a learned musician, followed vigorously his father's example, and by the middle of the fourth century the pernicious effects of these popular songs—for songs they must have been rather than hymns—upon the orthodoxy of the people were so manifest that St. Ephraem, a monk and deacon of Edessa, not only began to write orthodox hymns to counteract their influence, but, turning his opponents' weapons against themselves, he set his compositions to the tunes of Harmonius with such success that his hymns hold their place to this day, whereas those of his adversaries are forgotten. It is well known that Arius gave an extensive circulation to his erroneous doctrines by putting them into verse. The same means had previously been employed by Valentinus and others. Apollinaris also used this means of spreading heresy after Arius, and thus, rather than by his writings, gave popularity to his errors. But all the songs of these heretical writers have sunk into oblivion, whereas the hymns of St. Ephraem, St. Gregory Nazianzen and Synesius, who wrote about the same time, have been preserved. In modern times Luther spread his errors by means of hymns, and a host of heretical writers since have followed his example. The aggregate number of their compositions is beyond computation; yet out of probably half a million hymns, not more than a thousand have survived, and these, with but few exceptions, are not of an heretical character.

The most popular and widely diffused among them—that can be found in the hymnals of various denominations—breathe religious sentiment pure and simple, and contain little or nothing of religious doctrine. The vast majority of Protestant hymns now extant are of this description. They appeal to the emotional nature of man rather than to the intellectual. As has been said, many of them embody—although certainly without intention on the part of the writers—doctrines that are orthodox and Catholic. I will cite a few examples in illustration, choosing only those hymns that are most popular. The efficacy of penance is certainly set forth in no vague words in the following:

“ Weary of earth and laden with my sin
 I look at heav’n and long to enter in,
 But there no evil thing may find a home;
 And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

* * * * *

"The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
 Evil is ever with me day by day ;
 Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall :
Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

I have quoted but two stanzas from this hymn, as it is too long to be inserted here in its entirety ; and, as in other examples hereafter given, I will be constrained to take the same freedom, it may be well to forestall all possible imputations of unfairness by stating that I shall suppress nothing that could in any degree modify or alter the significance of the words quoted. The hymn from which the above stanzas are taken was written by the Rev. S. J. Stone, a Church of England clergyman ; but it is to be found in hymnals of other denominations. The admonition it contains to repentance and confession as a sure means of loosening the soul from the bonds of sin could not have been more clearly and strongly given if it had been written by a Catholic. The fact that it is frequently sung by Protestants who hold confession in abhorrence, shows what a vague meaning they attach to words which to Catholics have a definite spiritual significance.

Again, in a hymn by the Moravian poet, James Montgomery, beginning with the line "To Thy temple I repair," the power of the priests to grant absolution for sins is clearly indicated in the following stanza :

"While Thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in Thy Name,
 Through their voice, by faith, may I
 Hear Thee speaking from the sky."

It may be argued by some that this refers to the general absolution proclaimed by the ministers of certain sects after a general confession on the part of their congregations. Granted ; but it at the same time recognizes the authority of the priest to grant pardon in the name of Christ, and is so far Catholic in doctrine. In another hymn, by Anna Steele, a Baptist, the sacrament of penance is suggested, if not set forth. It begins with the lines :

"How oft alas ! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord !"

I will quote but one stanza :

"Yet sovereign mercy calls, 'Return ;'
 Dear Lord, and may I come ?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 O take the wanderer home."

Although confession is nowhere mentioned in the hymn, a sincere contrition, the prerequisite to the Sacrament, is indicated as the necessary forerunner of forgiveness, and confession is so clearly implied that, did we not know that the author was a Baptist—a denier of the efficacy of the Sacrament—we could give no other import than a Catholic one, to what she has written.

In hymnals of the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America there is a hymn set apart for the celebration of Saints' days in which a remarkable tribute is paid to St. Peter. It is contained in a stanza, intended to be sung on St. Peter's day, and is as follows:

"Praise for Thy great Apostle, the eager and the bold;
Thrice falling, yet repentant, *thrice charged to keep Thy fold.*
Lord, make Thy pastors faithful, to guard their flocks from ill,
And grant them dauntless courage, with humble, earnest will."

This particularization of our Lord's thrice-repeated charge to the great Apostle must sound somewhat singular when sung by a sect which resolutely denies the pre-eminent and divine commission which Catholics believe was clearly enunciated in that charge. The question naturally arises, why make this particularization at all since those who sing the words attach no special significance to them? Again, St. Peter is clearly recognized in the stanza as the Prince of the Apostles, not only because he is called the great Apostle, but because God is asked in the last two lines to make all pastors faithful in guarding their flocks from ill, implying thereby that St. Peter is to be regarded as the type of pastoral humility and zeal. But I have learned that inconsistencies are to be expected in the Anglican Church and in its offshoot in this country; so I am not surprised to find them in their hymns. All Protestant hymns referring to the Church—whatever the word may mean to Protestants—are very remarkable in their acknowledgment of its unity and inspiration. Take the widely known one, "Onward, Christian soldiers," as an example. I quote the second and third stanzas:

"Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

"Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail."

To which Church do these eloquent words apply? Clearly to the Church of Rome. Applied to any other, the hymn becomes a travesty. Yet S. Baring-Gould, the author of this peculiarly Catholic composition, had reference to the Church of England—the Church that has repudiated many of the Saints; that contains the widest religious differences within its body that can be found in any other sect; that owes its very existence to the support of a perishable throne; that has virtually denied the infallibility of Christ's promise by asserting that at one period in the world's history His Church universally fell away from truth and was given over to error, that maintains that the vast majority of Christians are in error still, and that itself split off from the body of the Mother Church and asserted an independence and individuality of its own. If words have any significance, surely some very pertinent questions must arise in the minds of those who sing this hymn.

A still more remarkable hymn is the following :

"The Church's one foundation
 Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;
 She is His own creation
 By water and the word ;
 From heaven He came and sought her
 To be His holy bride ;
 With His own blood He bought her,
 And for her life He died.

"Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
 One Holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

"Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
 By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest;
 Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up: 'How long?'
 And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.

* * * * *

"Yet she on earth hath union,
 With God, the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won.
 O happy ones and holy!
 Lord, give us grace that we
 Like them, the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee."

Although this hymn was written by the Rev. S. J. Stone mentioned above, and was intended to refer to the Anglican Church only, it can be found in several denominational hymn books. Yet in the whole range of Protestant hymnology it would be impossible to find another composition more thoroughly replete with Catholic doctrines. The Church's divine institution and the sacrament of Baptism are clearly indicated in the first stanza. In the second are set forth her unity and catholicity, the sacrament of Holy Communion and every other means of grace with which she is endued. The third stanza has reference to the heresies and schisms that oppress her, and describes the patient watching of her saints for the dawn of the glorious day that will witness the return of all those who have wandered from her fold. The fourth stanza is a mere amplification of the third, and I have therefore omitted it. The fifth acknowledges the Church's union with the Triune God and the communion of saints professed in her creed. If in the course of centuries this hymn should fall into disuse and be lost, and in some remote future age should be brought to light again, it might easily pass as the composition of some pious Roman Catholic and be inserted in a Roman hymnal, so orthodox are the doctrines it inculcates. To be sure it does not embody every Catholic doctrine, for such a thing would be impossible within the compass of five stanzas; but the truths it does contain are so peculiarly characteristic of the one true Church that I con-

fess myself astonished that Protestants should admit it to their hymnals. The words of our Lord recur to me whenever I read it over: "Beware of false prophets that come to you in sheep's clothing."

I once heard this hymn sung in a family the members of which belonged to several denominational churches. One attended the Dutch Reformed, another the Presbyterian, and a third the Episcopal Church. But they all agreed that it was a beautiful hymn.

"Do you attach any significance to the words?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, they are lovely," was the unanimous reply.

After such an answer I knew that it would be useless to ask any further questions. It was evident that the word church had no special meaning to them. The Church, as they understood it, was something indefinite, invisible, transcendent. It meant to them a vague universal Christian brotherhood aloof from all doctrines and creeds, embracing all religious denominations, and having no divinely instituted precepts that it is incumbent upon all Christians to obey. It meant an idea, not a reality. This at least is one of the many moods that modern Protestantism assumes. In another mood the Episcopalian might have asserted "Mine is the Church referred to in the hymn." And the others might have made the same assertion with just as much authority.

Perhaps the most insidious phase in which modern Protestantism presents itself to its votaries is its so-called "liberal" form. According to this it matters little to what religious sect or denomination one belongs. Only believe in Christ and lead a good life and you will be saved. Those who profess this liberal spirit do not deny that our Lord established a Church on earth; but claim that this Church is in effect an empire comprising many states, each state having a distinct government and laws of its own. Thus, the Baptists form one state, the Presbyterians a second, the Episcopalians a third, the Lutherans a fourth, the Methodists a fifth, and so on. Yet they all belong to the Empire of Christ. In a very popular Protestant hymn this liberal view of Christianity is clearly set forth. I will quote but one stanza:

"One sole baptismal sign
One Lord, below, above,
One faith, one hope Divine
One only watchword — Love.
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies."

This hymn is to be found in hymnals of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and according to a strict interpretation of the doctrines and standards of that Church is rankly heretical. Judged by the doctrines and standards of any church it is heretical, as it practically does away with the necessity of subscribing to any doctrines and standards whatever. Indeed it might have served very well for the text of a widely quoted sermon delivered not long ago by the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage before a mixed congregation in the Academy of Music, New York. As he stood upon the platform and saw the great auditorium before him filled with people of all religious denominations who had paid fifty cents a head to hear him preach, he became suddenly transported by gratitude and liberality, and in his ecstasy beheld the celestial city with its twelve glorious gates thrown wide open to admit the army of the saved. And behold, at one gate the Congregationalists were entering, at a second the Presbyterians, at a third the Baptists, at a fourth the Methodists, and so on. But, as there were not a sufficient number of gates to go around among all the sects, so that each might have a separate place of entrance for its votaries, the reverend seer escaped from the position into which his enthusiasm had suddenly brought him by bunching the smaller sects together and sending them through the last gate in a heterogeneous drove. Not a single sect was excluded from the Heavenly City. The gates were thrown open to them all—to all but the Catholics. According to the inspired vision vouchsafed to Mr. Talmage there is no gate by which they may enter heaven.

Protestant hymns relating to the sacrament of Holy Communion are greatly involved, and set forth a wide variety of dogmas. This should be expected considering the innumerable meanings the different sects of Protestants attach to this sacrament; but that there should be a variety of doctrines enunciated in the same hymnal, and that hymnal an authorized compilation of the Protestant Episcopal Church, seems at first glance extraordinary. I say at first glance, for on second consideration there is nothing extraordinary about it. Whatever may be claimed to the contrary, communicants of the Protestant Episcopal and Anglican churches, as a matter of fact, do attach a variety of meanings to the sacrament. The extreme ritualists believe in transubstantiation, while the low churchmen regard the sacrament as nothing more than a commemoration. Between the two extremes there is ample

room for an endless diversity of doctrines. Let me quote a few examples from the "Church Hymnal." In Philip Doddridge's hymn beginning "My God, and is Thy table spread," occurs the following stanza:

"Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:
 Thrice happy he who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heavenly food."

Whatever meaning Dr. Doddridge may have *intended* to imply in this stanza, his words certainly convey a belief in the doctrine of transubstantiation. The sacrament is spoken of as the "banquet of Christ's flesh and blood," nor is there a single line in any other stanza of the hymn which contradicts or even modifies this doctrine. The hymn is Catholic throughout. In Bishop Reginald Heber's communion hymn the bread and wine partaken of in the sacrament are regarded merely as symbols of the body and blood of Christ:

"Bread of the world, in mercy broken,
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead;
 "Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed:
 And be thy feast to us the token
 That by thy grace our souls are fed."

Reginald Heber was among the first advocates for an improved orthodox hymnal for the Church of England that should contain hymns appropriate to Church festivals and seasons, and at the same time be free from heretical doctrines. He labored indefatigably to this end in connection with Dean Milman and others, but never succeeded in getting the government to put its *imprimatur* upon his compilation. In his letters to his ecclesiastical superiors on the subject, he constantly refers to the inconsistencies and heresies to be found in the hymnals then in use.

In another hymn adapted from the Moravians, the Sacrament is regarded as a spiritual communion solely, as the following stanzas clearly indicate:

"Shepherd of souls, refresh and bless
 Thy chosen pilgrim flock
 With manna in the wilderness,
 With water from the rock.

“Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not Thou depart;
Saviour, abide with us and spread
Thy table in our heart.”

In still another hymn by James Montgomery, the Moravian poet, the Holy Communion is treated chiefly as a feast of commemoration, although its sacramental character is also implied :

“According to Thy gracious word
In meek humility
This will I do my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee.”

Every stanza closes with the line “I will remember Thee,” thus emphasizing the commemorative character of the Holy Communion as viewed by the author.

I have endeavored to show by a few examples selected at random that many Protestant hymns contain doctrines that are distinctively Catholic. I have also pointed out a few that embody heresies. They are necessarily few because the great bulk of sectarian hymns are not of this character. In conclusion I will give a rapid survey of that vast domain of Protestant hymnology in which the emotional rather than the doctrinal side of religion has been developed. The compositions in question refer in a general way to some of the great truths of religion without specifically defining them. They are mostly hymns of sentiment and aspiration; of prayer, thanksgiving and praise. Occasionally they take a narrative or descriptive form; but they rarely aspire to expose or define a doctrine. Hence they contain little or nothing that is repugnant to Catholic truth. Such are a majority of these hymns of the English hymn-writers of the eighteenth century. The prolific yield which followed the publication of the psalms and hymns of Isaac Watts, in 1709, increased tenfold with the Wesleyan revival. Innumerable were the hymn-writers of this period—that is from the time the Wesleys first started their movement, in 1739, to the time of their deaths about fifty years later. Charles Wesley has been justly called the bard of Methodism; but although he was one of the originators of a new religious sect, his hymns are singularly free from heretical doctrines. The same may be said with equal truth of most of the other hymn-writers of the period: of Seagraves, Olivers, Bakewell, Cennick, Ham-

mond, Toplady, Williams, Newton, Cowper and probably two hundred others. Occasionally the heretical doctrine of justification by faith alone is suggested, but, as a rule, the hymns are of a personal and subjective character and avoid all reference to religious dogmas.

In the beginning of the present century there was another revival of hymn-writing in England which spread later on to this country. It was started chiefly within the Church of England by Bishop Heber, Dean Milman, Sir Robert Grant, Rev. H. F. Lyte and Bishop Mant. To the last-named prelate is due a change which has gone far to revolutionize English hymnology. Here and there previously a few isolated attempts had been made to translate some of the Latin hymns to be found in the Catholic Breviaries. Chashaw, Drummond, Dryden and Hickes had each translated one or two, but Bishop Mant boldly took the Roman Breviary and translated, with but few exceptions, all the hymns that it contained. This lead was followed with such zeal by Williams (who translated the Paris Breviary), Copeland, Chandler, Dr. Pusey, Caswall, Dr. Neale and others, that there have been produced almost as many Anglo-Latin hymns as original English within the past fifty or sixty years. So, besides having many hymns of their own which embody sound Catholic doctrines, modern English-speaking Protestants can find in their hymnals a large number of translations of the old Latin hymns of the Catholic Church. Thus we have a most striking exemplification of the truth of the adage that "history repeats itself;" for, as in primitive times St. Ephraem's hymns supplanted those of the heretics Bardesanes and Harmonius, so in the present century are the ancient hymns of the Roman Church gradually making their way into Protestant hymnals. Even the compositions of modern Catholic hymn-writers find favor with those outside the Church, as witness the hymns of Father Faber.

JOHN P. RITTER.

New York.

NEW ENGLAND PRELATES UNDER FIRE.

MR. CHARLES F. ST. LAURENT is out with another pamphlet, repeating and particularizing the charges against the prelates of New England, which he published in his first pamphlet. He now mentions over thirty parishes in the dioceses of Hartford, Conn., Portland, Me., Springfield, Mass., Burlington, Vt., and in the archdiocese of Boston, where alleged acts of unreasonable tyranny have been perpetrated, and where, through the policy of ultra-Irish Americanizing, great wrongs have been done to the French Canadian priests and people, and many souls lost to the Church by reason of said tyranny.

These are very serious charges. Mr. Laurent properly abstains from giving names of pastors, etc., at this stage of his undertaking, having resolved to place the whole case in full detail before the authorities at Rome.

Were the air and the civilization of New England less saturated with pig-headed tyranny there might be some hope that the prelates thus arraigned would make a public avowal of their blunders, and give voluntary pledges of reform for the future; but I am not aware that any New England man or woman of any note, Catholic or Protestant, has ever repented of, or apologized for, any offense or wrong done to mortal man; and knowing well the sort of material that Mr. Laurent has to work upon, I sincerely hope that he may be spared to marshal all his facts in such shape that the thunders of Rome may teach these Yankee Catholic prelates how to act less like pagan tyrants, and more like *Christian men*.

I am against Mr. Laurent and all others in their efforts to perpetuate any foreign language on this English-speaking North American continent; but I am with him, and all other Catholics, priests or laymen, in all their efforts to bring and hold and keep all Catholic prelates to the true ideals of Catholic and Christian administration of their charges until all their acts of tyranny are punished, and until they are so thoroughly alarmed and humiliated that they will have no further inclination to be unjust or tyrannical.

In truth, the things complained of by Mr. Laurent are only the relics of a struggle that has been going on these last three hundred years in Canada and New England between the English-speaking and French-speaking settlers. Regarding all these struggles my sympathies are with the French Canadians. They have always

shown a finer scholarship, and a more beautiful Christian spirit than have their English or their Yankee-English neighbors and persecutors. I am, and long have been, satisfied that the entire type of civilization represented by these French Canadians has been, and is still, a higher type than that of the English or Yankee-English over the same and neighboring territory, and it is from this conviction, and this alone, that I have been glad to open the pages of the GLOBE in defense alike of the outraged Acadians of old, and the outraged French Canadians of our own times.

I am English, and am wholly in favor of pressing the claims of the English speech upon all classes of foreigners settling on this continent; but I am so sure of its final range over all the continent, that I am wholly in favor of allowing the born French Canadians to prattle and pray and preach and sing in their mother tongue, until they shall, of their own volition, have learned the stronger speech of the English races. Above all, I am in favor of insisting that all Yankee prelates shall treat these people, and especially their priests, with all the honorable consideration due the records of their ancestors on this continent during these last three centuries.

To pretend that the Yankee prelates complained of have done this, and that Mr. Laurent is simply a needless and impertinent slanderer and a disturber of the peace, is too absurd even for underling and timid Catholic editors.

In this connection I wish to assure the editor of the *Rosary Magazine* that Mr. Thorne did not "blunder" at all in taking up and giving further publicity to Mr. Laurent's first pamphlet. The editor of the *Rosary* is a dear friend, and I do not like to say a word which implies that I can think of him as being anything but kind and true and lovely; but I warn him that it is not safe to rush into print with official-like assertions that Mr. Thorne has "blundered" on this or the other point. Mr. Thorne knows his own liability to err. That is human; but before Mr. Thorne took up Mr. Laurent's first pamphlet, he had fortified himself with facts regarding Mr. Laurent personally, and regarding the prelates he accuses, and was and is quite ready to prove that the Yankee prelates and the editor of the *Rosary* are the persons who have been blundering in this matter; and by and by, when the Pope utters his final decision in this case, as recently in the case of the Catholic University at Washington, why even the august bishop of Hartford, Conn., and the editor of the *Rosary*, may begin to understand that the editor of the GLOBE has sources of information and a kind

of influence that such august and timid people as the Yankee prelates and underling Catholic editors do not yet quite understand. Perhaps they will wake up to it when I am dead and gone.

There are bishops and archbishops, many of them, in the United States, who direct the affairs of their dioceses in the true spirit of wise and forbearing Catholic Christian gentlemen, and the marvel to me is that any man who has been exalted by the vicegerent of Christ to such a heavenly trust as that of a bishop in the Catholic Church of God, should or could ever dare, or presume for one moment of his existence to act toward the priests or people of his diocese in any other spirit or manner than that of the most exalted justice and charity.

But I wish the editor of the *Rosary* and all other timid people to understand that, of my own knowledge, gathered at first hand from those who have suffered, and not alone from Mr. Laurent or his pamphlets, I am convinced that some of the bishops complained of, and others not yet publicly complained of, sometimes through race prejudice, sometimes under the urgency of ambitious vicar-generals, and sometimes in response to the wretched whims of women, have acted in the most unreasonable and tyrannous way toward their priests, and concerning their parishes; and I would give their names and the facts right here, were I not warring for *principles* and not against any *man*.

We are no longer in the ages where and when it was largely a matter of prelates, priests and peasantry. Every humblest American Catholic citizen is sufficiently instructed to feel his own independence, to understand his own rights, and there are many Catholic laymen in this country to-day who, as thinkers and writers, are the peers of the ablest prelates in this land.

Mere quibbling casuistry and mere autocratic ecclesiastical tyranny will not do for any of these classes. Nor will foxy duplicity do for them. Moreover, the air of America is full of personal independence. The priests all feel it, and they are the last men on earth to suffer tyranny toward themselves without telling somebody. So the prelatical tyrant is always in danger. If Mr. Laurent had not spoken, the granite mountains of Maine and the marble quarries of Massachusetts would have cried to heaven against the cool boorishness of authority manifested by some of the prelates against whom he is hurling his charges. My only attitude toward these prelates is that of Bobbie Burns to the devil:

"O! wad' ye tak' a thought and men."

Since writing the foregoing, certain attacks upon me in the Springfield, Mass., *Tribune*, by reason of my discriminating remarks in regard to Mr. Laurent and his charges, have moved me to add here, for the benefit of the fools who are abusing him:—

First. That, as a matter of fact, Mr. Laurent, though not under this name, is a priest in good standing in one of the New England dioceses, and is therefore perfectly at home with the subject he is handling.

Second. That Rev. B. E. Lentz, under this name, is a priest in good standing and long settled at Bement, Ill.

Third. That unless these good priests are insufferable liars—a proposition that their enemies will hardly maintain—things are going on in the Catholic management of the Church in America, in view of which Judas and the most termagant of his stepmothers would surely blush for shame.

Fourth. Notwithstanding these assertions, my own loyalty to the Catholic Church is as fast and true to-day as the first moment I was received into its communion; but for the ignorant casuistry, the hypocrite duplicity, the foxy shuffling, the pig-headed sycophancy, the cringing mendacity, and the boorish tyranny of some of its so-called editors and prelates, I feel a contempt and scorn such as I have always felt for that petty traitor who, for thirty pieces of silver, flung a pearl away of more value than all his tribe. And if these modern Judases think that they can frighten or freeze me, I here defy them in the name of God and the truth, to which I have given my life.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

INTROSPECTION.

Look in upon thy soul
 And study well what thou thyself hast written there,
 Hast thou reached the goal
 For which thy God in Heaven hath created thee?
 Look well, and thou wilt see
 Scars of battles lost and won, great lines of care
 And here and there a page of light.
 To encourage thee, it shines so bright
 And leads thee on to unknown heights of thought and action,
 Think and reflect, but be not lost alone in contemplation,
 Work, strive, and build thee better, day by day,
 'Till of thy soul thy Lord can say
 'Tis perfect.

Philadelphia.

EDWIN A. THAYER.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH AND PROTESTANTISM.

It seems as if the time had arrived when the Anglican Church was in possession of the data necessary to the formation of a judgment on Protestantism. By Protestantism we understand that movement which arose on the continent of Europe in the sixteenth century and had for its first exponents Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius and their coadjutors. For a long time it is probable that the principles of these distinguished men were not fully comprehended,—certainly not in their ultimate tendencies—and the countenance given them by the English Church may be in part explained by a motive which was at least most honorable to her heart. She hoped to embrace all who felt it necessary to renounce the errors and corruptions of Rome. To the accomplishment of this result she was willing to sacrifice anything that did not belong to the essentials of Christianity, as she tells us so often in sixteenth and seventeenth century documents, for the satisfaction of tender consciences. But, if it appears to us that she had at the time much information to lead her to a just estimate of these same tender consciences, there remains no doubt to us of the present day, who have seen their development and tasted their fruits, that they were in the beginning and continue to be a synonym for hostility to Catholic truth.

The movement which we describe by its own chosen name, Protestantism, has passed through many phases in these three and a half centuries and they have been most marked in its original home. A most enthusiastic admirer, Mrs. Ward (*Nineteenth Century*, March, 1889), tells us that it has at last in the writings of Harnack and his co-laborers assumed its final and permanent manifestation. It was natural, she assures us, that a great intellectual advance should proceed slowly, and at times suffer those cataclysms which Mr. Spencer has taught us to look for in the material world. But at last it is here, and we may hail it with triumphant delight. This apparently she does not fail to do.

By the translation of Harnack's monograph on the Creed (*Nineteenth Century*, July, 1893), the English reader is placed in possession of these ripest fruits from the tree of Protestantism, and that in a form so terse as not to task his patience, and so lucid as

not to burden his ingenuity. The only amazing thing is that Harnack takes pains to present us with the "first Gospel preaching"; for he tells us directly in the case of one article, and indirectly in that of two others, that it could not be binding on the thinker of to-day. "If, however, this is their original sense the Churches of the Reformation were clearly bound to understand them in another. Still, the fact remains that at the present day no one who understands the original meaning of the clause Communion of Saints, accepts it in its first sense. He explains it in his own way precisely as he does on other grounds—with the expression resurrection of the flesh" (p. 175).

It will be interesting to take a hurried glance at the final word of Protestantism on the subject of the Apostles' Creed. The following, he tells us, are included in that which "does not belong to the first Gospel preaching." The pre-existence and eternal Sonship of Christ (168-9). His Conception by the Holy Ghost—it being represented that the Holy Ghost came upon Him for the first time at His Baptism—and the corollary of this the perpetual Virginity of Mary (170); the Personality of the Holy Ghost, and, as a consequence, "Whoever, therefore, introduces the doctrine of the Three Persons of the Godhead into the Creed, explains it contrary to its true meaning and alters its true sense" (171); and finally "the resurrection of the flesh" (172).

We should be inclined, perhaps, to be alarmed by the confident statement of one who confessedly stands in the first rank of contemporary scholars, that what the Church believes to be the pith and kernel of the Creed was not contained in its original announcement. For this is the only thing that to a Catholic is of any real consequence. But when we read history, we take courage. St. Athanasius tells us of the Arians, that "no one sought to commend or demonstrate his heretical utterances from the text of Scripture. Moreover, formerly the most disgraceful devices and specious sophisms were resorted to; but now they venture to traduce the fathers." (De Lent. Dionys., Newman, Arians, chap iv., p. 99.)

We shall see, before we are through, that heresy is ever the same, not merely in its contents, but its methods; and when Satan appears as an angel of light, when heresy begins to reverence and to quote the teaching of the Apostles, we may be sure that there is our greatest danger and also his last resort.

We have already seen that Harnack is ready, following the

Protestant Churches, to reject the "first teaching" if it should prove obnoxious to his own predilections. Let us therefore study the method by which he arrives at that to which after all he sits so loosely.

The "author's contention" is "that it is the privilege and sacred duty of Protestant theologians, untrammelled by considerations of favor or disfavor, to labor towards a clear understanding of the Gospel, and openly to declare what, in their conviction, is truth, and what is not" (p. 154).

Here, then, the first thing that we miss is that earnest desire and sense of solemn obligation to pass on the truth which Christ first taught to His Apostles and then commissioned them to teach. It is the conviction of the Protestant theologian of what is truth and what is not which he is openly to declare. And in doing this he is, as has been said by another (cf. Pref. *Ecce Homo*) "not to be governed by what Church doctors or even Apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant."

Prof. Harnack is a great scholar, a careful student, and, we doubt not, is imbued with a warm love of truth. But for his conclusions we have no other guarantee than his own opinion. And having seen that he does not feel bound by the utterances of the Apostles, even when he is sure of them, it would not surprise us greatly were we to find that there was something in his environment, in his education, in his hereditary tendencies of thought, which, in short, constituted a Protestant bias and made him incapable of correctly interpreting and reporting the "first Gospel preaching." And if I mistake not, this he explicitly asserts.

For he continues: "It is also their duty," *i. e.*, that of the Protestant theologians, "to speak on behalf of those numerous members of the Evangelic Churches who, being sincere Christians, feel themselves oppressed in conscience by many clauses of the Apostles' Creed, if they are called on to recite them as their own belief. More than one way is conceivable by which the difficulty now pressing on so many Christians might be removed, and, within the Protestant Churches, love and common faith will certainly in time discover the right way" (p. 154). It was, we see, a predetermined necessity that these clauses, which to our mind constitute almost all there is in the Creed which makes a

revelation worth while, should be found wanting in the first preaching; therefore they were. Not otherwise could the Protestant theologian perform his "sacred duty." But now what is the process? I quote from an enthusiastic and sympathetic admirer, Mrs. Humphrey Ward: "All this was brought about by nothing in the world fundamentally but *improved translation*, by the use of that same faculty, half-scientific, half-imaginative. . . . Oh, the subjective element, of course, is inevitable to some degree or other. But, in truth, paradox as it may sound, it is just this heightened individuality in the modern historian which makes him in many ways a better interpreter of the past. . . . He understands the past better, because he carries more of the present into it than those who went before." (*Agnosticism and Christianity*, p. 290.)

I am aware that I have not quoted consecutively or at length enough to do justice to Mrs. Ward's thought, with which in great part I agree. But suppose that the "subjective element" and the "heightened individuality," "the present which one carries into the past," obscures or totally darkens the past, so that it is *they* and not *it* which the scholar perceives? What, then, becomes of his reliability as a reproducer of the past? This is precisely the account which Prof. Swete gives in a documentary refutation, which states the Christian position in a manner most satisfactory and clear. "Professor Harnack brings to his study of sub-apostolic writers a preconception which to his own mind has assumed the dimensions of a historical fact." (*Apostles' Creed*, H. B. Swete, D.D., p. 28.)

Professor Harnack tells us that the Personality of the Holy Ghost "was still unknown to most Christians by the middle of the fourth century" (*Nineteenth Century*, July, 1893). In answer to this Dr. Swete simply asks, "What were the influences, or where is the writing, to which the Church owed her conversion to the doctrine of the personality of the Holy Ghost" (p. 36). "It is remarkable that this vital alteration in the faith,"—the introduction of the doctrine of the Three Persons of the Godhead—"was not followed by an alteration in the Western Creed. . . . It may be with some confidence assumed that this would have been done if there had been the least consciousness on the part of the Western Church that she had executed the change of front imputed to her" (p. 37). So Harnack's treatment of the Virgin-Birth, Dr. Swete

shows (pp. 43-55), is the creature of his "individuality." The testimony of the documents is different. We cannot refrain from adducing an instance which seems to us very extraordinary. He quotes Rom. 1: 4, as showing that all the Godhead our Lord possessed, He received through the descent of the Holy Ghost at His Baptism. Whereas, there is not an early writer who does not tell us that this interpretation of the text was an expedient adopted by heretics to confirm their view.

The only shadow of plausibility which the declarations of Harnack possess is derived from his failure to discriminate in two important domains. He reads the New Testament, Justin Martyr and St. Ignatius as precisely on a par with the Epistle of Barnabas and the Shepherd of Hermas, unless, perhaps, in certain instances he gives the latter the preference. St. Paul tells us "there must be heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest." There were not only partial views, but false ones held in the Apostles' time. But while the Apostles lived, their voice was sufficient to pronounce on heresy; and after their death, their writings, interpreted by the faith which they once for all delivered, was the instrument in the hands of the Holy Ghost, by which the Church was preserved from error. What Harnack is bound to show, therefore, is not that this or that view was advanced in the early age of the Church, but that it was recognized as an integral portion of the faith. We opine that it will cause him some little labor, to prove, in the light of this canon, that the doctrine of the Three Persons of the Godhead does not belong to the first preaching of the Gospel.

The other source of confusion by which the ordinary reader might be misled is Harnack's failure to grasp the fact and the doctrine of development in the comprehension of truth by the Church. St. Vincent places them before us with his usual masterly clearness (Com. XXII): "Let posterity thank thee for understanding that which antiquity without understanding revered. Yet that which thou hast learned, so teach, that when there is novelty in thy expression, there may be none in thy doctrine." It is true that the language of the Creed has changed. Why? Because the exigencies of heresy rendered it expedient or imperative.*

* The difficulties of the Church in arriving at correct nomenclature are illustrated by Dr. Newman, *Arians*, chap. ii, Sect. iv.

But the doctrine, the thought conveyed, there was no variation in that.

Allowing, therefore, for the fact that God tried the fidelity of the first age of the Church as He has His children in all ages,* and that the Church's grasp of truth increased in clearness, as different phases and relations of it were forced on her consideration, we cannot but believe that the "subjective element" and not any new light upon the subject is responsible for the negative conclusions in Harnack's Apostles' Creed.

This will, of course, be admitted, at least in part, by his admirers. It will also be justified by them. They will assure us that a flood of light has been poured upon the literature of the first centuries within the last hundred years. Harnack is master of all this wealth of information. He is in a better position to determine what is the truth on all these questions than any predecessor of his. There may be many who cannot be driven from this position. In that case I simply wish to show that there is nothing new in the contention, but that it has been the characteristic claim of heretics from the earliest ages. Suppose we take hold of the chain, and by it draw ourselves back to the place where it seems to be anchored. We have often heard it affirmed that Turretin was better equipped to announce the truth than St. Augustine. Well, in the interval there were truths in certain departments brought vividly into the light. Let us go back further, till we find Nestorius arrayed against the Faith. What reason does he allege? The people "are blinded as to the dogma of the knowledge of God. But this is not the fault of the people, but—(how shall I say it courteously)—" [we can hardly wonder at his misgiving] "that the teachers had not opportunity to set before you aught of the more accurate teaching."† The tone of the leader, if we may trust St. Vincent (Com. XXI) was very soon adopted by his subalterns. "For you shall hear some of them say, 'Come, O ye simple and pitiable, who are commonly called Catholics, and learn the true faith, which none beside us understand, which has been hidden from many ages past, but has lately been revealed and shown.'" However, we have seen that the Church proceeded gradually to take possession of her rich heritage of truth, and it

* Deut. 13 : 1-3.

† Pref., xlvii., St. Cyril, Incarn., Oxford Tr.

may be that some will sympathize with Nestorius and the cohorts in his train. So let us go back to St. Irenæus. And I think that we may ratify his judgment: "It never can be right to say that they (the Apostles) preached before they had perfect knowledge; as some venture to say, boasting themselves to be correctors of the Apostles." (Iren. 3. 1. 1.) We do not believe that it will be contended that there was much room for change in the period which elapsed between the death of the Apostles and the writings of this saint—St. Polycarp being the single link which connects him with St. John. But at its fountain head we learn the true character of the stream. We seem to see clearly that objectors to the Catholic faith, in whatever age, are "correctors of the Apostles." St. Irenæus tells us of the immense care which the Church had taken faithfully to hand on the deposit, and gives as a guarantee of her success its absolute uniformity in all parts of the then known world. The heretics of his day, and for many a long day after, appear not to have disputed this. Harnack, however, does. He describes it as "a period which gave birth to much that the Church of the Reformation has rejected" (p. 167). Whichever, therefore, you believe; whether the heretics of St. Irenæus' day or those—I beg his pardon, I mean Dr. Harnack—the result is the same. Christ tried to give the world His religion, but failed; through the feebleness of His instruments, indeed; but still the instruments which He Himself chose and equipped, and for the efficiency of which, therefore, He is responsible. If we accept the statement of the contemporaries of St. Irenæus, the mistake was quite soon discovered and remedied; if, however, we pin our faith to Harnack, not until the present day.

Had we pressed our catena one step further back to the very days of the Apostles, we should have found those same gentlemen with their "subjective element" in very great prominence indeed. And we feel that it may be well for all parties concerned to recall the manner in which they were met by a great apostle. "What! came the Word of God from you? Or came it unto you only? If any man think himself to be a prophet or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things that I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord." (1 Cor. 14: 36-38.)

It will, perhaps, be felt that in selecting Prof. Harnack as the representative of the developed thought of Protestantism injustice

has been done to a large class of thinkers who deplore the results at which he has arrived.

We wish to be entirely fair. Upon what name in the present century could we fix which would be agreed upon as the most conservative and orthodox in German theology!† Would not the vast majority of those familiar with the subject give their suffrages in favor of Dorner? We have time but for a single instance. Upon what doctrine shall the test be made? We shall not follow our own predilection, which might be biased, but will commit the resolution of the question to one so competent as St. Leo is acknowledged to be. "Having reviewed," he tells us, "the opinions of well-nigh all misbelievers—opinions which even rush into a denial of the Holy Spirit—we are assured that hardly any one has gone astray unless he has failed to believe the reality of two natures in Christ, and at the same time to acknowledge one Person." (St. Leo, Incarn., Bright, p. 221.) The Incarnation, then, may be regarded as absolutely crucial. It so happens, also, that Dorner's great strength was devoted to the consideration of this subject. What has he to say: "On his (Cyril's) view, therefore, Christ was simply God with the appearance of a man, but not a real man; and, consequently, he did not arrive at a real Incarnation of God." (Pers. of Christ, Div. II, Vol. I, p. 73, Clark's For. Theol. Lib.) This utterance is sufficiently astonishing in the light of the fact that St. Cyril was the man selected in the providence of God to determine the Church's statement of that which had been taught her by her Lord. But it is not more surprising than Dorner's own explanation of its meaning. After stating what in his judgment is the defect of St. Cyril's view, which, to be precise, is that he does not resolve the mystery, he proceeds: "Plainly, however, the humanity of Christ could not then have been conceived as impersonal or selfless, as a mere attribute of the Incarnate

* While we are writing the following press report comes to hand:

"WASHINGTON, Oct. 22.—More than a thousand leaders of the Unitarian Church were gathered in Mezerrott's Hall to-day when the National Conference of the Unitarian and other Christian churches was called to order by Dorman B. Eaton, of New York. The Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, of St. Louis, read a paper by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, on "Our Congregational Polity." Dr. Hale gave an extended historical résumé of the growth of Congregationalism and its gradual evolution into Unitarianism."

† We say German theology because we know of no writer of the age outside of Germany who has made a real impression on Protestant thought.

Logos, without immanent laws of development of its own, and without freedom. For the realization of the objects toward which his efforts were directed, Cyril needed exactly that element of truth which was maintained by Nestorius, but overlooked by himself. He fancied that the Incarnation was the more worthily estimated the more exclusively it was regarded as the sole act of God, forgetting that the Logos would have served no end by His Act of Incarnation, if he had not posited an actual man, the true man who, whilst man, is at the same time God, and not a mere *οπαυον* of God, whatever ingenuity and similarity to man might characterize its system of powers or susceptibilities." (*Ibid.*, pp. 70-1.) Dorner besides criticises St. Cyril's illustrations of fire and iron, and sun and light, which it has always seemed to us he did not understand, and gives his adherence to the old threadbare objection of materialism, which we can think no less than puerile, and would have supposed precluded to any intelligent mind by the perspicuous phrases of the Saint.

The fact seems to be that there has been a revolt in Germany for more than a century—our real opinion is, for more than three—against the Chalcedonian Christology. The argument has been this: Intelligence, will and objective existence are the criteria of personality. Our Lord's human nature seemed to possess all these; therefore, in some way or other, He must have had a human person. The *Communicatio Idiomatum* afford no satisfaction to this class of writers.

St. Cyril, as Dorner most truly tells us, thought it reverent to relegate this whole class of phenomena to the domain of mystery—"the things which belong unto the Lord our God,"—but these investigators cannot brook the idea that a veil obscures some truths, which it has not pleased God to draw aside, which their keenest vision cannot penetrate; and Dr. Dorner does not seem to be materially different from the others. The truth is that the position of Pfleiderer is the logical goal of Protestantism. His own term is an "ethical religion," the meaning of which is that we have no truth but such as our own reason has brought us, and no strength except that which our own wills can be induced to exert at the solicitation of that truth.

It seems almost a pity that the warning thrown out over a hundred years ago by one so little friendly to us as Gibbon was not more seriously received. Speaking of the work of the Protestant doc-

tors in the sixteenth century, he says: "Their arguments and disputes were submitted to the people, and their appeal to private judgment was accepted beyond their wishes, by curiosity and enthusiasm. Since the days of Luther and Calvin a second reformation has been silently working in the bosom of the reformed churches; many weeds of prejudice were eradicated, and the disciples of Erasmus diffused a spirit of freedom and moderation. . . . The volumes of controversy are overspread with cobwebs; the doctrine of a Protestant Church is far removed from the knowledge or belief of its private members; and the forms of orthodoxy, the articles of faith, are subscribed with a sigh, or a smile, by the modern clergy. Yet the friends of Christianity are alarmed at the boundless impulse of inquiry and skepticism. The predictions of the Catholics are accomplished: The web of mystery is unravelled by the Arminians, Arians and Socinians, whose numbers must not be computed from their separate congregations; and the pillars of Revelation are shaken by those men who preserve the name without the substance of religion, who indulge the license without the temper of philosophy." ("Decline and Fall," chap. liv., *fnem.*)

At the Council of Seleucia, 359, Leonas read a paper which expressed the particular phase of heresy to which he desired to give vogue. Sophronius, a bishop of Paphlagonia, heard it to the close. His criticism was both terse and instructive. He said, "If we daily receive the opinions of individuals as canons of the faith, we shall only fail in arriving at truth." (Soz., Bk. IV, chap. xxii.) The first clause of the sentence seems to describe the demand of Protestantism, and the second to apprise us of the fate which awaits us if we accede to that demand.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward devotes a considerable portion of her paper on "The New Reformation" (*Nineteenth Century*, March, 1889,) to the effort of showing that the principles, which in this paper we regard as the constituents of Protestantism, are widely received in the English Church. It seems as if she failed to distinguish a legitimate criticism from what we cannot but regard as the arrogant claim of right to reject integral portions of Divine Revelation; and in this way broadens her charge to an extent that an accurate judgment will not maintain. But, restricted by this limitation, no one will for a moment dispute the justice of her statement. It therefore becomes necessary to account for the condition of things

within our own fold, and to point out the safeguard, if any exists, by which we may hold the evil in check, or, if possible, eradicate it.

Alexander, the eminent Archbishop of Constantinople, in the second quarter of the fifth century, when at the point of death, was asked by his clergy who he wished to succeed him in office. "If," replied he, "you seek a good man and one who is apt to teach you, have Paul. But if you desire one who is conversant with public affairs, and able to confer with rulers, Macedonius is in these respects more qualified than Paul." (Soz., III, 3.) I think we have here placed before us, in very vivid colors, the two types of men who have, in all ages, attained eminence in the Church, and who are necessary to her well-being. But special dangers attend the predominance of either. St. Paul directly tells us that the gifts of prophecy and teaching are different from that of government, while all are gifts of the Spirit. (1 Cor. 12: 27-30.) Confusion and difficulty seem to arise when the individual who has been blessed by God with one gift, undertakes to exercise another gift which it has pleased God to deny him. Or perhaps we shall more accurately state the fact if we say that the mistake arises when the individual on whom God has bestowed one gift is deceived by the supposition that he is therefore in possession of the whole twelve Charismata. We remember very well that when Macedonius wandered from his appropriate sphere into that of pronouncing on doctrine, he fell into the error of denying the existence, as a Person, of the great Source of those gifts with which he was so conspicuously endowed.

Now, from the nature of the case, and yet to the great misfortune of the Church, laymen will, at least on a superficial presentation, generally—I had almost said always—sympathize with the views of the active as distinguished from the intellectual leaders in ecclesiastical affairs. The reason is obvious. Their life and training fits them thoroughly to understand and sympathize with the one; and, as much, disqualifies them from entering into the views of the other. No clearer instance of this can, perhaps, be cited than Constantine's letter to Alexander and Arius on the first enunciation of the heresy of the latter. (Soc. Eccl. Hist., 1, vii.) The Emperor is incapable of appreciating the Archbishop's sense of responsibility for training his people, and particularly his clergy, in the truth of the Gospel of which he had been put in trust. Not less to him than to Gibbon did the controversy seem a senseless

logomachy on a subject on which one opinion was as good as another, for all opinions were idle. Alexander and Arius were one just as much in the wrong as the other. Their only duty, therefore, was to shake hands and make it up. He says: "Wherefore let an unguarded question, and an inconsiderate answer, on the part of each of you, procure equal forgiveness from one another." However, to Constantine's mind the matter would have worn an entirely different aspect had the dispute been about a practical question; as, for instance, one of morals or ritual, instead of concerning the very being of God. "No cause of difference," he observes, "has been started by you bearing on any important precept contained in the law, nor has any new heresy been introduced by you in connection with the worship of God, so that nothing exists to hinder association in communion." He proceeds to recommend to them the example of philosophers who, "although they may differ in their views on the very highest branches of science, yet in order to maintain the unity of their body, they still agree to coalesce." We are aware that later the emperor changed his ground; but we have seen no reason to think that it was because of the truth of the Catholic position. We are convinced of the justice of the view that Constantine, to the last, looked upon Christianity as a great engine for the unification of the empire; and that what investigation persuaded him of was, not the inviolable truth of the Consubstantial Trinity, but that unless he threw the great weight of his influence in favor of the Catholics, he would rend and perturb the state by factional strife. However this last may be, will we not be borne out by those who have given reflection to the subject, in considering Constantine's attitude toward the Arian controversy representative of that of the lay mind in respect to strictly theological questions. The impression upon the writer on first reading the emperor's letter was that it might have appeared in one of our leading reviews, from the pen of almost any of the popular writers of to-day.

We have seen that clergymen, sometimes bishops, and those, too, of high gifts and influence, express themselves in similar terms. This accounts for whatever dissemination the doctrines of Protestantism have received among us. The question which, in our judgment, the Church must answer with her very life is, How shall these vagaries of individuals as distinguished from the Church's faith be banished from her pulpits and treatises, or at least be

prevented from obtaining a wider and firmer hold? The answer is by the Church falling back upon her ancient and impregnable fastness. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because many false prophets are gone out into the world. . . . We are of God: he that knoweth God heareth us; he that is not of God heareth not us. Hereby know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error." (1 St. John 1 and 6.) And the doctrine of the Incarnation is ever the touch-stone (*Ibid.*, vs. 2 and 3.) The view of Constantine did not prevail at Nice. Why? "See," says Athanasius, "we are proving that this view has been transmitted from Fathers to Fathers;" and "that which from the beginning those who were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word have handed down to us." (Dec., Sec. 27.) Nestorius was condemned at Ephesus. Why? St. Celestius' letter to him informs us. "In your letters you have given sentence not so much in respect of our Faith as of your own self choosing to speak of God the Word differently from what is the faith of all." (Quoted St. Cyril, Incarn. against Nestorius, Pref., xxiv.) In other words, in the observance of the Vincentian canon, the Church is to find her safety. She is the custodian and witness to a *final* Revelation. When statements of doctrine are rehearsed in her ear she has but one question to ask: Is it "evident unto all men diligently reading Holy Scripture and ancient authors;" or, at least, is it consonant with, progressive from, that exquisite treasure which she holds in virtue of that twofold guarantee of her inerrancy. She holds no man's person in admiration. Part of her duty is discharged in "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." (2 Cor. 10: 5.) If she is to exercise this high prerogative, she must adhere to the principles of one who, though he wrote long ago, reads as if he were warning us in our present emergency; because, I suppose, the dangers of the Church are ever the same and so are the methods by which they are to be averted. Irenæus having shown what the faith is and its certitude as coming from the lips of the Apostles, says, "The proofs, therefore, being so abundant, we ought no more to look for the truth elsewhere, which it is easy to obtain from the Church, the Apostles having therein most abundantly deposited as in a rich storehouse, whatsoever appertains to the truth. So that

whosoever will may take from her the draught of life. For this is the entrance into life, but all the rest are *thieves and robbers*. Wherefore we ought, shunning them, with all diligence to love what belongs to the Church, and to lay hold of the tradition of the truth." (Bk. 3, chap. iv., Sec. 1.) And as if to emphasize this thought as being specially important, he recurs to it in a later portion of his great work. "Wherefore we should harken to those Presbyters who are in the Church; those who have their succession from the Apostles, as we have pointed out; who with their succession in the Episcopate received a sure gift of the Truth, at the good pleasure of the Father: but the rest who withdraw from the primitive succession, and gather in any place whatever, we must hold in suspicion, either as heretics and evil-minded; or as making division, and lifted up, so behaving for gain and vainglory's sake. But all these have fallen from the truth." (Bk. 4, chap. xxvi, Sec. 2.)

"They went out from us, but they were not of us, for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us." (1 St. John 2: 19.)

Rosemont, Pa.

ARTHUR B. CONGER.

MADAME DAHLGREN'S LATEST BOOK.

THE SECRET DIRECTORY.—A ROMANCE OF HIDDEN HISTORY. By MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

JUST as this issue of THE GLOBE was going to press I received an advance copy of "The Secret Directory" from Mrs. Dahlgren's publishers, and in view alike of the fame, the faith and the venerable years of the author, I was moved to give it immediate and far closer attention than I am in the habit of devoting to modern stories. In truth, the sub-title of the "Secret Directory" implies that it is in some sense a history; all the more interesting, of course, because up to this time it has been a hidden—that is, an unpublished history.

Moreover, I had received earlier intimations that the "Secret Directory" was, under the guise of romance, an arraignment of Freemasonry. Regardless of one's own convictions on this subject, the very fact that a person occupying, these many years, the ac-

knowledgeable social position universally accorded to Madame Dahlgren, should have the courage to attack the powerful organization of Freemasonry, adds a new interest to this new romance of modern history.

To have the courage of one's convictions is a virtue almost as rare as chastity in these God-forsaken days of cant and corruption, and to find this virtue in one of the most accomplished ladies of modern American society is much like finding a rare diamond in the sewage of any one of our great cities.

In saying this of the "Secret Directory" we have unconsciously indicated some of its deeper claims upon the attention of the modern public. From the earliest days of civilization until now there never was a public so badly in need of courageous moral instruction as the present American public. The ignorant conceit even of its teaching and preaching fraternities, male and female, is simply appalling, and after spending six solid hours in the careful reading of this book, I am happy beyond expression to be able to commend it to the men and women of this day, especially to the women, and above all to the teaching and the termagant advanced women of the day, as a piece of instruction that they are sadly in need of.

While the book evinces here and there vivid touches of a pure Catholic faith it is in no exclusive sense a Catholic novel, and has none of the namby-pamby and sickly sentimental drawl of mere external piety that serves as a repellant force in so many well-meant Catholic publications. It is a book for the hour, and all classes of people, of all creeds and of no creeds, should read it. It will entertain them, instruct them, and do them good.

Had I been consulted regarding the title, I would have called the book simply "Elsa," as the beautiful heroine of this name, who figures so largely in the story, is at once the most fascinating and the most typical soul of the entire romance.

I shall neither reveal the plot nor the denouement in this notice of the "Secret Directory," but leaving all that for the readers to discover for themselves I shall simply indicate the salient points of the romance and try to classify its true position among the novels of our time.

The earlier scenes are laid in and around an old country seat in the hill country of Maryland; and the leading *dramatis personæ*, all visitors at the old Manor House, are introduced as follows:—

"The long June day was cloudless and serene, yet the mountain air was so exhilarating that a pedestrian excursion had been chosen in preference to a drive, or even a ride. The hostess, however, was not so energetic as her young friends, and so excused herself.

"Elsa Zigi and Captain Adonhiram led the way, while Grace Bellamy and Mr. Standish paused at every moment to admire some new glimpse of the ever-varying views of the far-famed Middletown valley.

"The old national road wound its serpentine way down a rather precipitous height, from whence enchanting vistas opened new delights. Since that tranquil summer day this beautiful valley has become classic, for the surging tides of deadly conflict have rolled their crimson sacrificial waves over its grassy dells and crested slopes. And yet, now once more, stillness and peace have fallen as a protecting mantle over the scene."

Of course they stroll into all sorts of romantic nooks and corners, have all varieties of palpitation of the heart, think a thousand unuttered and unutterably pretty thoughts, make all sorts of observations, and prattle no end of pretty speeches.

Elsa is in reality a stray Gypsy Queen, educated, however, in the so-called wisdom of modern culture, which she heartily and properly enough utterly despises. The Captain, afterwards the Admiral, is an American citizen, but of an unusual type, very handsome, very muscular, very wilful, but reticent; he is also a secret agent of European Freemasonry, and Elsa has already, in previous meetings among the social rush-lights of Washington, fallen madly in love with him. These are the tragic elements of the romance.

Mr. Standish is a Harvard man, but rather too weak for genuine manhood, and Grace Bellamy, one of the pure and noble girl types of our better American angels, is lovely to a fault, and here is another line of sentiment.

Rather suddenly the visiting party breaks up, and there are strange meetings in Washington. Elsa plays her part as the unknown Queen of the Zingari, hypnotizes Standish, and while he is in her power, she draws from him all the secrets of the orders, and degrees, and doings of Freemasonry as far as Standish had gone in the contemptible mysteries.

Here the story drags a little, for the details of the different stages of initiation into the Grand Masterships of Masonry are so

puerile, so sapless and senseless and at places so ludicrous and blasphemous, that one wonders how modern men who boast of education and freedom can make such unutterable asses of themselves.

But the Captain comes on the scene at an opportune moment, releases Standish from the thralldom of Elsa, and after doing both Grace and Standish a good turn—though with bad grace—he sails for Europe, where the plot thickens.

The Captain—now the Admiral—is shown to be one of the secret Directory of all the Masonic movements that were back of the Italian struggles of 1848 and later, and from this point onward to the bitter end the scenes of the romance transpire in various European cities—London, Paris, Rome, etc.

In various chapters some very important interviews between the Admiral and Mazzini, and Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel are very well done. Moreover, there are actual fac-simile letters from Mazzini which give at once to the romance an air of reality; prove, in a word, that Madame Dahlgren knows whereof she affirms, and at the same time depicts that shallow-souled, arrogant, sentimental, over-estimated, plotting and infernal scoundrel Mazzini, as only a little, if anything, better as a human brute than Garibaldi or Victor Emmanuel.

Thus do the idols of *Free-masonry*—a slavish cult of moral idiots—and the adorations of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, a trinity of lies—fall under the dainty but withering touch of a noble American woman whose whole life these last sixty years has been one of closest contact with the “gentlemen” who make what is called modern history.

Into and through all this rubbish of Masonic cant there is woven, with a fine perception of the difference between falsehood and truth, and between virtue and its hideous semblance, under the guise of modern humanitarianism—the life-story of two Franciscan monks, whose ideal of manhood and self-sacrifice, as learned from their Master, casts a halo of radiant glory over all the romance and at the same time bears evidence that the author has also “been with Jesus and learned of Him.”

In point of character delineation, not of the sensual, but of the selfish and mean and brutal, as of the sublime and divine, in our mortal ways, the book rivals the best things in Dickens, in George Eliot and Mrs. Humphrey Ward—with this difference, that these

were all ignorant of some of the heights of glory of the soul with which this good American author has made herself familiar; and with this other difference, that their works are full of infinite padding, the art of the trained writer for pay; whereas Mrs. Dahlgren's work has not a line of padding, but is set down freely and concisely, as a gifted woman might tell the story in conversation to a company of appreciative friends.

In point of incisive, comprehensive, wise and philosophical reflections upon the very latest phases of the mental craze called hypnotism, Mrs. Dahlgren's book surpasses anything I have ever read on this new saw. And when the tragic end approaches she loses none of her power, but forces and fixes the inevitable with a trained and firm hand.

I do not like the way the story ends. I would have had three murders or none; but I wish the book an immense success and am glad to contribute my mite towards this end.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

MISERE.

THERE's a sin at thy heart, there's a curse on thy soul,
And the dead march beats while the slow bells toll,
Oh misere, misere !

The sin at thy heart presses down like a stone,
And thou in the dark wild waste art alone,
Oh misere, misere !

Now catch at the gold with the fingers of death,
And curse at the pauper with one last breath,
Oh misere, misere !

But death ends all with its funeral pall,
And in vain we may stand at its portal and call
Oh misere, misere !

No, no, not all, for that curse on the soul
Must mar it and make it while aeons unroll
In misery, misery !

Berkely, Cal.

CHARLES A. KEELER.

GLOBE NOTES.

I THINK that, during the last seven years, I have given evidence enough of my independence in this magazine ; that during the last four years I have given proof enough of my loyalty to the Catholic Church, and that at all times I have shown myself ready to meet any man in defense of the positions taken in this REVIEW.

In doing this I have doubtless often offended the sensibilities of friends and foes, but I felt that no other medicine would work with the patients and the diseases I was called to handle ; hence I have no serious apologies to make to any one, and no excuses to offer.

Without boasting, I may say that I have seen some notable infidels and infidel influences fall under the strokes that this magazine has made. I have also seen some very serious, so-called *Catholic* abuses of position and authority very quickly modified, on account of the correction and criticism of the GLOBE. But even for such results as these, I do not wish to continue in the vein of severe condemnation that has marked many of my utterances. On the contrary, I desire henceforth to use whatever power I may have, in milder phrases and in ways less to offend both those who love me and those who hate me.

If Mr. Wanamaker buys fox-hound breed dogs in Germany, and breeds pups at sea, and then tries to avoid paying duty on the pups, I shall blame the whole affair on our uncivilized notions of "duties," our national contempt for the rights of citizens—not to speak of the inalienable and cosmopolitan rights of fox-hounds—and never on Mr. Wanamaker. He is too saintly to be blamed, though he is much to be pitied in many ways. Doubtless he thinks the same of me, and I perfectly agree with him.

When our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Arthur Preuss, in his manly and bright and well-edited *Review*, speaks of *Miss* Harriet Beecher Stowe, I shall call it a miss-take, perhaps a miss-print, but hardly a miss-conception. The late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was probably at one period of her life a Miss ; but many, many years before Mr. Preuss was born she was married—according to Protestant usage—to one Professor Stowe, and after that was generally known as *Mrs.* Stowe ; and it is generally understood that she presided with great wilfulness over her husband and his household—as long as she was able.

Many years ago she undertook in a pious sort of way to preside over the once famous household of Lord and Lady Byron, but in this she was not as successful as she had been in misrepresenting the southern methods of life under slavery.

I do not know whether "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was ever put on the *Index* or not, but it ought to have been put there long ago.

While on the subject of Misses, it seems that the famous Miss Vaughan is another Miss-take:—has been exposed worse than she exposed Freemasonry, etc., and my only remark in the case is that it seems to me it would be well for all Catholic editors before parading such exposures as Miss Vaughan's, to take the advice Mr. Emerson is said once to have given in regard to reading new books—wait till they are ten years old. In truth, the so-called exposures of Miss Vaughan and the space given to these in our American Catholic papers, is a fearful evidence of the brainless idiocy that manages many of these papers.

Free Masons may worship the Devil—as if all Protestantism was not at heart, devil-worship—but one thing is certain: they are not, as a class, such stupid idiots as many of the clerical editors and writers for our Catholic papers—and devil worship or no devil worship, tens of thousands of them live better lives than many of their Catholic abusers.

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Much of this is very sober and correct, I believe; but when one comes to paragraphs like the following from the *New World* of Chicago, it is very difficult to keep from using great big adjectives and a few little cuss-words. Hear what the *New World* says:

"The Irish Convention was in session for two days in Dublin during the past week. There seemed to be a universal desire for the reunion of the Irish factions, but it is not very evident that any progress has been made in that direction. Mr. Redmond and Mr. Healy held aloof and took no part.

"According to the cable dispatch, near the close of the proceedings, Mr. Dillon proposed that all the present leaders, 'whose names have become the shibboleths of faction' should abdicate during the coming autumn, and invite the people to choose some other leader in whom all might have confidence.

"This seems to us a sensible and practical proposal. Whatever may be the rights and wrongs as between the leaders of the present three factions of the Irish party, it is plain that personal feeling has become so intense in their regard that it is hopeless to expect

that any one of them can reunite under his leadership the entire nation.

"It appears the British iron-clads achieved a brilliant victory over the five-story house and the old tub. Quite a number of the poor creatures in the house were killed, and the usurping Sultan fled for refuge to the German consulate. So far as known, the German consul has refused to give him up to the English.

"There is certainly a very marked difference between the methods which England adopts to settle her disputes with the Sultan of Zanzibar and the methods which she adopts with the United States. But then there is also a marked difference between the fighting capacities of the Sultan and the United States."

How sweet and lovely and almost caressing these paragraphs are in speaking of the Irish, and how unmanly—babyish—tweedledum and tweedledeeish when they speak of England and the English.

Of course, if the *New World* is published to pander to every Irish prejudice, and to hide every Irish vice and weakness, and to distort every line of English history—why, such paragraphs may be tolerated; but that such childish expressions in both lines should appear in an American Catholic weekly paper called the *New World*, and under the special patronage of the Archbishop of Chicago and two or three neighboring Bishops, is—why—yes—it is very exasperating "you know."

"God bless old Ireland." She has needed blessing very much these last one thousand years, and she needs it now worse than ever.

The paragraphs so lovingly depicting the present Irish situation are unconsciously an epitome of her history for more than a thousand years.

She never could unite on a real national leader, and when she has united to crown her leader to-day, she has been quite as united to crucify him to-morrow. England, even under that great master spirit, Crownwell, could never have conquered Ireland had Ireland been united within her own borders. But Ireland cannot unite; and the eternal mischief of it is that there never has been any man or any working national hypothesis among them to unite on.

A few years ago Ireland seemed united on Parnell, and that wretched St. Patrick's Yankee spoiled the first and only real chance Ireland had of some sort of home government, by playing false with Gladstone, and selling out to the Tories. In truth, Parnell, though for a time a sort of idol with the Irish in Ireland

and America, was always a subtle, selfish, weak-headed mongrel, unworthy the love and trust of man or woman, not to speak of the worship and trust of a nation; and now it is Mr. Redmond, or Mr. Healy, or Mr. Dillon, or some fourth person upon whom all Ireland may unite!!

As well take one of Irelands crazy dynamite-lunatics out of an English prison, and ask all Ireland to follow him. In fact she would do it for a day and then kick herself into everlasting contempt for having done so.

Better say, "God save the Queen," and be done with this eternal Irish dynamite crack-brained idiocy. As to the paragraph on England: is there any Irishman or any American fool enough to believe for one moment that war was prevented a year ago because England was afraid to fight America? If so I advise that person to visit the nearest dentist and get his gums filed till his latent eye teeth are somewhere near the surface. In other words, and in the name of intelligent Catholic journalism, not to speak of universal Catholic good sense and charity, let me plead with the Catholic writers of America to drop this petty small-potatoism, and henceforth to think and write like men. After writing this I saw that the "Irish Party" had a leader once more, and then, as by law of nature, that all Irish-Americans were appealed to for contributions to aid its new measures for fooling England and sinking her in the sea. Will Irish-Americans never cease making asses of themselves just to see how high they can kick their heels in the air?

It is not popular for the GLOBE to say such things, but somebody must plead for more common sense and less horseplay, burlesque statesmanship among the Irish and the American Irish if that race is ever to get any respectable footing in the civilization of modern times.

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I had intended to make the leading article of this issue the severest critique of the Paulists and their so-called *Catholic World* that it was in my power to write. I meant to show that there never was any need of, scarcely any excuse for the existence of the Paulists; that any and all of them now extant, or ever to be extant, could just as well have been members of any one of the numerous orders of missionary or extra preaching fathers now and long ago organized in the Catholic Church, and that to add another

preaching order to those already in existence was only to increase the petty ambitions and jealousies, and not at all to increase the effective service of the preaching and working power of the Church as a whole.

I also intended, by actual and minute criticism of the *Catholic World* for the past few years, to show that it was weak and sickly, petty and insignificant beyond contempt, and to prove by actual citation of many of its articles, positions and stories that it ought to cease its useless life, apologize to the real Catholic world, for having so long presumed to be a leading Catholic organ; and that unless it employed the services of some competent Catholic laymen to edit and write for it in the future, it ought to call itself the Catholic gosling, duckling, chick, kitten, kid, or some other name adequate to its present infantile proportions. But where is the use?

I am sorry that instead of welcoming me and the GLOBE as fellow-workers, and instead of saying a kind word for me and of my efforts, as I voluntarily said of them and of their work in No. 10 of this REVIEW, published four years ago, they undertook, in petty envy, to try to show that the GLOBE was irresponsible, etc. I am sorry that, through their wretched jealousy and envy, I have been tempted, even for an hour, to turn the severer point of my pen toward their verdant crankinesses; and if they really think that I am a vain man, that the GLOBE and its editor are unworthy of their fraternal sympathy and respect, why I will simply let them think so, and go on with my own work in the future, just as if the Paulists and the *Catholic World* were not in existence.

Life is too short for petty quarrels with those who ought be our friends, and if they cannot be friendly, the world is wide. They may follow their paths and I will follow mine.

I am most vividly conscious of my own imperfections as a man, and as an editor. Sometimes I am so conscious of these imperfections that I lose all heart, and am inclined to lay down my pen and leave the whole work to younger men, but my subscribers will not let me. They pay in advance, and they say so many kind things of my poor efforts, and are so kind that I keep on, hoping that some good may come out of my work. At all events, I have no enmities; no envies. I am, and always have been, a most earnest man; hating the presumptions of weakness and hypocrisy; knowing no law but justice, tempered with mercy; no motive but charity, sharpened with truth; and I confess that it has often been a surprise to me

that Catholics should have understood me as little as they seem to have understood me; and a still greater surprise that they have not shown a far greater appreciation of the undoubted experience in thought and journalism that I have simply been forced to treasure and use in my work; and as for some of their officious nosing of superiority I consider it beneath contempt.

Race prejudice has interfered. Personal envy has interfered. The wretched gossip of conscienceless fools has interfered. The ambitions and tattle of mere casuists have interfered. Prelatical high-stiltism has interfered. Purple but infantile vanities have interfered. So it has happened that often where I have loved most, trusted most, hoped most, I have been met with chilling, officious and official consequentialism, if not suspicion.

On the other hand, thousands from whom I expected nothing; who were, in fact, unknown to me, and are still unknown to me personally, have become my warmest and most encouraging friends. I have met Catholics in and out of the priesthood who were meaner, slyer, more subtle and hypocritical than common snakes, and others who were saintly, sincere, and devoted as angels, and for my own part, I can only go on as God may lead me, saying the things that seem to me most important to be said.

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Here is a very funny paragraph from the serious columns of the *Catholic Telegraph*, Cincinnati:

"Archbishop Ireland is on the right tack—all our parochial schools should be made free. They should be supported by the congregations and not solely by the parents who send children to them this year. They should be truly parochial institutions!"

But why did His Grace ever get on the wrong "tack" regarding parochial schools? And what credit is it to a great prelate to allow himself to be nudged, pushed, jostled, and forced on the right "tack" on a subject concerning which the Holy Father and all the ripest minds of the Church have given their utterances over and over again?

Better late than never, however; and perhaps all this Catholic newspaper rejoicing over the fact that Archbishop Ireland is on the right "tack" may be scriptural and Catholic, on the principle that there is more joy, even in heaven, over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need not repentance.

Free parochial schools—certainly. So ought the pews in our churches to be free; but who will foot the bills? Will our millionaire prelates sell all their goods, their palaces and splendid equipages, and give to the poor of their archdioceses, in order that the parochial schools may be free? Will rich secular priests follow their example? Will the Paulists take vows of poverty in order to do this? Or will they unite in some new form of prayer for the furtherance of a greater spirit of liberal giving among Catholic people, or scold them to death because they are not more liberal? Now, if His Grace of St. Paul would only lead the way in this regard, become a sound Democrat, quit the Wanamaker and Ben Harrison rabble, and, besides being generous, as we have suggested, vote for measures that might and would give a fuller hand of ready cash to the millions of poor Catholics in this land, who are already overtaxed—why, by and by, we might have free Catholic churches, free parochial schools, free trade, income tax, and a little millennium all to ourselves.

Five years ago, Archbishop Ireland was reported as saying, in a speech delivered in St. Paul, Minn.: “Palsied be the hand that is lifted against our public schools.”

A year previous to this eloquent imprecation the *GLOBE REVIEW* published a very able article, written by an Episcopal clergyman, on “Our Modern Moloch and Its Destroyer.”

The Modern Moloch was our “Public Schools,” and its destroyer was the Catholic Church. That was two years before the editor of *THE GLOBE* was received into the Catholic Church; and an article of mine, published in the *GLOBE* nearly three years ago, on “Public and Parochial Schools,” received much praise from the Catholic press, and much blame from the secular press of the country.

Still the hand of the editor of the *GLOBE* is not palsied, but flies swiftly over the paper as it pens these reminiscences. It would be much better to advocate a just division of the public school fund, than to lay upon Catholic parents greater burdens than they are already bearing; but that might look un-American, and hence not win Archbishop Ireland’s approval.

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It was kind and considerate as it was thoroughly diplomatic on the part of this Holiness Leo XIII to state as one reason for removing Bishop Keane from the Rectorship of the Catholic University at Washington, that “it is customary that they who are ap-

pointed to preside over Catholic universities should not hold the office in perpetuity."

Of the custom itself I have nothing to say. Of the specific removal of Bishop Keane, and the many reasons actually underlying the act, I have nothing to say. I have no taste for irritating a sore spot, or for striking a fallen man, but I have one or two suggestions to make regarding Bishop Keane's manner of making public the act in question. Here is his published statement. I suppose Catholics are tired of the subject, but it seems best to refer to it here.

"Since my withdrawal from the rectorship of the Catholic University of America will probably be regarded by a considerable portion of the American public as a matter of some interest to them, and since unauthorized statements are apt to be misleading, I deem it my duty to state briefly and clearly the facts of the case."

In the first place it was not a "withdrawal," but a removal—peremptory, if you please—no matter how delicately done.

In the next place "the facts of the case" are very wisely not even hinted at in the Pope's communication, and Bishop Keane utterly mistakes the foresight and hindsight of any parties really interested and capable of judging when he presumes that the case as stated is in any measure explained. In truth it needs no explanation, and it in no manner or degree concerns "the American public."

This is the point of my criticism and suggestion. Why this appeal to the "American public?" Is it Catholic? Is it dignified? Is it in good taste?

Almost every year the scholarly and accomplished heads, presidents, rectors, etc., of Catholic institutions of learning—of far greater importance than the Catholic University at Washington—are quietly transferred from one college to another, or mayhap transplanted to humbler or more important positions; but they make no noise about it, no explanation, no appeal to "the American public." And why should Bishop Keane have acted with less modesty?

In truth this very manner of his exit is what made the exit necessary; but I will not trespass on that ground. Surely his lordship cannot be blind to the facts so familiar to the Catholic world. He has never accomplished anything to justify his perpetual posing as a public man of special interest to "the American public," and if at this juncture he could only banish this idea utterly from his

mind and life, and accept such position of trust and honor as the Holy Father may choose for him, and be done forever with all concern what "the American" or any other "public" may think of him, thousands of Catholics will give him greater reverence and honor in his silent and faithful modesty than they have ever been able to bestow upon him or upon the amateur university which he has boomed out of all just and true proportion. For my own part I confess that I already feel toward him a kindliness of Catholic regard that I could not feel under the old order of things. His friends write me that "his enemies (I among them) have made a saint out of him." I am delighted to hear that. There was good material to work upon, and lots of room for improvement. Saints, however, like great universities, are of slow growth, and are not made in a day.

It is of no consequence to me who is made Bishop Keane's successor. I regret the project to make the rector's term one of three years in the future, and I suggest that, for the purposes the university has in mind, it might be well to change the title of headship; call it *director* instead of rector; place some competent Catholic layman in the position, and make the term of office ten years.

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The apostolic letter of Leo XIII, giving anew the decision of the Church adverse to the validity of Anglican orders, hence, of course, adverse to all forms of Protestant ordination, is so clear, kindly and conclusive, that the question should never again be considered by any bishop, priest or layman of the Catholic Church.

The articles that I have been publishing in the GLOBE REVIEW during the last two years, from the pen of Dr. Thomas E. H. Williams, of England, a convert from the Anglican Church, have gone fully and exhaustively into this subject, and have proven beyond question that all the so-called ordinations and consecrations performed under and in accordance with the Edwardine ordinal, were absolutely as defective in form as they were in spirit or intention, and therefore absolutely invalid. To me, therefore, as to all other well-instructed Catholics, it was a foregone conclusion what the Pope's verdict would be. It was probably to save the feelings of the English, as well as for brevity's sake, and not to add any superfluous facts or arguments, that the Pope neglected to state that in addition to defectiveness of form and lack of all true

Catholic intention, every Anglican ordination that has occurred from the days of Edward and Elizabeth until now, has really been performed at the dictation of and under the control of the temporal, and not under the control of the ecclesiastical or Catholic authority; and though this of itself would not invalidate otherwise valid orders, the fact serves to show the utter absurdity of all Anglican claims. Indeed, when I hear of Anglican "primates of all England," and read of the pirate Anglican church in Ireland as the Church of Ireland, I feel like taking a good pinch of snuff and sneezing all such bosh out of my head. As I intend to treat of the Anglican Church in a separate article at an early day, I will not here enlarge upon this or any phase of the subject. Before entering the Catholic Church, however, I satisfied myself fully on all these points; became convinced that all Anglican claims to be anything but one of the split-up sects of Protestantism were merely ropes of sand, and I am very glad, therefore, that Leo XIII has uttered this final word on the question.

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One of the most sensible criticisms of the *GLOBE REVIEW* and its editor that has appeared in any secular paper for a good while was published to the extent of a column in the *Syracuse Herald*, N. Y., October 25, 1896, and I here thank the writer for all that he said.

The point of his criticism was that Mr. Thorne's apologies for the severe things he had said were a great deal more provoking than his severest strictures on the various men and measures selected for special condemnation.

I agree heartily with this critic, and here, once for all, take back any apologies or retractions that I may have been led into in moments of excessive and charitable consideration for my weak-kneed readers, and promise this man of Syracuse, that, as I have never made an utterance in this *REVIEW* that was not at the time the sincere and kindly conviction of my soul, I do not propose to apologize for these utterances either of the past or the future.

It is perfectly clear to me, was perfectly clear before I founded this *REVIEW*, that not one man in a thousand thinks as I think of the public men and questions of the day, and it is simply a question whether I have proven and can prove myself worthy to be their teacher or whether they can prove themselves able to be my masters.

So far I have convinced some thousands of people that Thorne

is pretty nearly right, and the two or three pigmies that have attempted to control me and my utterances in this REVIEW have soon found that a modest silence on their part was every way more befitting their intellects and their station in life.

I am simply a teacher of truth, trueness and loyalty to all the highest ideals of duty. Sometimes I am amazed that so many thousands of people, not only endorse but even commend my work, and are glad to pay for it; at other times I am so indignant, at the starched censoriousness of certain so-called educated and cultured boors—male and female—who after picking their teeth and their ears with the same end of their spectacles in the same breath, adjust said spectacles to their hardened, termagant eyes and play ladies and gentlemen of literary and moral refinement—that I could almost swear even in the *GLOBE* at the base-born and beastly ignorance of the leading educated people of our day.

In truth, there are more utter boors, Catholic and Protestant, engaged in our modern business of literary, moral and social reform, than would stock a new continent with savages, ready for any new form of cannibalism that Ingersoll, Roosevelt, Parkhurst & Co. might wish to indulge in. In a word, the unrefined and pig-headed ignorance of our educated Christian classes—not to speak of the hated foreigner and the heathen Chinese at all—are enough to make any sensitive and refined critic coin adjectives by the cartload in order to define and condemn said classes. And why should I apologize to or for such clowns?

Of course they blunder over my work—see only the unwelcome definitions in it, and not its far-reaching meaning at all; attribute my words to anger, and pique, and personal hatred; but I have none of these, and all my censures are for measures, not men. I pity the men and the women that I criticise, but I despise their methods and ideas.

In truth, I am, and long have been, convinced that the whole of Protestantism, from Luther to Parkhurst, and all of our Americanism, from Ben Franklin and Sam Adams to Cleveland and Ingersoll, are of the devil, and full of rebellion against everything that means true intellectual, moral or spiritual refinement; at the same time I acknowledge with gratitude that many of these people are personally kind to me, and dear to me, but not as dear as truth and the principles of loyalty to all highest ideals that I am striving to uphold.

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I am frequently and genuinely amused by the extremely care-

ful and cautious notices of the GLOBE that appear in certain Catholic newspapers, especially with the superior tone in which these clerical and other editors manage to get in the statement that while admiring Mr. Thorne's "terse English," etc., and that he certainly does, now and then, say a thing worth reading, still they are forced to say that they do not wholly agree with or approve of Mr. Thorne's statements.

Bless their dear innocent and mediocre hearts and minds, does it ever occur to them that Mr. Thorne does not ask or expect them to agree with him? I purposely do not discuss questions of dogma and morals as already defined by the Church, because I accept the Church's definitions as final, and take it for granted that all other Catholics accept them as final, and wherein I make incidental references to them in my comments upon various modern Protestant and infidel unbelief and immorality, my experiences and sources of information, consequently my methods of criticism and denunciation, are all so different from those of the average Catholic editor, that it would be most astonishing, indeed, to find them agreeing with me.

Hence, I beg them not to worry on this point. If the various scores and hundreds of them, whose silly editorials and lovely pictures are constantly adorning Catholic journals, had been forced to suffer for the truth as I have been forced to suffer—and, therefore, without any credit to myself—or if they were all able to say things as I have been obliged to learn to say them—and, therefore, without any credit to myself—and if they all dared to be as outspoken in their denunciations of Catholic sycophancy and tyranny as I have felt it my duty to be, why there would be no need at all of a magazine like the GLOBE REVIEW, but the *Catholic Quarterly*, and the *Catholic World*, and *Donahue's*, and the *Rosary*, and the legion of *Catholic Weeklies*, having at last gotten their eye-teeth duly cut, would be ample reading for American Catholics, lay and clerical. As it is, their wisdom is apt either to be so heavy or so light, that it either puts the reader to sleep or disgusts him with its puerility.

In a word, Mr. Thorne is sorry to say also that he seldom agrees with those Catholics who criticise him.

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One of the dirtiest, most despicable, and damnable little pieces of so-called literary work ever attempted by mortal man has just found its exit in the New York *Independent*.

One Thomas Dunn English, who had for a time the inexpressible honor of Edgar A. Poe's personal acquaintance, but who will henceforth be known as a vile slanderer of the most gifted soul ever born on American soil, has been given space in the paper once edited by Beecher and Tilton—both of them far more vulnerable than Poe—to expatiate on the maddened faults and failings of a man, who, instead of being chained and harnessed to the common drudgery of American newspaper work, for which he received outrageous pittance of pay, should have been clothed with purple and fine linen—allowed all the wine he could drink, and have been salaried like a king.

I consider Mr. Dunn's so-called revelations too despicable to quote or name. I hold that his plea of self-defense is more cowardly than dirt, and the marvel to me is that a man of Poe's gifts and genius, finding himself quartered for a time anywhere on this earth in close proximity to a low-minded and grovelling wretch like T. D. English, could possibly refrain from running him through with a dagger; and yet, unfortunately, English was not the only beast of his breed that Poe had to consort with.

We are all a very smart, and according to Cardinal Gibbons and other prophets, we are a very Christian people; though the Rev. Mr. One-third Parkhurst, of New York, objects; and it is my firm conviction that this same American Christian people—Parkhurst and Roosevelt, being leaders, would crucify Jesus of Nazareth over again if he dared to come among us and preach the old truths that killed him; and that we would stone or starve to death, are stoning and starving to death, the most chosen souls of song and prophecy the great God can give us out of his arching skies.

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Perhaps I ought to explain that the article, "Religion in Politics," in this issue, is by a Unitarian, a lawyer; and that I publish it because of its just discriminations in favor of Catholics, without pretending for a moment to approve of all its utterances regarding the comparative unimportance of dogma in Christian life; also, that the article, "The Anglican Church and Protestantism" is by an Episcopal clergyman; but that, barring a single utterance, it is such an able defense of the general position of the only true Catholic Church regarding the importance of correct belief as based on the authority of the Church, that I was glad to publish it for the sake of its inevitable and logical conclusions.

As to hearty and manifold letters of approval and new subscribers, the past has been one of the best years in the GLOBE's experience, but I still need about ten thousand more paying subscribers, and a good business man to look after the advertising in order to begin to get out of the publication any sufficient remuneration for the seven years of hard work I have put into it, and I hope its friends will everywhere respond promptly to this suggestion, and so help the good work we are trying to do.

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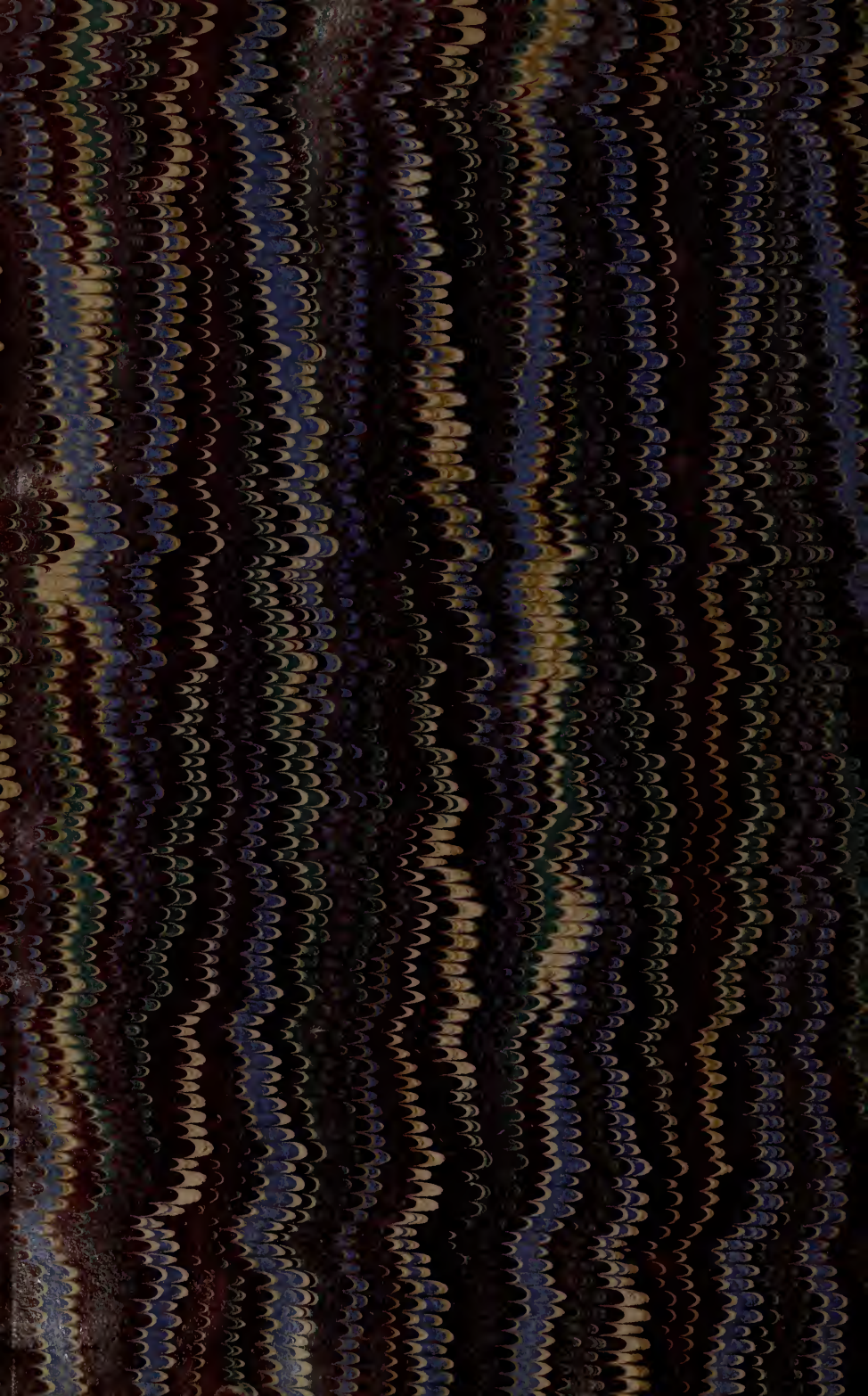
During the past five years many scores of subscribers have written me to the effect that any one number of the GLOBE REVIEW was worth the year's subscription. One of them, a literary gentleman, who will himself set the example, has recently suggested that at least 500 of the subscribers of the GLOBE could, and no doubt would be pleased to make their subscriptions \$5.00 instead of \$2.00 for the year 1897, and that more than likely at least 100 of our subscribers would be willing and glad to make their subscriptions \$10.00 instead of \$2.00 for the year 1897, and forward these generous subscriptions in advance, by the 1st of January, 1897.

I offer this as the suggestion of a friend, and will add on my own account, that as I have no capital to fall back upon, no fat purse of the syndicate to dip into, such generous action on the part of five or six hundred of my subscribers would save me a great deal of worry—might even inspire me to write in a gentler vein, and would, at least, enable me to carry on my subscription books hundreds of other subscribers, who, while they like the GLOBE, and want it, manage to leave the payment of their subscriptions till the end of each year, and sometimes for two or three years, thus obliging us to send out many needless bills, and to carry expenses for said slow payers that we are illy able to carry.

I dislike to make any special appeal of this sort, even at the suggestion of another, but having made it, I hope the response will be prompt and generous. On my part, I volunteer to send to each party sending such special subscription a copy of my *Quintets* or *Modern Idols* as a premium, and to send an extra copy of the GLOBE for the year 1897 to any address named by those who thus favor me.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

New York, December 1, 1896.



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